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THE GOLDEN BOOK OF
MODERN ENGLISH POETRY

1870-1920

THE
GOLDEN BOOK OF
MODERN ENGLISH
POETRY

1870 - 1920

SELECTED & ARRANGED BY
THOMAS CALDWELL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
LORD DUNSANY



1922

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TO
ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE
IN HOMAGE

INTRODUCTION

I UNDERSTAND from Mr Caldwell that one of his objects in making this collection was to show that the best of the poetry of the modern age is "either classical or romantic in character, and not—as some critics would have it—of the realistic school." I entirely agree with him; nor is this the case of the modern age alone, but it must always be thus: for no achievement of man can possibly transcend man's aspirations, which are the source of all his achievements, and can very rarely equal them; and those aspirations are the raw material of all the arts. Other material may be used as a substitute, as tiaras may be made out of bottle glass, but there is nothing for the purposes of art that can be other than a clumsy imitation for anything so delicate and pure and glorious as human aspirations; unless it be such fields and little hills and evenings, unspoiled by hurry or smoke, and changing only four times with the seasons, year after year for ever, as Ledwidge loved to write of. But that rare spirit that left us from the front of Arras clothed all those fields and hedgerows with such a human wistfulness, that we see them now through the luminous cloak of it, as we see them at dawn with spiders' webs over the grass and the spiders' webs dim with dew. That is not what we mean by realism. Realism (as it is understood to-day) is something done in defiance of man. Man sets up to be something better than the rocks, to play some part in a scheme wherein there are beauty and dignity; and the realist comes along and writes of mud, writes of it accurately and vividly and minutely, describing component parts of it, glorying in the causes of it, picturing it so that

every man who has ever hung his head as he walks shall recognise the truth of it, and telling us that there is lots of it in the world. Man turns his eye for a moment from his dream, and it is caught at once by the realist and his mud : "new, strong, virile, manly, up-to-date treatment of smelly mud," say the advertisements : "that's the stuff for you," says the realist, "there's no other truth but that."

And because everybody has seen mud, and is able to check the accuracy of the description of it, they come to believe that his is all the truth there is. But it is a poet's duty to tell of things that others cannot see, like a watchman with a glass on a high tower ; to tell of truths that would otherwise pass unseen through our generations. Hear Masefield when he speaks of tired men tramping through the mud, a travelling circus all worn out at evening. It is in "King Cole," too long for inclusion here and I have no copy by me. He tells how arduous, born in men's spirits, stride splendidly amongst the weary men and horses, whom they transfigure as they cheer them on. That is not realism, that is reality. It is true that man is lifted and upheld through his greatest efforts by things that the realist's heart has never known. It is true and the poets should tell of it. The Poet Laureate, in a poem in this collection, tells, in the first verse, of a ship setting out for a far country, but in the next verse he says :

*"I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air ;
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest."*

There you have a clear claim for the poet that his work is not enclosed within the boundaries that limit material things. Indeed, if poetry is to be judged by the standard of what the common eye can see in ordinary things, then the reader that holds such a view has unhappily come by the wrong book, for we have no realism here, but the things pertaining to magic and the everyday affairs of the kingdoms of myth.

We have here the gorgeous James Flecker, with his shining Eastern wares ; A. E., like some merchant-magician, bringing to Dublin and to-day the colour and glamour of Babylon ; and Walter de la Mare, none surer of immortality, like a strange spirit drawn into the orbit of Earth, trailing the perfume and the memories and the wonder of the lands out of which he came ; Thomas Hardy, speaking of very simple things, yet regarding them not with the realist's eye but with the gaze of the prophet ; Ralph Hodgson trying, in the first poem on page 231, to tell people something simpler still, but they have grown too complex and busy, and may not understand ; and we have Gordon Bottomley, on page 225, charging with all the courage of Don Quixote, not against windmills but against very real devils, and devils that have a compact with this age.

And here we have England all spread out before us, and somewhat preserved against Time and his fierce ally, Change, so that if London cover Sussex with highly desirable residences, and beat down with the pavement harebell and thyme and mint, a little light of its grasses will still shine on in these two poems in which Rudyard Kipling and Hilaire Belloc have crystallized it ; and even if the folk of the English countryside come one day to be devoured by " Greater London," something of them will yet live on in that poem by G. K. Chesterton, " The Secret People," which first saw light in The Neolith about 1908, wherein is that unforgettable line telling of the attitude of " the new unhappy lords " to the people of England :

" They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks at flies."

Nor could England be fully told of without telling also of the sea, and this collection could not have been complete without Sir Henry Newbolt. And " Into Battle," by Julian Grenfell, and " Lights Out," by Edward Thomas, and that fine marching song by Charles Sorley, and the grand poem by

Alan Seeger, they are England too, "for ever England" as Rupert Brooke has written, fine songs like songs that birds sing in a stormy twilight.

And here, too, are exquisite poems that Eva Gore-Booth, Padraic Colum, and Moira O'Neill have made out of the love of Irish fields and lanes, which shines through every line of them : here is one of such lines :

"And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart."

And "The Doves," by Katharine Tynan, is full of those wistful memories, that call to mind quiet sunsets in the autumn, and which poetry alone can preserve for us beyond their generation.

One finds old favourites here, such as Arthur O'Shaughnessy's proud but just boast on behalf of the poets ; and Ernest Dowson's "Cynara," with a rhythm all of its own, which seems to be one of the surest signs of genius ; and the perfect sonnets of Lord Alfred Douglas ; and the strange and beautiful "Listeners" ; and "Lepanto" ; and "Nightingales" ; and "The South Country" ; and Mrs Wood's "March Thoughts from England," which I last read in a magazine twenty-five years ago ; it is hard to judge fairly between such poems that have long haunted one's memory, and those such as Thomas Edward Brown's "White Foxglove," of which I was hitherto ignorant. Several of Francis Thompson's poems are here, whom even starvation did not turn from his work, nor tempt to inferior work for inferior men, a grand example to all workers. And then there is Herbert Trench's "Song of the Vine in England," calling up all Italy before us, a fragrant essence of Italy, such as poets distil out of memories, a thing too beautiful to say anything about ; it should merely be read.

But the wealth of this book cannot all be set forth in an Introduction, and there are those, moreover, whom it would be almost an impertinence for me to praise, W. B. Yeats for

instance, whose work is already known in his own country ; and when that can be said of a poet (at any rate in England or Ireland) the magic ship that carries his wares has come to the last port of her long journey, and there are no longer harbours in the world that have not known her sails.

Let me conclude with the claim that we have poetry here well worthy of the age ; and this should always be so, for great deeds without great feelings would be like the undirected efforts of a giant in the dark, struggling with hidden destinies. For poetry is not a mere affectation, easily to be produced by drink or drugs, or a dissolute life, but is a rare flower brought to being only by the toil of beautiful, strong spirits, such a flower as will give splendour to an age ; penetrating men's thoughts with subtlety beyond our definition, as a wild perfume penetrates the air, cleansing and strengthening our visions ; and making its absence felt, in ages wherein it has faded, by yearnings of unknown wants that beat out from man, and reverberate in the night that surrounds our knowledge, only to beat back to him again and again from the unknown boundaries unanswered.

DUNSANY

October 1922

EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS anthology is intended to be representative of what is best and most notable in modern English poetry.

My principal aim has been that of making a collection of good poems ; but I have also attempted to show that the most significant poetry of our time is either classical or romantic in character, and not—as some critics would have it—of the realistic school.

The anthology covers the wide and fruitful field of the verse written during the half century which opened with the year 1870 ; and it therefore surveys the poetic achievement of the present and that immediate past which together form the modern age.

Only poems actually written within the limits of the period under review have been included ; and the authors represented are among the more prominent of those the whole of whose verse, at least in collected or book form, has been published subsequent to the date mentioned.

There is reason for regarding the year 1870 as an important turning point in relation to English poetry. The poets who belong wholly to the Victorian age had by then, with some few exceptions, produced the work upon which their reputations in the main rest, whilst their successors, the younger men afterwards to become the doyens of our own day, were putting forth their first efforts in verse.

The half century that followed 1870 is indeed one of both interest and importance ; one which has seen the appearance of many poets of distinguished merit ; and one that is conspicuous for the excellence, variety and

high technical skill of the poetry which it has given to the world. There are qualities that render it more than comparable with any similar period in our literature not crowned by names of unquestionable pre-eminence.

The order of arrangement of the book is according to the birth dates of the authors, so far as these could be ascertained. Several departures from this principle have however been made, to permit of more effective grouping of certain poems. The result serves, none the less, to illustrate the changes in style and spirit peculiar to the poetry written in the course of what has been markedly a period of transition and experiment.

Copyright difficulties must be blamed for the omission of a few poems which might have been included ; but it is claimed that every author of note is to be found here, and that the anthology justly gives what is finest in that body of poetry from which its contents have been chosen.

THOMAS CALDWELL

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THE GOLDEN BOOK
OF
MODERN ENGLISH VERSE

1870-1920

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

ODE ON THE TERCENTENARY
COMMEMORATION OF SHAKESPEARE, 1916

Kind dove-wing'd Peace, for whose green olive-crown
The noblest kings would give their diadems,
Mother, who hast ruled our home so long,
How suddenly art thou fled !
Leaving our cities astir with war ;
And yet on the fair fields deserted
Lingerest, wherever the gaudy seasons
Deck with excessive splendour
The sorrow-stricken year,
Where cornlands bask and high elms rustle gently,
And still the unweeting birds sing on by brae and bourn.

The trumpet blareth and calleth the true to be stern :
Be then thy soft reposeful music dumb ;
Yet shall thy lovers awhile give ear
—An' tho' full-armed they come—
To the praise of England's gentlest son ;
Whom, when she bore the Muses lov'd
Above the best of eldest honour
—Yea, save one without peer—
And by great Homer set,
Not to impugn his undisputed throne,
The myriad-hearted by the mighty-hearted one.

For God of His gifts pour'd on him a full measure,
 And gave him to know Nature and the ways of men :
 And he dower'd with inexhaustible treasure
 A world conquering speech,
 Which surged as a river high-descended
 That, gathering tributaries of many lands,
 Rolls through the plain a bounteous flood,
 Picturing towers and temples
 And ruin of bygone times,
 And floateth the ships deep-laden with merchandise
 Out to the windy seas to traffic in foreign climes.

Thee, SHAKESPEARE, to-day we honour ; and evermore,
 Since England bore thee, the master of human song,
 Thy folk are we, children of thee,
 Who, knitting in one her realm
 And strengthening with pride her sea-borne clans,
 Scorn'st in the grave the bruize of death.
 All thy later-laurel'd choir
 Laud thee in thy world-shrine :
 London's laughter is thine ;
 One with thee is our temper in melancholy or might,
 And in thy book Great Britain's rule readeth her right.

Her chains are chains of Freedom, and her bright arms
 Honour, Justice and Truth and Love to man.
 Though first from a pirate ancestry
 She took her home on the wave,
 Her gentler spirit arose disdainful,
 And, smiting the fetters of slavery,
 Made the high seaways safe and free,
 In wisdom bidding aloud
 To world-wide brotherhood,
 Till her flag was hail'd as the ensign of Liberty,
 And the boom of her guns went round the earth in salvoes
 of peace.

And thou, when Nature bow'd her mastering hand
 To borrow an ecstasy of man's art from thee,
 Thou, her poet, secure as she

• Of the shows of eternity,
 Didst never fear thy work should fall
 To fashion's craze nor pedant's folly
 Nor devastator, whose arrogant arms
 Murder and maim mankind ;
 Who, when in scorn of grace
 He hath batter'd and burn'd some loveliest dearest shrine,
 Laugheth in ire and boasteth aloud his brazen god.

.
 I saw the Angel of Earth from strife aloof
 Mounting the heavenly stair with Time on high,
 Growing ever younger in the brightening air
 Of the everlasting dawn :
 It was not terror in his eyes nor wonder,
 That glance of the intimate exaltation
 Which lieth as Power under all Being,
 And broodeth in Thought above—
 As a bird wingeth over the ocean,
 Whether indolently the heavy water sleepeth
 Or is dash'd in a million waves, chafing or lightly laughing.

I hear his voice in the music of lamentation,
 In echoing chant and cadenced litany,
 In country song and pastoral piping
 And silvery dances of mirth :
 And oft, as the eyes of a lion in the brake,
 His presence hath startled me . . .
 In austere shapes of beauty lurking,
 Beautiful for Beauty's sake ;
 As a lonely blade of life
 Ariseth to flower whenever the unseen Will
 Stirreth with kindling aim the dark fecundity of Being.

Man knoweth but as in a dream of his own desire
 The thing that is good for man, and he dreameth well :
 But the lot of the gentle heart is hard
 That is cast in an epoch of life
 When evil is knotted and demons fight,
 Who know not, they, that the lowest lot

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Is treachery, hate and trust in sin
 And perseverance in ill,
 Doom'd to oblivious Hell,
 To pass with the shames unspoken of men away,
 Wash'd out with their tombs by the grey un pitying tears
 of Heaven.

But ye, dear Youth, who lightly in the day of fury
 Put on England's glory as a common coat,
 And in your stature of masking grace
 Stood forth warriors complete,
 No praise o'ershadoweth yours to-day,
 Walking out of the home of love
 To match the deeds of all the dead.—
 Alas ! alas ! fair Peace,
 These were thy blossoming roses.
 Look on thy shame, fair Peace, thy tearful shame !
 Turn to thine isle, fair Peace ; return thou and guard it
 well !

I LOVE ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS

I love all beauteous things,
 I seek and adore them ;
 God hath no better praise,
 And man in his hasty days
 Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
 And joy in the making ;
 Altho' to-morrow it seem
 Like the empty words of a dream
 Remembered on waking.

THE VOICE OF NATURE

I stand on the cliff and watch the veiled sun paling
 A silver field afar in the mournful sea,
 The scourge of the surf, and plaintive gulls sailing

• At ease on the gale that smites the shuddering lea :
 Whose smile severe and chaste
June never hath stirred to vanity, nor age defaced.
In lofty thought strive, O spirit, for ever :
In courage and strength pursue thine own endeavour.

Ah ! if it were only for thee, thou restless ocean
 Of waves that follow and roar, the sweep of the tides ;
Wer't only for thee, impetuous wind, whose motion
 Precipitate all o'errides, and turns, nor abides :
 For you sad birds and fair,
Or only for thee, bleak cliff, erect in the air ;
Then well could I read wisdom in every feature,
O well should I understand the voice of Nature.

But far away, I think, in the Thames valley,
 The silent river glides by flowery banks :
And birds sing sweetly in branches that arch an alley
 Of cloistered trees, moss-grown in their ancient ranks :
 Where if a light air stray,
'Tis laden with hum of bees and scent of may.
Love and peace be thine, O spirit, for ever :
Serve thy sweet desire : despise endeavour.

And if it were only for thee, entranced river,
 That scarce dost rock the lily on her airy stem,
Or stir a wave to murmur, or a rush to quiver ;
 Wer't but for the woods, and summer asleep in them :
 For you my bowers green,
My hedges of rose and woodbine, with walks between,
Then well could I read wisdom in every feature,
O well should I understand the voice of Nature.

MY DELIGHT AND THY DELIGHT

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night :
•

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

My desire and thy desire
 Twining to a tongue of fire,
 Leaping live, and laughing higher ;
 Thro' the everlasting strife
 In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,
 Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,
 Whence the million stars were strewn,
 Why each atom knows its own,
 How, in spite of woe and death,
 Gay is life, and sweet is breath :

This he taught us, this we knew,
 Happy in his science true,
 Hand in hand as we stood
 'Neath the shadows of the wood,
 Heart to heart as we lay
 In the dawning of the day.

NIGHTINGALES

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye came,
 And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
 Ye learn your song :
 Where are those starry woods ? O might I wander there,
 Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
 Bloom the year long !

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams :
 Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
 A throe of the heart,
 Whose pining visions dim, forbidding hopes profound,
 No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
 For all our art.

MODERN ENGLISH VERSE

7

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and then,
 As night is withdrawn
From these sweet springing meads and bursting boughs of
 May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
 Welcome the dawn.

ON A DEAD CHILD

Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair !
 Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on
 thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou ;—alas ! no longer
To visit her heart with wondrous joy ; to be
 Thy father's pride ;—ah, he
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make
 stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond ;
 Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it ;
 But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and
 stiff ;
 Yet feels to my hand as if
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
Go lie there in thy coffin, thy little bed !—
 Propping thy wise, sad head,
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet ! doth the change content thee ?—Death, whither
hath he taken thee ?

To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this ?
The vision of which I miss,

Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and
awaken thee ?

Ah ! little at best can all our hopes avail us

To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,

Unwilling, alone we embark,

And the things we have seen and have known and have
heard of, fail us.

A PASSER-BY

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,

Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,

That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,

Whither away fair rover, and what thy quest ?

Ah ! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,

When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,

Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest

In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,

Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air ;

I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,

And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,

Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare ;

Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped,
grandest

Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair

Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,

I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine

That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,

Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.

But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

WEEP NOT TO-DAY

Weep not to-day ; why should this sadness be ?
Learn in present fears
To o'ermaster those tears
That unhindered conquer thee.

Think on thy past valour, thy future praise ;
Up, sad heart, nor faint
In ungracious complaint,
Or a prayer for better days.

Daily thy life shortens, the grave's dark peace
Draweth surely nigh,
When good-night is good-bye ;
For the sleeping shall not cease.

Fight, to be found fighting ; nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

WHITE FOXGLOVES

White foxglove, by an angle in the wall,
Secluded, tall,
No vulgar bees
Consult you, wondering
If such a dainty thing
Can give them ease.
Yet what was that ? Sudden a breeze

From the far moorland sighed,
And you replied,
Quiv'ring a moment with a thrill
Sweet, but ineffable.

Was it a kiss that sought you from the bowers
Of happier flowers,
And did not heed
Accessible loveliness,
And with a quaint distress
Hinted the need,
And paused and trembled for its deed,
And so you trembled, too,
No roseate hue
Revealing how the alarmed sense
Blushed quick—intense ?

Ah me !
Such kisses are for roses in the prime,
For braid of lime,
For full-blown blooms,
For ardent breaths outpoured
Obvious, or treasure stored
In honied rooms
Of rare delight, in which the looms
Of nature still conspire
To sate desire.
Not such are you beside the wall,
Cloistered and virginal.

'Twas your wild purple sisters there that passed
Unseen, and cast
The spell. They hold
The vantage of the heights,
And in you they have rights,
And they are bold :
They know not ever to be cold
Or coy, but they would play
With you alway.

- Wherefore their little sprites a-wing
Make onslaught from the ling.

*So spake I to the foxglove in my mood,
But was not understood.
Rather she shrunk, and in a tenfold whiteness
Condemned what must have seemed to her my lightness.*

AUSTIN DOBSON

A GARDEN SONG

Here in this sequestered close
Bloom the hyacinth and rose,
Here beside the modest stock
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock ;
Here, without a pang, one sees
Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race
In this quiet resting-place ;
Peach and apricot and fig
Here will ripen and grow big ;
Here is store and overplus,—
More had not Alcinous !

Here, in alleys cool and green,
Far ahead the thrush is seen ;
Here along the southern wall
Keeps the bee his festival ;
All is quiet else—afar
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long ;
Here be spaces meet for song ;
Grant, O garden-god, that I,
Now that none profane is nigh,—
Now that mood and moment please,—
Find the fair Pierides !

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

IN AFTER DAYS

In after days when grasses high
 O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
 Though ill or well the world adjust
 My slender claim to honour'd dust,
 I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky ;
 I shall not hear the night-wind sigh ;
 I shall be mute as all men must
 In after days !

But yet, now living, fain would I
 That someone then should testify,
 Saying—" He held his pen in trust
 To Art, not serving shame or lust."
 Will none ? Then let my memory die
 In after days.

THOMAS HARDY

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"

I

Only a man harrowing clods
 In a slow, silent walk
 With an old horse that stumbles and nods
 Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame
 From the heaps of couch-grass ;
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by :
 War's annals will cloud into night
 Ere their story die.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

ST VALENTINE'S DAY

To-day, all day, I rode upon the down,
With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.
On this side in its glory lay the sea,
On that side Sussex weald, a sea of brown.
The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,
And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse :
And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my horse
Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.

I knew the Spring was come. I knew it even
Better than all by this, that through my chase
In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven
I seemed to see and follow still your face.
Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.

THE OLD SQUIRE

I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox ;
I like the joyous morning air,
And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,
The ducks asleep by the lake,
The quiet hour which Nature yields,
Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things
Of the unsuspecting morn ;
I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings
As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush
From the turnips as I pass by,
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush,
For her young ones cannot fly.

•

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

I like these things, and I like to ride
When all the world is in bed,
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,
And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot
In silence after me ;
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,
Old Slut and Margery,—

A score of names well used, and dear,
The names my childhood knew ;
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,
Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox ;
The new world still is all less fair
Than the old world it mocks.

I covet not a wider range
Than these dear manors give ;
I take my pleasure without change,
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought ;
My choice it is, and pride,
On my own lands to find my sport,
In my own fields to ride.

The hare herself no better loves
The field where she was bred,
Than I the habit of these groves,
My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,
The meuse where she sits low ;
The road she chose to-day was run
A hundred years ago.

The lags, the gills, the forest ways,
The hedgerows one and all,
These are the kingdoms of my chase,
And bounded by my wall ;

Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king,
Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare ;
It brings me, day by day,
The memory of old days as fair,
With dead men past away.

To these, as homeward still I ply,
And pass the churchyard gate
Where all are laid as I must lie,
I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare ;
New sports I hold in scorn.
I like to be as my fathers were,
In the days ere I was born.

JOHN PAYNE

VIRELAY

As I sat sorrowing,
Love came and bid me sing
A joyous song and meet :
For see (said he) each thing
Is merry for the Spring,
And every bird doth greet
The break of blossoming,
That all the woodlands ring
Unto the young hour's feet.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Wherefore put off defeat
And rouse thee to repeat
The chime of merles that go,
With flutings shrill and sweet,
In every green retreat,
The time of streams that flow
And mark the young hours' beat
With running ripples fleet
And breezes soft and low.

For who should have, I trow,
Such joyance in the glow
And pleasance of the May—
In all sweet bells that blow
In death of winter's woe
And birth of Springtide gay,
When in wood-walk and row
Hand-link'd the lovers go—
As he to whom alway

God giveth day by day,
To set to roundelay
The sad and sunny hours—
To weave into a lay
Life's golden hours and grey,
Its sweet and bitter flowers—
To sweep, with hands that stray
In many a devious way,
Its harp of sun and showers ?

Not in this life of ours,
Whereon the sky oft lowers,
Is any lovelier thing
Than in the wild wood bowers
The cloud of green that towers,
The blithe birds welcoming
The vivid vernal hours
Among the painted flowers
And all the pomp of Spring.

True, life is on the wing,
And all the birds that sing,
And all the flowers that be
Amid the glow and ring,
The pomp and glittering
Of Spring's sweet pageantry,
Have here small sojourning ;
And all our sweet hours bring
Death nearer, as they flee.

Yet this thing learn of me :
The sweet hours fair and free
That we have had of yore,
The fair things we did see,
The linkèd melody
Of waves upon the shore
That rippled in their glee,
Are not lost utterly,
Though they return no more.

But in the true heart's core
Thought treasures evermore
The time of birds and breeze ;
And there the slow years store
The flowers our dead Spring wore
And scent of blossomed leas ;
There murmur o'er and o'er
The sound of woodlands hoar
With newly burgeoned trees.

So for the sad soul's ease
Remembrance treasures these
Against time's harvesting,
That so—when mild Death frees
The soul from Life's disease
Of strife and sorrowing—
In glass of memories
The new hope looks and sees
Through death a brighter Spring.

ANDREW LANG

THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain
 Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
 In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
 Where that Æean isle forgets the main,
 And only the low lutes of love complain,
 And only shadows of wan lovers pine—
 As such an one were glad to know the brine
 Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—
 So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
 Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
 Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
 And through the music of the languid hours
 They hear like Ocean on the western beach
 The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

BALLADE OF HIS CHOICE OF A SEPULCHRE

Here I would come when weariest.
 Here the breast
 Of the Windburg's tufted over
 Deep with bracken ; here his crest
 Takes the west,
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Silent here are lark and plover ;
 In the cover
 Deep below the cushat best
 Loves his mate and croons above her
 O'er their nest,
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

Bring me here life's tired out guest,
 To the blest
 Bed that waits the weary rover,

Here should failure be confessed ;
 Ends my quest
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

ENVOY

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,
 Ah, fulfil a last behest,
 Let me rest
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

ALMÆ MATRES

(ST ANDREWS, 1862—OXFORD, 1865)

St Andrews by the Northern Sea
A haunted town it is to me !
 A little city, worn and gray,
 The gray North Ocean girds it round,
 And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,
 The long sea-rollers surge and sound.
 And still the thin and biting spray
 Drives down the melancholy street,
 And still endure, and still decay,
 Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.
 Ghost-like and shadowy they stand
 Clear mirror'd in the wet sea-sand.

O, ruin'd chapel, long ago
 We loiter'd idly where the tall
 Fresh-budded mountain-ashes blow
 Within thy desecrated wall :
 The tough roots broke the tomb below,
 The April birds sang clamorous,
 We did not dream, we could not know
 How soon the Fates would sunder us !

O, broken minster, looking forth
 Beyond the bay, above the town,
 O, winter of the kindly North,
 O, college of the scarlet gown,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

And shining sands beside the sea,
 And stretch of links beyond the sand,
 Once more I watch you, and to me
 It is as if I touch'd his hand !
 And therefore art thou yet more dear,
 O, little city, gray and sere,
 Though shrunken from thine ancient pride,
 And lonely by thy lonely sea,
 Than these fair halls on Isis' side,
 Where Youth an hour came back to me.

A land of waters green and clear,
 Of willows and of poplars tall,
 And in the spring-time of the year,
 The white may breaking over all,
 And Pleasure quick to come at call ;
 And summer rides by marsh and wold,
 And Autumn with her crimson pall
 About the towers of Magdalen roll'd :
 And strange enchantments from the past,
 And memories of the friends of old,
 And strong Tradition, binding fast
 The flying terms with bands of gold,—
 All these hath Oxford : all are dear,
 But dearer far the little town,
 The drifting surf, the wintry year,
 The college of the scarlet gown :
St Andrews by the Northern Sea,
That is a haunted town to me !

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

I HAVE DESIRED TO GO

A NUN TAKES THE VEIL

I have desired to go
 Where springs not fail,
 To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
 And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

ODE

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory :
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth ;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth ;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

SONG OF PALMS

Mighty, luminous, and calm
Is the country of the palm,
Crowned with sunset and sunrise,
Under blue unbroken skies,
Waving from green zone to zone,
Over wonders of its own ;
Trackless, untraversed, unknown,
Changeless through the centuries.

Who can say what thing it bears ?
Blazing bird and blooming flower,
Dwelling there for years and years,
Hold the enchanted secret theirs :
Life and death and dream have made
Mysteries in many a shade,
Hollow haunt and hidden bower
Closed alike to sun and shower.

Who is ruler of each race
Living in each boundless place,
Growing, flowering, and flying,
Glowing, revelling, and dying ?
Wave-like, palm by palm is stirred,
And the bird sings to the bird,
And the day sings one rich word,
And the great night comes replying.

Long red reaches of the cane,
Yellow winding water-lane,
Verdant isle and amber river,
Lisp and murmur back again,
And ripe under-worlds deliver
Rapturous souls of perfume, hurled
Up to where green oceans quiver
In the wide leaves' restless world.

Like a giant led astray
Seemeth each effulgent day,

Wandering amazed and lonely
Up and down each forest way,
Lured by bird and charmed by bloom,
Lulled to sleep by great perfume,
Knowing, marvelling and only
Bearing some rich dream away.

Many thousand years have been,
And the sun alone hath seen,
Like a high and radiant ocean,
All the fair palm world in motion ;
But the crimson bird hath fed
With its mate of equal red,
And the flower in soft explosion
With the flower hath been wed.

And its long luxuriant thought
Lofty palm to palm hath taught,
While a single vast liana
All one brotherhood hath wrought,
Crossing forest and savannah,
Binding fern and coco-tree,
Fig-tree, buttress-tree, banana,
Dwarf cane and tall marití.

And no sun hath reached the rock
Shaken by water shock,
Where with flame-like plumage flutter
Golden birds in glaring flock,
Bright against the darkness utter,
Lighting up the solitude,
Where dim cascades roar and mutter
Through the river's foaming feud.

And beyond the trees are scant,
And a hidden lake is lying
Under wide-leaved water-plant,
Blossom with white blossom vying.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Who shall say what thing is heard,
 Who shall say what liquid word,
 Caught by the bentivi bird,
 Over lake and blossom flying ?

All around and overhead,
 Spells of splendid change are shed ;
 Who shall tell enchanted stories
 Of the forests that are dead ?
 Lo ! the soul shall grow immense,
 Looking on strange hues intense,
 Gazing at the flaunted glories
 Of the hundred-coloured lories.

EMILY HENRIETTA HICKEY

BELOVÈD, IT IS MORN

Belovèd, it is morn !
 A redder berry on the thorn,
 A deeper yellow on the corn,
 For this good day new-born :
 Pray, Sweet, for me
 That I may be
 Faithful to God and thee.

Belovèd, it is day !
 And lovers work, as children play,
 With heart and brain untired away :
 Dear love, look up and pray.
 Pray, Sweet, for me
 That I may be
 Faithful to God and thee.

Belovèd, it is night !
 Thy heart and mine are full of light,
 Thy spirit shineth clear and white,—

God keep thee in his sight !
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

SUNKEN GOLD

In dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships,
While gold doubloons that from the drowned hand fell
Lie nestled in the Ocean's flower bell
With Love's gemmed rings once kissed by now dead lips.
And round some wrought-gold cup the sea-grass whips
And hides lost pearls, near pearls still in their shell,
Where seaweed forests fill each ocean dell,
And seek dim sunlight with their countless tips.

So lie the wasted gifts, the long lost hopes,
Beneath the now hushed surface of myself,
In lovelier depths than where the diver gropes
They lie deep, deep ; but I at times behold
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf,
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON

MORNING

Now o'er the topmost pine,
The distant pine-clad peak,
There dawns a golden streak
Of light, an orient line :—
Phœbus, the light is thine,
Thine is the glory,—seek
Each dale and dewy creek,
And in full splendour shine !

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Thy steeds now chafe and fret
 To scour the dusky plain :
 Speed forth with flashing rein,
 Speed o'er the land,—and yet,
 Ah ! linger in this lane,
 Kissing each violet.

BEATA BEATRIX

*“Ella ha perduta la sua Beatrice :
 E le parole ch'uom di lei può dire
 Hanno virtù di far piangere altrui.”*

Vita Nuova.

And was it thine, the light whose radiance shed
 Love's halo round the gloom of Dante's brow ?
 Was thine the hand that touched his hand, and thou
 The spirit to his inmost spirit wed ?
 O gentle, O most pure, what shall be said
 In praise of these to whom Love's minstrels bow ?
 O heart that held his heart, for ever now
 Thou with his glory shalt be garlanded.
 Lo, 'mid the twilight of the waning years,
 Firenze claims once more our love, our tears :
 But thou, triumphant on the throne of song,—
 By Mary seated in the realm above,—
 O give us of that gift than death more strong,
 The loving spirit that won Dante's love.

FROM NIGHT TO NIGHT

From night to night, through circling darkness whirled,
 Day dawns, and wanes, and still leaves, as before,
 The shifting tides and the eternal shore :
 Sources of life, and forces of the world,
 Unseen, unknown, in folds of mystery furled,
 Unseen, unknown, remain for evermore :—
 To heaven-hid heights man's questioning soul would soar,
 Yet falls from darkness unto darkness hurled !

'Angels of light, ye spirits of the air,
Peopling of yore the dreamland of our youth,
Ye who once led us through those scenes so fair,
Lead now, and leave us near the realm of Truth :
Lo, if in dreams some truths we chanced to see,
Now in the truth some dreams may haply be.

SOUL AND BODY

Where wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born
Became thy dwelling-place ? Didst thou on earth,
Or in the clouds, await this body's birth ?
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn ?
Didst thou in sorrow enter, or in mirth ?
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth
Thou tookest flesh, ne'er from it to be torn ?

Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee ; well I know
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky ;
For with my body's growth thou too didst grow ;
But with that body's death wilt thou too die ?
I know not, and thou canst not tell me, so
In doubt we'll go together—thou and I.

WILLIAM CANTON

LAUS INFANTIIUM

In praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
For woman, but His third way was the best.
Of all created things the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though when God saw all His works were good,
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day
That none could enter Heaven save such as they.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn, '
 Was glad, O little child, when you were born ;
 The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,
 Soared up itself to God's own Heaven in you ;

And Heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass
 Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass—
 Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
 And left, O little child, its reflex there !

JOHN BANNISTER TABB

CONFIDED

Another Lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,
 Within this quiet fold,
 Among Thy Father's sheep
 I lay to sleep !
 A heart that never for a night did rest
 Beyond its mother's breast.
 Lord, keep it close to Thee,
 Lest waking, it should bleat and pine for me !

D. M. DOLBEN

THE SHRINE

There is a shrine whose golden gate
 Was opened by the Hand of God ;
 It stands serene, inviolate,
 Though millions have its pavement trod ;
 As fresh, as when the first sunrise
 Awoke the lark in Paradise.

'Tis compassed with the dust and toil
 Of common days, yet should there fall

A single speck, a single soil
Upon the whiteness of its wall,
The angels' tears in tender rain
Would make the temple theirs again.

Without, the world is tired and old,
But, once within the enchanted door,
The mists of time are backward rolled,
And creeds and ages are no more ;
But all the human-hearted meet
In one communion vast and sweet.

I enter—all is simply fair,
Nor incense-clouds, nor carven throne ;
But in the fragrant morning air
A gentle lady sits alone ;
My mother—ah ! whom should I see
Within, save ever only thee ?

HE WOULD HAVE HIS LADY SING

Sing me the men ere this
Who, to the gate that is
A cloven pearl unrapt,
The big white bars between
With dying eyes have seen
The sea of jasper, lapt
About with crystal sheen ;

And all the fair pleasance
Where linkèd Angels dance,
With scarlet wings that fall
Magnifical, or spread
Most sweetly over-head,
In fashion musical
Of cadenced lutes instead.

Sing me the town they saw
Withouten fleck or flaw,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Aflame, more fine than glass
Of fair Abbayes the boast,
More glad than wax of cost
Doth make at Candlemas
The Lifting of the Host :

Where many Knights and Dames,
With new and wondrous names,
One great Laudaté Psalm
Go singing down the street ;—
'Tis peace upon their feet,
In hand 'tis pilgrim palm
Of Goddes Land so sweet :—

Where Mary Mother walks
In silver lily stalks,
Star-tirèd, moon-bedight ;
Where Cicely is seen,
With Dorothy in green,
And Magdalen all white,
The maidens of the Queen.

Sing on—the Steps untrod,
The Temple that is God,
Where incense doth ascend,
Where mount the cries and tears
Of all the dolorous years,
With moan that ladies send
Of durance and sore fears :—

And Him who sitteth there,
The Christ of purple hair,
And great eyes deep with ruth,
Who is of all things fair
That shall be, or that were,
The sum, and very truth.
Then add a little prayer.

That since all there be so,
Our Liege, who doth us know,

Would fend from Sathanas,
And bring us, of His grace,
To that His joyous place :
So we the Doom may pass,
And see Him in the Face.

EDMUND GOSSE

LYING IN THE GRASS

Between two golden tufts of summer grass
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie :
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head,
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead !

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony,—
A fourth is moving, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech-wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—
Her even-song of love is but half-said :

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes :
Her cheeks are redder than the wild blush-rose :
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there.
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah ! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay ;
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad ;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad !

I long to go and play among them there ;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children ! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies ;
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes !

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashion'd in old days,
And colour'd like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portray'd,
Through ancient forests wandering undismay'd,
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight,
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight ;

What pure sweet pleasure, and what sacred love,
Comes drifting down upon us from above,
In watching how their limbs and features move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,
I only wish to live my life and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth ;

For I should pass ; but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee,
And why should men be sad through loss of me ?

The light is flying ; in the silver blue
The young moon shines from her bright window through :
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud ;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul.

MARGARITÆ SORORI

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies ;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing !
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart

Some late lark singing,
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE ROADSIDE FIRE

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me,
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom.
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear !
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

BLOWS THE WIND TO-DAY

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are
crying,
My heart remembers how !

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds austere and pure :

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home ! and to hear again the call ;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all.

IN THE HIGHLANDS

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes ;
Where essential silence chills and blesses,
And for ever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies—

O to mount again where erst I haunted ;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward ;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarr'd !

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath !
Lo ! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes ;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie :
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he long'd to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

THE ROSE AND THE WIND

DAWN

THE ROSE

When think you comes the Wind,
The Wind that kisses me and is so kind ?
Lo, how the Lily sleeps ! her sleep is light ;
Would I were like the Lily, pale and white !
Will the Wind come ?

THE BEECH

Perchance for thee too soon.

THE ROSE

If not, how could I live until the noon ?
What, think you, Beech-tree, makes the Wind delay ?
Why comes he not at breaking of the day ?

THE BEECH

Hush, child, and, like the Lily, go to sleep.

THE ROSE

You know I cannot.

THE BEECH

Nay, then, do not weep.

(After a pause)

Thy lover comes, be happy now, O Rose !
He softly through my bending branches goes.
Soon he shall come, and you shall feel his kiss.

THE ROSE

Already my flushed heart grows faint with bliss ;
Love, I have longed for thee through all the night.

THE WIND

And I to kiss thy petals warm and bright.

THE ROSE

Laugh round me, Love, and kiss me ; it is well.
Nay, have no fear ; the Lily will not tell.

MORNING

THE ROSE

'Twas dawn when first you came ; and now the sun
Shines brightly, and the dews of dawn are done.
'Tis well you take me so in your embrace,
But lay me back again into my place,
For I am worn, perhaps with bliss extreme.

THE WIND

Nay, you must wake, Love, from this childish dream.

THE ROSE

'Tis thou, Love, seemest changed ; thy laugh is loud,
And 'neath thy stormy kiss my head is bowed.
O Love, O Wind, a space wilt thou not spare ?

THE WIND

Not while thy petals are so soft and fair !

THE ROSE

My buds are blind with leaves, they cannot see.
O Love, O Wind, wilt thou not pity me ?

EVENING

THE BEECH

O Wind ! a word with you before you pass :
What did you to the Rose, that on the grass
Broken she lies, and pale, who loved you so ?

THE WIND

Roses must live and love, and winds must blow.

HERBERT EDWIN CLARKE

FAILURE

Let my head lie quiet here upon your shoulder
Once, once more ;
Dead desires are round us, round us dead hopes moulder—
All is o'er.

We were young and strong, dear, stout and hopeful-hearted—
Who could know
What dark future lay before us when we started
Long ago ?

When we two joined hands, dear, in our life's bright
morning,
Heard the call,
Gladly rushed to join the strife, supineness scorning ;
Over all

Saw Hope's sunrise gleaming glorious and golden,
Knew no fear,
Though beside us Failure marching un beholden
Was so near.

Now we know the secret-fight by failure ended,
Final fall ;
Nothing good or great, dear, nothing grand or splendid
In at all.

Youth's bright morning passes, and for all its blossom,
Fruit is none ;
Now my head lies quiet on your soft white bosom,
All is done.

And the haze is thickening round us, making dimmer
The bare room,
Lighted only by the charcoal's lurid glimmer
In the gloom.

To that brazier's glimmer hath the glory dwindled,
Fallen far,
Lo, the light whereat our heart's high hope was kindled :
Lo, our star.

God-sent star we deemed it, sent to cheer and speed us,
Guide and save,
When 'twas but a pale corpse-candle, lit to lead us
To the grave.

Some will blame Fate's harshness, some our own demerit—
Shall we know ?
Shall we feel it, shall we care for it, or hear it,
Where we go ?

Some will mock as crazed, and some will curse as craven ;
Let them lie.
Shall they mar the perfect quiet of our heaven
With their cry ?

Though it rent high heaven, though the earth were
shaken—
And the deep—
Lo, not all the tumult there should ever waken
Us from sleep.

Need we say farewell, dear—we who go together,
Hand in hand,
Through the night and darkness and the winter weather
To Death's land ?

Nay, but cheek by cheek, love, as in nights past over,
Breast to breast
We two gladly enter, lover clasping lover,
Into rest.

ALICE MEYNELL

RENOUNCEMENT

I must not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet
bright ;
But it must never, never come in sight ;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

IN EARLY SPRING

O Spring, I know thee ! Seek for sweet surprise
In the young children's eyes.
But I have learnt the years, and know the yet
Leaf-folded violet.
Mine ear, awake to silence, can foretell
The cuckoo's fitful bell.
I wander in a grey time that encloses
June and the wild hedge-roses.

A year's procession of the flowers doth pass
My feet, along the grass.
And all you sweet birds silent yet, I know
The notes that stir you so,
Your songs yet half devised in the dim dear
Beginnings of the year.
In these young days you meditate your part ;
I have it all by heart.

I know the secrets of the seeds of flowers
Hidden and warm with showers,
And how, in kindling Spring, the cuckoo shall
Alter his interval.
But not a flower or song I ponder is
My own, but memory's.
I shall be silent in those days desired
Before a world inspired.
O dear brown birds, compose your old song-phrases,
Earth, thy familiar daisies.

The poet mused upon the dusky height,
Between two stars towards night,
His purpose in his heart. I watched, a space,
The meaning of his face :
There was the secret, fled from earth and skies,
Hid in his grey young eyes.
My heart and all the Summer wait his choice,
And wonder for his voice.
Who shall foretell his songs, and who aspire
But to divine his lyre ?
Sweet earth, we know thy dimmest mysteries,
But he is lord of his.

A LETTER FROM A GIRL TO HER OWN OLD AGE

Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses,
O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses
What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

O mother, for the weight of years that break thee !
O daughter, for slow time must yet awake thee,
And from the changes of my heart must make thee.

O fainting traveller, morn is grey in heaven.
Dost thou remember how the clouds were driven ?
And are they calm about the fall of even ?

Pause near the ending of thy long migration,
For this one sudden hour of desolation
Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

Suffer, O silent one, that I remind thee
Of the great hills that stormed the sky behind thee,
Of the wild winds of power that have resigned thee.

Know that the mournful plain where thou must wander
Is but a grey and silent world, but ponder
The misty mountains of the morning yonder.

Listen :—the mountain winds with rain were fretting,
And sudden gleams the mountain-tops besetting.
I cannot let thee fade to death, forgetting.

What part of this wild heart of mine I know not
Will follow with thee where the great winds blow not,
And where the young flowers of the mountain grow not.

Yet let my letter with thy lost thoughts in it
Tell what the way was when thou didst begin it,
And win with thee the goal when thou shalt win it.

Oh, in some hour of thine my thoughts shall guide thee.
Suddenly, though time, darkness, silence hide thee,
This wind from thy lost country flits beside thee,—

Telling thee : all thy memories moved the maider,
With thy regrets was morning over-shaden,
With sorrow thou hast left, her life was laden.

But whither shall my thoughts turn to pursue thee.
Life changes, and the years and days renew thee.
Oh, Nature brings my straying heart unto thee.

Her winds will join us, with their constant kisses
Upon the evening as the morning tresses,
Her summers breathe the same unchanging blisses.

And we, so altered in our shifting phases,
Track one another 'mid the many mazes
By the eternal child-breath of the daisies.

I have not writ this letter of divining
To make a glory of thy silent pining,
A triumph of thy mute and strange declining.

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded.
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.

Oh, hush ; oh, hush ! Thy tears my words are steeping.
Oh, hush, hush, hush ! So full, the fount of weeping ?
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping ?

Pardon the girl ; such strange desires beset her.
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter
That breaks thy heart ; the one who wrote, forget her.

The one who now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy grey hair caresses,
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

AT NIGHT

To W. M.

Home, home from the horizon far and clear,
Hither the soft wings sweep ;
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
The dovecote doors of sleep.

O which are they that come through sweetest light
Of all these homing birds ?
Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight ?
Your words to me, your words !

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one ;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one ;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS BURDETT MONEY-COUTTS

(LORD LATYMER)

ANY FATHER TO ANY SON

For thee a crown of thorns I wear,
And thought imperative constrains
My labouring heart for thee to bear
The travail of a woman's pains ;

For with intolerable presage
Of all the amazements of thy life,
The pits of ancient woe I gauge,
The vast impediments of strife ;

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Or else in dreadful dreaming cast,
 I see thy form before me fly,
 By prescience never overpast
 Nor fleetest foot that love can ply.

Still as thy shadow must I run,
 When all the shadows fall behind,
 And in the rich seductive sun
 Thou to the darker bars art blind.

MORS, MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS

I hate thee, Death !

Not that I fear thee,—more than mortal sprite .
 Fears the dark entrance, whence no man returns ;
 For who would not resign his scanty breath,
 Unreal joy, and troublesome delight,
 To marble coffer or sepulchral urn's
 Inviolat keeping ?
 To quench the smouldering lamp, that feebly burns
 Within this chamber, to procure sweet sleeping,
 Is not a madman's act. And yet I hate thee,
 Swift breaker of life's poor illusion,
 Stern ender of love's fond confusion,
 And with rebellion in my heart await thee.

Like mariners we sail, of fate unwist,
 With orders seal'd and only to be read
 When home has faded in the morning mist
 And simple faith and innocence are fled !

Oft we neglect them, being much dismay'd
 By phantoms and weird wonders
 That haunt the deep,
 By voices, winds, and thunders,
 Old mariners that cannot pray nor weep,
 And faces of drown'd souls that cannot sleep !
 Or else our crew is mutinous, array'd
 Against us, and the mandate is delay'd,

But when the forces that rebell'd
Are satisfied or quell'd ;
When sails are trimm'd to catch the merry wind,
And billows dance before and foam behind ;
Free, free at last from tumult and distraction
Of pleasure beckon'd and of pain repell'd,—
Free from ourselves and disciplined for action,—
We break the seal of destiny, to find
The bourne or venture for our cruise design'd,
Then, at that very moment, hark ! a cry
On deck ; and then a silence, as of breath
Held. In the offing, low against the sky,
Hoves thy black flag ! . . . Therefore I hate thee,
Death !

WILLIAM SHARP

SHULE, SHULE, SHULE, AGRAH !¹

His face was glad as dawn to me,
His breath was sweet as dusk to me,
His eyes were burning flames to me,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah !

The broad noon-day was night to me,
The full-moon night was dark to me,
The stars whirled and the poles span
The hour God took him far from me.

Perhaps he dreams in heaven now,
Perhaps he doth in worship bow,
A white flame round his foam-white brow,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah !

I laugh to think of him like this,
Who once found all his joy and bliss

¹ I do not give the correct spelling of the Gaelic. The line signifies 'Move, move, move to me, my Heart's Love.'—*Author's Note.*

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Against my heart, against my kiss,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agra !

*Star of my joy, art still the same
Now thou hast gotten a new name ?
Pulse of my heart, my Blood, my Flame,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agra !*

THE KYE-SONG OF ST BRIDE

O sweet St Bride of the
 Yellow, yellow hair :
Paul said, and Peter said,
And all the saints alive or dead
Vowed she had the sweetest head,
Bonnie, sweet St Bride of the
 Yellow, yellow hair.

White may my milking be,
 White as these :
Thy face is white, thy neck is white,
Thy hands are white, thy feet are white,
For thy sweet soul is shining bright—
 O dear to me,
 O dear to see,
 St Bridget white.

Yellow may my butter be,
 Firm and round :
Thy breasts are sweet,
Firm, round, and sweet,
So may my butter be :
So may my butter be O
 Bridget sweet.

Safe thy way is, safe, O
 Safe, St Bride :
May my kye come home at even,
None be fallin', none be leavin',

Dusky even, breath-sweet even,
 Here, as there, where O
 St Bride thou
 Keepest tryst with God in heav'n,

Seest the angels bow
 And souls be shriven—
 Here, as there, 'tis breath-sweet even
 Far and wide—
 Singeth thy little maid
 Safe in thy shade
 Bridget, Bride !

INVOCATION

Play me a lulling tune, O Flute-Player of Sleep,
 Across the twilight bloom of thy purple havens.
 Far off a phantom stag on the moonyellow highlands
 Ceases ; and, as a shadow, wavers ; and passes :
 So let Silence seal me and Darkness gather, Piper of Sleep.

Play me a lulling chant, O anthem-maker,
 Out of the fall of lonely seas, and the wind's sorrow :
 Behind are the burning glens of the sunset sky
 Where like blown ghosts the seamews wail their desolate
 sea-dirges :
 Make me of these a lulling chant, O anthem-maker.

No—no—from nets of silence weave me, O Sigher of Sleep,
 A dusky veil ash-grey as the moonpale moth's grey wing ;
 Of thicket-stillness woven, and sleep of grass, and thin
 evanishing air
 Where the tall reed spires breathless—for I am tired, O
 Sigher of Sleep,
 And long for thy muffled song as of bells on the wind, and
 the wind's cry
 Falling and the dim wastes that lie
 Beyond the last, low, long, oblivious sigh.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF
EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

THE FLUTE OF DAPHNIS

(FROM THEOCRITUS)

I am the flute of Daphnis. On this wall
 He nail'd his tribute to the great god Pan,
 What time he grew from boyhood, shapely, tall,
 And felt the first deep ardours of a man.
 Through adult veins more swift the song-tide ran,—
 A vernal stream whose swollen torrents call
 For instant ease in utterance. Then began
 That course of triumph revered by all.

Him the gods loved, and more than other men
 Blessed with the flower of beauty, and endow'd
 His soul of music with the strength of ten.
 Now on a festal day I see the crowd
 Look fondly at my resting-place, and when
 I think whose lips have press'd me, I am proud.

MARGARET LOUISA WOODS

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Come no more of grief and dying !
 Sing the time too swiftly flying.
 Just an hour
 Youth's in flower,
 Give me roses to remember
 In the shadow of December.

Fie on steeds with leaden paces !
 Winds shall bear us on our races,
 Speed, O Speed,
 Wind, my steed,
 Beat the lightning for your master,
 Yet my fancy shall fly faster.

Give me music, give me rapture,
Youth that's fled can none recapture ;
 Not with thought
 Wisdom's bought.
Out on pride and scorn and sadness !
Give me laughter, give me gladness.

Sweetest Earth, I love and love thee,
Seas about thee, skies above thee,
 Sun and storms,
 Hues and forms
Of the clouds with floating shadows
On thy mountains and thy meadows.

Earth, there's none that can enslave thee,
Not thy lords it is that have thee ;
 Not for gold
 Art thou sold,
But thy lovers at their pleasure
Take thy beauty and thy treasure.

While sweet fancies meet me singing,
While the April blood is springing
 In my breast,
 While a jest
And my youth thou yet must leave me,
Fortune, 'tis not thou canst grieve me.

When at length the grasses cover
Me, the world's unwearied lover,
 If regret
 Haunt me yet,
It shall be for joys untasted,
Nature lent and folly wasted.

Youth and jests and summer weather,
Goods that kings and clowns together
 Waste or use
 As they choose,
These, the best, we miss pursuing
Sullen shades that mock our wooing.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Feigning Age will not delay it—
 When the reckoning comes we'll pay it.
 Our own mirth
 Has been worth
 All the forfeit light or heavy
 Wintry Time and Fortune levy.

Feigning grief will not escape it,
 What though ne'er so well you ape it—
 Age and care
 All must share,
 All alike must pay hereafter,
 Some for sighs and some for laughter.

Know, ye sons of Melancholy,
 To be young and wise is folly.
 'Tis the weak
 Fear to wreak
 On this clay of life their fancies,
 Shaping battles, shaping dances.

While ye scorn our names unspoken,
 Roses dead and garlands broken,
 O ye wise,
 We arise,
 Out of failures, dreams, disasters,
 We arise to be your masters.

MARCH THOUGHTS FROM ENGLAND

O that I were lying under the olives,
 Lying alone among the anemones !
 Shell-colour'd blossoms they bloom there and scarlet,
 Far under stretches of silver woodland
 Flame in the delicate shade of the olives.

O that I were lying under the olives !
 Grey grows the thyme on the shadowless headland,

The long low headland, where white in the sunshine
The rocks run seaward. It seems suspended
Lone in an infinite gulf of azure.

There, were I lying under the olives,
Might I behold come following seaward,
Clear brown shapes in a world of sunshine,
A russet shepherd, his sheep too, russet.
Watch them wander the long grey headland
Out to the edge of the burning azure.
O that I were lying under the olives !
So should I see the far-off cities
Glittering low by the purple water,
Gleaming high on the purple mountain ;
See where the road goes winding southward.
It passes the valleys of almond blossom,
Curves round the crag o'er the steep-hanging orchards,
Where almond and peach are aflush 'mid the olives—
Hardly the amethyst sea shines through them—
Over it cypress on solemn cypress
Lead to the lonely pilgrimage places.

O that I were dreaming under the olives !
Hearing alone on the sun-steeped headland
A crystalline wave, almost inaudible,
Steal round the shore ; and thin, far off,
The shepherd's music. So did it sound
In fields Sicilian : Theocritus heard it,
Moschus and Bion piped it at noontide.

O that I were listening under the olives !
So should I hear behind in the woodland
The peasants talking. Either a woman,
A wrinkled grandame, stands in the sunshine,
Stirs the brown soil in an acre of violets—
Large odorous violets—and answers slowly
A child's swift babble ; or else at noon
The labourers come. They rest in the shadow,
Eating their dinner of herbs, and are merry.

Soft speech Provencal under the olives !
 Like a queen's raiment from days long perish'd,
 Breathing aromas of old unremember'd
 Perfumes and shining in dust-cover'd places
 With sudden hints of forgotten splendour—
 So on the lips of the peasant his language,
 His only now, the tongue of the peasant.

Would I were listening under the olives !
 So should I see in an airy pageant
 A proud chivalrous pomp sweep by me ;
 Hear in high courts the joyous ladies
 Devising of Love in a world of lovers ;
 Hear the song of the Lion-hearted,
 A deep-voiced song—and O ! perchance,
 Ghostly and strange and sweet to madness,
 Rudel sing the Lady of Tripoli.

GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT

Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.
 Stillness profound
 Steeps like a balm the wounded body wholly,
 More still than the hushed night brooding around.
 The moon is overhead,
 Sparkling and small, and somewhere a faint sound
 Of water dropping in a cistern slowly.
 Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.

Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.
 One little grated window has the tomb,
 A patch of gloom
 Impenetrable, where the moonbeams whiten
 And arabesque its wall
 With leafy shadows, light as a caress.
 The palms that brood above the garden brighten,
 But in that quiet room
 Darkness prevails, deep darkness fills it all.
 Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.

Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.
The sorrowing women sometimes fall asleep
 Wrapped in their hair,
Which while they slumber yet warm tears will steep,
Because their hearts mourn in them ceaselessly.
 Uprising, half aware,
They myrrh and spices and rich balms put by
For their own burials, gather hastily,
 Dreaming it is that morrow
When they the precious body may prepare.
Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.

Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's betrayal.
 Peter sleeps not,
He lies yet on his face and has not stirred
Since the iron entered in his soul red-hot.
The disciples trembling mourn their disillusion,
 That He whose word
Could raise the dead, on whom God had conferred
Power, as they trusted, to rédeem Israel,
Had been that bitter day put to confusion,
 Crucified and interred.
Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's betrayal.

Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable peace.
Have they not peace to-night who feared Him, hated
 And hounded to His doom,
The red thirst of their vengeance being sated ?
No, they still run about and bite the beard,
 Confer, nor cease
To tease the contemptuous Pilate, are affeared
Still of Him tortured, crushed, humiliated,
 Cold in a blood-stained tomb.
Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable peace.

Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart,
That mortal life His mother gave Him ended.
 No word save one
Of Mary more, but gently as a cloud

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

On her perdurable silence has descended.
Hush ! In her heart
Which first felt the faint life stir in her son,
Perchance is apprehended
Even now new mystery, grief less loud
Clamours, the Resurrection has begun.
Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart.

OSCAR WILDE

CANZONET

I have no store
Of gryphon-guarded gold ;
Now, as before,
Bare is the shepherd's fold.
Rubies nor pearls
Have I to gem thy throat ;
Yet woodland girls
Have loved the shepherd's note.

Then pluck a reed
And bid me sing to thee,
For I would feed
Thine ears with melody,
Who art more fair
Than fairest fleur-de-lys,
More sweet and rare
Than sweetest ambergris.

What dost thou fear ?
Young Hyacinth is slain,
Pan is not here,
And will not come again.
No hornèd Faun
Treads down the yellow leas,
No God at dawn
Steals through the olive trees.

Hylas is dead,
Nor will he e'er divine
Those little red
Rose-petalled lips of thine.
On the high hili
No ivory dryads play,
Silver and s'ill
Sinks the sad autumn day.

FLOWER OF LOVE

Sweet, I blame you not, for mine the fault was,
had I not been made of common clay
I had climbed the higher heights unclimbed
yet, seen the fuller air, the larger day.

From the wildness of my wasted passion I had
struck a better, clearer song,
Lit some lighter light of freer freedom, battled
with some Hydra-headed wrong.

Had my lips been smitten into music by the
kisses that but made them bleed,
You had walked with Bice and the angels on
that verdant and enamelled mead.

I had trod the road which Dante treading saw
the suns of seven circles shine,
Ay ! perchance had seen the heavens opening,
as they opened to the Florentine.

And the mighty nations would have crowned me,
who am crownless now and without name,
And some orient dawn had found me kneeling
on the threshold of the House of Fame.

I had sat within that marble circle where the
oldest bard is as the young,
And the pipe is ever dropping honey, and the
lyre's strings are ever strung.

Keats had lifted up his hymeneal curls from out
the poppy-seeded wine,
With ambrosial mouth had kissed my forehead,
clasped the hand of noble love in mine.

And at springtide, when the apple-blossoms brush
the burnished bosom of the dove,
Two young lovers lying in an orchard would
have read the story of our love.

Would have read the legend of my passion,
known the bitter secret of my heart,
Kissed as we have kissed, but never parted as
we two are fated now to part.

For the crimson flower of our life is eaten by
the cankerworm of truth,
And no hand can gather up the fallen withered
petals of the rose of youth.

Yet I am not sorry that I loved you—ah ! what
else had I a boy to do,—
For the hungry teeth of time devour, and the
silent-footed years pursue.

Rudderless, we drift athwart a tempest, and
when once the storm of youth is past,
Without lyre, without lute or chorus, Death
the silent pilot comes at last.

And within the grave there is no pleasure, for
the blindworm battens on the root,
And Desire shudders into ashes, and the tree of
Passion bears no fruit.

Ah ! what else had I to do but love you, God's
own mother was less dear to me,
And less dear the Cytheræan rising like an
argent lily from the sea.

I have made my choice, have lived my poems,
and, though youth is gone in wasted days,
I have found the lover's crown of myrtle better
than the poet's crown of bays.

SONNET

ON HEARING THE DIES IRÆ SUNG IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL

Nay, Lord, not thus ! white lilies in the spring,
Sad olive-groves, or silver-breasted dove,
Teach me more clearly of Thy life and love
Than terrors of red flame and thundering.
The hillside vines dear memories of Thee bring :
A bird at evening flying to its nest
Tells me of One who had no place of rest :
I think it is of Thee the sparrows sing.
Come rather on some autumn afternoon,
When red and brown are burnished on the leaves
And the fields echo to the gleaner's song,
Come when the splendid fulness of the moon
Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,
And reap Thy harvest : we have waited long.

T. W. ROLLESTON

THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS

FROM THE IRISH OF ANGUS O'GILLAN

In a quiet water'd land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair ;
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
There the sons of Cairbra sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael that in Kieran's plain of crosses
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffra,
And right many a lord of Breagh ;
Deep the sod above Clan Creide and Clan Conaill,
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter
In the red earth lies at rest ;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast.

JOHN DAVIDSON

A CINQUE PORT

Below the down the stranded town,
What may betide forlornly waits,
With memories of smoky skies,
When Gallic navies crossed the straits ;
When waves with fire and blood grew bright,
And cannon thundered through the night.

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide
Bore to the harbour barque and sloop ;
Across the bar the ship of war,
In castled stern and lanterned poop,
Came up with conquests on her lee,
The stately mistress of the sea.

Where argosies have wooed the breeze,
The simple sheep are feeding now ;
And near and far across the bar
The ploughman whistles at the plough ;

Where once the long waves washed the shore,
Larks from their lowly lodgings soar.

Below the down the stranded town
Hears far away the rollers beat ;
About the wall the seabirds call ;
The salt wind murmurs through the street ;
Forlorn the sea's forsaken bride,
Awaits the end that shall betide.

ALL HALLOW'S EVE

BASIL MENZIES BRIAN PERCY

BRIAN. Tearfully sinks the pallid sun.

MENZIES. Bring in the lamps : Autumn is done.

PERCY. Nay, twilight silvers the flashing drops ;
And a whiter fall is behind:

BRIAN. And the wild cast mouths the chimney-tops,
The Pandean pipes of the wind.

MENZIES. The dripping ivy drapes the walls ;
The drenched red creepers flare ;
And the draggled chestnut plumage falls
In every park and square.

PERCY. Nay, golden garlands strew the way
For the old triumph of decay.

BASIL. And I know, in a living land of spells—
In an excellent land of rest,
Where a crimson fount of sunset wells
Out of the darkling west—

That the poplar, the willow, the scented lime,
Full-leaved in the shining air
Tarry as if the enchanter time
Had fixed them deathless there.

In arbours and noble palaces
A gallant people live
With every manner of happiness
The amplest life can give.

PERCY. Where ? where ? In Elfland ?

MENZIES. No ; oh no.
In Elfland is no rest,
But rumour and stir and endless woe
Of the unfulfilled behest—
The doleful yoke of the Elfin folk
Since first the sun went west.

The cates they eat and the wine they drink,
Savourless nothings are ;
The hopes they cherish, the thoughts they think
Are neither near nor far ;
And well they know they cannot go
Even to a desert star :

One planet is all their poor estate,
Though a million systems roll ;
They are dogged and worried, early and late,
As the demons nag a soul,
By the moon and the sun, for they never can shun
Time's tyrannous control.

The haughty delicate style they keep
Only the blind can see ;
On holynights in the forest deep,
When they make high revelry
Under the moon, the dancing tune
Is the wind in a cypress tree.

They burn the elfin midnight oil
Over their tedious lore ;
They spin the sand ; and still they toil
Though their inmost hearts are sore—
The doleful yoke of the restless folk
For ever and ever more.

But could you capture the elfin queen
Who once was Cæsar's prize,
Daunt and gyve her with glances keen
Of unimpassioned eyes,
And hear unstirred her magic word,
And scorn her tears and sighs,

Lean would she seem at once, and old ;
Her rosy mouth decayed ;
Her heavy tresses of living gold,
All withered in the braid ;
In your very sight the dew and the light
Of her eyes would parch and fade ;

And she, the immortal phantom dame,
Would vanish from your ken ;
For the fate of the elves is nearly the same
As the terrible fate of men :
To love ; to rue : to be and pursue
A flickering wisp of the fen.

We must play the game with a careless smile,
Though there's nothing in the hand ;
We must toil as if it were worth our while
Spinning our ropes of sand ;
And laugh and cry, and live and die
At the waft of an unseen wand.

But the elves, besides the endless woe
Of the unfulfilled behest,
Have only a phantom life, and so
They neither can die nor rest—
Have no real being at all, and know
That therefore they never can rest—
The doleful yoke of the deathless folk
Since first the sun went west.

PERCY. Then where is the wonderful land of spells,
Where a crimson fount of sunset wells,

And the poplar, the willow, the scented lime
Tarry, full-leaved, till the winter-time,
Where endless happiness life can give,
And only heroic people live ?

BASIL. We know, we know, we spinners of sand !
In the heart of the world is that gracious land ;
And it never can fade while the sap returns,
While the sun gives light, and the red blood burns.

A LOAFER

I hang about the streets all day,
At night I hang about ;
I sleep a little when I may,
But rise betimes the morning's scout ;
For through the year I always hear
Afar, aloft, a ghostly shout.

My clothes are worn to threads and loops ;
My skin shows here and there ;
About my face like seaweed droops
My tangled beard, my tangled hair ;
From cavernous and shaggy brows
My stony eyes untroubled stare.

I move from eastern wretchedness
Through Fleet Street and the Strand ;
And as the pleasant people press
I touch them softly with my hand,
Perhaps to know that still I go
Alive about a living land.

For, far in front the clouds are riven ;
I hear the ghostly cry,
As if a still voice fell from heaven
To where sea-whelmed the drowned folks lie
In sepulchres no tempest stirs
And only eyeless things pass by.

In Piccadilly spirits pass :

Oh, eyes and cheeks that glow !
Oh, strength and comeliness ! Alas,
The lustrous health is earth I kn w
From shrinking eyes that recognise
No brother in my rags and woe.

I know no handicraft, no art,
But I have conquered fate ;
For I have chosen the better part.
And neither hope, nor fear, nor hate.
With placid breath on pain and death,
My certain alms, alone I wait.

And daily, nightly comes the call,
The pale, unechoing note,
The faint "Aha !" sent from the wall
Of heaven, but from no ruddy throat
Of human breed or seraph's seed,
A phantom voice that cries by rote.

LONDON

Athwart the sky a lowly sigh
From west to east the sweet wind carried ;
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill ;
His light in all the city tarried :
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

" Oh, sweetheart, see ! how shadowy,
Of some occult magician's rearing,
Or swung in space of heaven's grace
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
Afloat upon ethereal tides
St Paul's above the city rides ! "

A rumour broke through the thin smoke
Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,
An ever-muttering prisoned storm,
The heart of London beating warm.

A BALLAD OF HEAVEN

He wrought at one great work for years ;
The world passed by with lofty look ;
Sometimes his eyes were dashed with tears ;
Sometimes his lips with laughter shook.

His wife and child went clothed in rags,
And in a windy garret starved :
He trod his measures on the flags,
And high on heaven his music carved.

Wistful he grew but never feared ;
For always on the midnight skies
His rich orchestral score appeared
In stars and zones and galaxies.

He thought to copy down his score :
The moonlight was his lamp : he said,
“ Listen, my love ; ” but on the floor
His wife and child were lying dead.

Her hollow eyes were open wide ;
He deemed she heard with special zest
Her death's-head infant coldly eyed
The desert of her shrunken breast.

“ Listen, my love : my work is done ;
I tremble as I touch the page
To sign the sentence of the sun
And crown the great eternal age.

“ The slow adagio begins ;
The winding-sheets are ravelled out
That swathe the minds of men, the sins
That wrap their rotting souls about.

“ The dead are heralded along ;
With silver trumps and golden drums,
And flutes and oboes, keen and strong,
My brave andante singing comes.

“ Then like a python’s sumptuous dress
The frame of things is cast away,
And out of Time’s obscure distress,
The thundering scherzo crashes Day.

“ For three great orchestras I hope
My mighty music shall be scored :
On three high hills they shall have scope
With heaven’s vault for a sounding-board.

“ Sleep well, love ; let your eyelids fall ;
Cover the child ; good-night, and if . . .
What ? Speak . . . the traitorous end of all !
Both . . . cold and hungry . . . cold and stiff !

“ But no, God means us well, I trust :
Dear ones, be happy, hope is nigh :
We are too young to fall to dust,
And too unsatisfied to die.”

He lifted up against his breast
The woman’s body stark and wan ;
And to her withered bosom pressed
The little skin-clad skeleton.

“ You see you are alive,” he cried.
He rocked them gently to and fro.
“ No, no, my love, you have not died ;
Nor you, my little fellow ; no.”

Long in his arms he strained his dead
And crooned an antique lullaby ;
Then laid them on the lowly bed,
And broke down with a doleful cry.

“ The love, the hope, the blood, the brain,
Of her and me, the budding life,
And my great music—all in vain !
My unscored work, my child, my wife !

“ We drop into oblivion,
And nourish some suburban sod :
My work, this woman, this my son,
Are now no more : there is no God.

“ The world’s a dustbin ; we are due,
And death’s cart waits : be life accurst ! ”
He stumbled down beside the two,
And clasping them, his great heart burst.

Straightway he stood at heaven’s gate,
Abashed and trembling for his sin :
I trow he had not long to wait,
For God came out and led him in.

And then there ran a radiant pair,
Ruddy with haste and eager-eyed
To meet him first upon the stair—
His wife and child beatified.

They clad him in a robe of light,
And gave him heavenly food to eat ;
Great seraphs praised him to the height,
Archangels sat about his feet.

God, smiling, took him by the hand,
And led him to the brink of heaven :
He saw where systems whirling stand,
Where galaxies like snow are driven.

Dead silence reigned ; a shudder ran
Through space ; Time furl'd his wearied wings ;
A slow adagio then began.
Sweetly resolving troubled things.

The dead were heralded along :
As if with drums and trumps of flame,
And flutes and oboes keen and strong,
A brave andante singing came.

Then like a python's sumptuous dress
The frame of things was cast away,
And out of Time's obscure distress
The conquering scherzo thundered Day.

He doubted ; but God said " Even so ;
Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears :
The music that you made below
Is now the music of the spheres."

THE LAST ROSE

" Oh, which is the last rose ? "
A blossom of no name.
At midnight the snow came ;
At daybreak a vast rose,
In darkness unfurled,
O'er-petaled the world.

Its odourless pallor,
Blossomed forlorn,
Till radiant valour
Established the morn—
Till the night
Was undone
In her fight
With the sun.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

The brave orb in state rose
And crimson he shone first ;
While from the high vine
Of heaven the dawn burst,
Staining the great rose
From sky-line to sky-line.

The red rose of morn
A white rose at noon turned ;
But at sunset reborn,
All red again soon burned.
Then the pale rose of noonday
Re-bloomed in the night,
And spectrally white
In the light
Of the moon lay.

But the vast rose
Was scentless,
And this is the reason :
When the blast rose
Relentless,
And brought in due season
The snow-rose, the last rose
Congealed in its breath,
There came with it treason ;
The traitor was Death.

In lee-valleys crowded,
The sheep and the birds
Were frozen and shrouded
In flights and in herds.
In highways
In byways
The young and the old
Were tortured and maddened
And killed by the cold.
But many were gladdened
By the beautiful last rose,*
The blossom of no name

That came when the snow came,
In darkness unfurled—
The wonderful vast rose
That filled all the world.

AGNES MARY FRANCES DUCLAUX

(ROBINSON-DARMESTER)

AN ORCHARD AT AVIGNON

The hills are white, but not with snow :
They are as pale in summer time,
For herb or grass may never grow
Upon their slopes of lime.

Within the circle of the hills
A ring all flowering in a round,
An orchard-ring of almond fills
The plot of stony ground.

More fair than happier trees, I think,
Grown in well-watered pasture land
These parched and stunted branches, pink
Above the stones and sand.

O white, austere, ideal place,
Where very few will care to come,
Where spring hath lost the waving grace
She wears for us at home !

Fain would I sit and watch for hours
The holy whiteness of thy hills,
Their wreath of pale auroral flowers,
Their peace the silence fills.

A place of secret peace thou art,
Such peace as in an hour of pain
One moment fills the amazed heart,
And never comes again.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ETRUSCAN TOMBS

I

To think the face we love shall ever die,
And be the indifferent earth, and know us not !
To think that one of us shall live to cry
On one long buried in a distant spot !

O wise Etruscans, faded in the night
Yourselves, with scarce a rose-leaf on your trace ;
You kept the ashes of the dead in sight,
And shaped the vase to seem the vanished face.

But, O my love, my life is such an urn
That tender memories mould with constant touch,
Until the dust and earth of it they turn
To your dear image that I love so much :

A sacred urn, filled with the sacred past,
That shall recall you while the clay shall last.

II

These cinerary urns with human head
And human arms that dangle at their sides,
The earliest potters made them for their dead,
To keep the mother's ashes or the bride's.

O rude attempt of some long-spent despair—
With symbol and with emblem discontent—
To keep the dead alive and as they were,
The actual features and the glance that went !

The anguish of your art was not in vain,
For lo, upon these alien shelves removed
The sad immortal images remain,
And show that once they lived and once you loved.

But, oh, when I am dead may none for me
Invoke so drear an immortality !

III

Beneath the branches of the olive yard
Are roots where cyclamen and violet grow ;
Beneath the roots the earth is deep and hard,
And there a king was buried long ago.

The peasants digging deeply in the mould
Cast up the autumn soil about the place,
And saw a gleam of unexpected gold,
And underneath the earth a living face.

With sleeping lids and rosy lips he lay,
Among the wreaths and gems that mark the king,
One moment ; then a little dust and clay
Fell shrivelled over wreath and urn and ring.

A carven slab recalls his name and deeds,
Writ in a language no man living reads.

IV

Here lies the tablet graven in the past,
Clear-charactered and firm and fresh of line.
See, not a word is gone ; and yet how fast
The secret no man living may divine !

What did he choose for witness in the grave ?
A record of his glory on the earth ?
The wail of friends ? The pæans of the brave ?
The sacred promise of the second birth ?

The tombs of ancient Greeks in Sicily
Are sown with slender discs of graven gold
Filled with the praise of death : thrice happy he
Who sleeps the milk-soft sleep of dreams untold.

They sleep their patient sleep in altered lands,
The golden promise in their fleshless hands.

MAY PROBYN

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Lacking samite and sable,
Lacking silver and gold,
The Prince Jesus in the poor stable
Slept, and was three hours old.

As doves by the fair water,
Mary, not touch'd of sin,
Sat by Him,—the King's daughter,
All glorious within.

A lily without one stain, a
Star where no spot hath room.
*Ave, gratia plena—
Virgo Virginum !*

Clad not in pearl-sewn vesture,
Clad not in cramoisie,
She hath hush'd, she hath cradled to rest, her
God the first time on her knee.

Where is one to adore Him ?
The ox hath dumbly confess'd,
With the ass, meek kneeling before Him,
Et homo factus est.

Not throned on ivory or cedar,
Not crown'd with a Queen's crown,
At her breast it is Mary shall feed her
Maker, from Heaven come down.

The trees in Paradise blossom
Sudden, and its bells chime—
She giveth Him, held to her bosom,
Her immaculate milk the first time.

The night with wings of angels
Was alight, and its snow-pack'd ways
Sweet made (say the Evangels)
With the noise of their virelays.

Quem vidistis, pastores ?
Why go ye feet unsiod ?
Wot ye within yon door is
Mary, the Mother of God ?

No smoke of spice is ascending
There—no roses are piled—
But, choicer than all balms blending
There Mary hath kiss'd her child.

Dilectus meus mihi
Et ego Illi—cold
Small cheek against her cheek, He
Sleepeth, three hours old.

MICHAEL FIELD

ODE TO DAWN

I breathe : the cloud below the night is breaking ;
The air uncloses :
Thou risest from thy couch. O Dawn, thy waking
Is that of roses !
Thou child of Titan, how thy power prevails !
One sister hand touches the Moon that sails
Away, that sinks ; one greets the sun, withheld
By the chill shadows thou art brave against.
What may not by thy bouyant cheer be quelled
Of dominance by which thou art increased ?
O Dawn so wondrous bright,
Thou canst by force of thy salubrity,
From heaven's own height,
Compass thy will in heaven and earth and sea.

Thou art immortal, and thine eyes immortal
 Rest on the ocean,
The shore, the groves, the temple's open portal,
 On new-tuned motion
Of animals refreshed by sleep and dream,
On birds, and field and flock and starting team,
As if they were immortal—on the youth
That girt for toil or journey in thy gaze
Receives his immortality for truth,
And lifts to thee an almost stifled praise,
 Thou bracest so his heart.
Yea, the whole burnished land, as if eterne
 In every part,
Doth toward thy face with equal glitter yearn.

And yearningly thou in thy course dost linger,
 With gracious boldness,
O'er Cephalus laid sleeping, and thy finger,
 A rose-bud coldness,
Startles and pricks him till the boy awakes,
Who, smiled at from thine honest eyes, forgets
His first sigh for his Procris : to thy car
Thou dost constrain him captive, and with speed,
Beyond the lark-glint and the morning-star,
Discouraging the heaven with thy deed,
 Thou and thy coursers glow,
On toward Olympus where thou faccest all
 The wise gods know,
Nor can their congregated eyes appal.

Thy chastity is in thy will, thy beauty
 Is eager flushing.
On him thou lov'st thou layest as love's duty,
 (All terror hushing)
From earth steeply to travel at thy side,
Till by adventure he be deified.
Not Cephalus alone, Orion too,
And young Tithonus thou hast borne above.
No matter should the mortal prove untrue,

And pine in stupor for an earthly love,
Or hurled down from the sky
Be sunk in waves, or 'mid the heavenly born
See Age draw nigh
To snow upon a single head forlorn.

It is thy impulse of inviolate willing
Stirs glade and mountain.
The nests in arbour, birds beside the rilling
Of forest fountain,
The wood-flowers and the stream-flowers and all things
Would drive aloft with thee. Ah, thou hast wings !
Most lovable, forget not what thou art :
Thou drawest us to thee, to heaven remain.
Intrepid dreamers, to the clouds we start,
And smile with thee along, with thee attain
The gods, the placid Throne ;
Then 'mid the hollow vapours of the way
We wake alone,
O rose-hung queen of steeds—and, lo, 'tis day.

Spare thou the flowers ! Let not their discs be flattered
With lofty dreaming
Of Hera's bosom and her pavement scattered
With their first beaming :
Let not the bird tune for Apollo's thanks
Where, voicing heaven, he crowds the happier banks.
Vain prayer ! Most merciless of visions, shown
Too often to thy victims, yet so fresh
That never as a custom may we own
Thy presence, but are dazzled in thy mesh
And suffer thy strong goad ;
Deluded, brilliant with each new daybreak,
Thy chiming road,
Even to the end, we and our world must take.

*ROBERT OFFLEY ASHBURTON CREWE-MILNES,
MARQUESS OF CREWE*

SEVEN YEARS

To join the ages they have gone,
 Those seven years,—
Receding as the months roll on ;
Yet very oft my fancy hears
Your voice,—’twas music to my ears
 Those seven years.

Scant the shadow and high the sun
 Those seven years ;
Can hearts be one, then ours were one,
One for laughter and one for tears,
Knit together in hopes and fears,
 Those seven years.

How, perchance, do they seem to you,
 Those seven years,
Spirit-free in the wider blue ?
When Time in Eternity disappears,
What if all you have learn’d but the more endears
 Those seven years ?

A WET SUNSET IN SOUTH AFRICA

Across the waste of dreary veldt,
 Unmarked by hut, or knoll, or hollow,
The lifeless mountain’s arid belt
 Trends southward, far as eye can follow.

A fitful rain is drifting still,
 Close to the plain the swifts are skimming ;

The thirsty soil has drunk its fill,
And left a thousand pools a-brimming.

The west is wrapt from sight and sense,
Lost in a haze of fairy yellow ;
A sadness, borne we know not whence,
Falls with that light divinely mellow :

Where hangs unseen the guiding Cross,
The lightning's magic veil is lifting,
Clouds like Atlantic billows toss,
From summit on to summit drifting.

Eastward, a cold unearthly sheen
Of mists fantastically riven,
All steel and silver damascene,
Bright armour for the host of heaven.

Unbidden memories of home
The stranger landscape seems to hallow,—
The tender touch of English Crome
On Norfolk broad, and stream, and shallow,—

A dream of looming towers that crown
A northern city's smoke and shadow,
When Lincoln Church looks stately down
On flooded fen and streaming meadow.

One moment,—off the vanished sun
A redder fire of glory flashes,
The pools grow rosy one by one,
The pallid east in answer blushes ;

Another,—half the glow is gone,
The near and far in shade are blended,
Black plumaged night flies swiftly on,
The curtain falls,—the dream is ended.

WILLIAM WATSON

ODE IN MAY

Let me go forth, and share
The overflowing Sun
With one wise friend, or one
Better than wise, being fair,
Where the pewit wheels and dips
On heights of bracken and ling,
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,
Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear
As a prosperous morn in May,
The confident prime of the day,
And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
Asking aright, is denied,
And half of the world a bridegroom is,
And half of the world a bride ?

The Song of Mingling flows,
Grave, ceremonial, pure,
As once, from the lips that endure,
The cosmic descant rose,
When the temporal lord of life,
Going his golden way,
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife
That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,
Came wooing the mother of men,
Earth, that was virginal then,
Vestal fire to his fire.
Silent her bosom and coy,
But the strong god sued and pressed ;
And born of their starry nuptial joy
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,
And the travail of her that bore,
Behold, they are evermore
As warp and weft in our lot.
We are children of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible lord,
We are the fruit of Earth's womb, each one,
And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,
Whence first was the seed outpoured.
To thee as our Father we bow,
Forbidden thy Father to see,
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech,
Thou art but as a wave of his hand ;
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach ;
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,
Or a moment's mood of his soul :
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir
That chant the chant of the Whole.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

DREAM-TRYST

The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the eastern Heaven ;
Throbbing with unheard melody
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven :
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey :
And souls went palely up the sky,
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine ;
There was no change in her deep heart
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain drops
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air,
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
And they who walk there are most fair.
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,
Who with the Past meet girt about :
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
Nor can her eyes go out.

DAISY

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf !—

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea ;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine :
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way ;
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day !

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray ;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face !
She gave me tokens three :—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand !
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For, standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end :
Their scent survives their close :
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose !

She looked a little wistfully
Then went her sunshine way :—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went, and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad ;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan ;
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own.

THE FAIR INCONSTANT

Dost thou still hope thou shalt be fair,
When no more fair to me ?
Or those that by thee taken were
Hold their captivity ?
Is this thy confidence ? No, no ;
Trust it not ; it can not be so.

But thou too late, too late shalt find
'Twas I that made thee fair ;
Thy beauties never from thy mind
But from my loving were ;
And those delights that did thee stole
Confessed the vicinage of my soul.

The rosy reflex of my heart
Did thy pale cheek attire ;
And what I was, not what thou art,
Did gazers-on admire.
Go, and too late thou shalt confess
I looked thee into loveliness.

THE MISTRESS OF VISION

Secret was the garden ;
Set i' the pathless awe
Where no star its breath can draw.
Life, that is its warden,
Sits behind the fosse of death. Mine eyes saw not, and
I saw.

It was a mazeful wonder ;
Thrice three times it was enwalled
With an emerald—
Sealèd so asunder.
All its birds in middle air hung a-dream, their music
thrallèd.

The Lady of fair weeping,
At the garden's core,
Sang a song of sweet and sore
And the after-sleeping ;
In the land of Luthany, and the tracts of Elenore.

With sweet-pangèd singing
Sang she through a dream-night's day ;
That the bowers might stay,
Birds bate their winging,
Nor the wall of emerald float in wreathèd haze away.

The lily kept its gleaming,
In her tears (divine conservers !)
Washèd with sad art ;
And the flowers of dreaming
Palèd not their fervours,
For her blood flowed through their nervures ;
And the roses were most red, for she dipt them in her heart.

There was never moon,
Save the white sufficing woman :
Light most heavenly-human—

Like the unseen form of sound,
Sensed invisibly in tune,—
With a sun derivèd stole
Did inaureole
All her lovely body round ;
*Lovelily her lucid body with that light was interstrewn.

The sun which lit that garden wholly,
Low and vibrant visible,
Temper'd glory woke ;
And it seemèd solely
Like a silver thurible
Solemnly swung, slowly,
Fuming clouds of golden fire for a cloud of incense-smoke.

But woe's me, and woe's me,
For the secrets of her eyes !
In my visions fearfully
They are ever shown to be
As fringed pools, whereof each lies
Pallid-dark beneath the skies
Of a night that is
But one blear necropolis.
And her eyes a little tremble, in the wind of her own sighs.

Many changes rise on
Their phantasmal mysteries.
They grow to an horizon
Where earth and heaven meet ;
And like a wing that dies on
The vague twilight-verges,
Many a sinking dream doth fleet
Lessening down their secrecies.
And, as dusk with day converges,
Their orbs are troublously
Over-gloomed and over-glowed with hope and fear of
things to be.

There is a peak on Himalay,
And on the peak undeluged snow,

And on the snow not eagles stray ;
There if your strong feet could go,—
Looking over tow'rd Cathay
From the never-deluged snow—
Farthest ken might not survey
Where the peoples underground dwell whom antique
fables know.

East, ah, east of Himalay,
Dwell the nations underground ;
Hiding from the shock of Day,
For the sun's uprising-sound :
Dare not issue from the ground
At the tumults of the Day,
So fearfully the sun doth sound
Clanging up beyond Cathay ;
For the great earthquaking sunrise rolling up beyond Cathay.

Lend me, O lend me
The terrors of that sound,
That its music may attend me,
Wrap my chant in thunders round ;
While I tell the ancient secrets in that Lady's singing found.

On Ararat there grew a vine,
When Asia from her bathing rose,
Our first sailor made a twine
Thereof for his prefiguring brows.
Canst divine
Where, upon our dusty earth, of that vine a cluster grows ?

On Golgotha there grew a thorn
Round the long-figured Brows.
Mourn, O mourn !
For the vine have we the spine ? Is this all the Heaven
allows ?

On Calvary was shook a spear ;
Press the point into thy heart—
Joy and fear !
All the spines upon the thorn into curling tendrils start.

O dismay !

I, a wingless mortal, sporting

With the tresses of the sun ?

I, that dare my hand to lay

On the thunder in its snorting ?

Ere begun,

Falls my singed song down the sky, even the old Icarian
way.

From the fall precipitant

These dim snatches of her chant

Only have remainèd mine ;—

That from spear and thorn alone

May be grown

For the front of saint or singer any divinizing twine.

Her song said that no springing

Paradise but evermore

Hangeth on a-singing

That has chords of weeping,

And that sings the after-sleeping

To souls which wake too sore.

“ But woe the singer, woe ! ” she said ; “ beyond the dead
his singing-lore,

All its art of sweet and sore

He learns, in Elenore ! ”

Where is the land of Luthany,

Where is the tract of Elenore ?

I am bound therefor.

“ Pierce thy heart to find the key ;

With thee take

Only what none else would keep ;

Learn to dream when thou dost wake,

Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.

Learn to water joy with tears,

Learn from fears to vanquish fears ;

To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,
Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve ;
Plough thou the rock until it bear ;
Know, for thou else couldst not believe ;
Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive ;
Die, for none other way canst live.
When earth and heaven lay down their veil,
And that apocalypse turns thee pale ;
When thy seeing blindeth thee
To what thy fellow-mortals see ;
When their sight to thee is sightless ;
Their living, death ; their light, most lightless ;
Search no more—
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore."

Where is the land of Luthany,
And where the region Elenore ?
I do faint therefor.

"When to the new eyes of thee
All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linkèd are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star ;
When thy song is shield and mirror
To the fair snake-curlèd Pain,
Where thou dar'st affront her terror
That on her thou may'st attain
Perséan conquest ; seek no more,
O seek no more !
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore."

So sang she, so wept she,
Through a dream-night's day ;
And with her magic singing kept she—
Mystical in music—
That garden of enchanting

In visionary May ;
 Swayless for my spirit's haunting,
 Thrice-threefold walled with emerald from our mortal
 mornings grey.

And as a necromancer
 Raises from the rose-ash
 The ghost of the rose ;
 My heart so made answer
 To her voice's silver splash,—
 Stirred in reddening flash,
 And from out its mortal ruins the purpureal phantom
 blows.

Her tears made dulcet fretting,
 Her voice had no word,
 More than thunder or the bird.
 Yet, unforgetting,
 The ravished soul her meanings knew. Mine ears heard
 not, and I heard.

When she shall unwind
 All those wiles she wound about me,
 Tears shall break from out me,
 That I cannot find
 Music in the holy poets to my wistful want, I doubt me !

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days ;
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years ;
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
 Of my own mind ; and in the mist of tears
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
 Up vistaed hopes I sped ;
 And shot, precipitated,
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities ;
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside).
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars ;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to Dawn : Be sudden ; to Eve : Be soon ;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover—
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see !
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue ;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue ;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clangèd his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their
feet :—
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
“Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.”

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid ;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me !
I turned me to them very wistfully ;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
“Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
With me ” (said I) “your delicate fellowship ;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.”
So it was done :
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies ;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings ;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with ; made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine ;
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers

Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine ;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat ;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
For ah ! we know not what each other says,
These things and I ; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth ;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness :
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy ;
And past those noisèd Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet—
“ Lo ! naught contents thee, who content'st not
Me.”

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke !
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee ;
I am defenceless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me ; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,

Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist ;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding ; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah ! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount ?

Ah ! must—

Designer infinite !—

Ah ! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn
with it ?

My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust ;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever

From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.

Such is ; what is to be ?

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind ?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds ;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity ;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.

But not ere him who summoneth

I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned ;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields

Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death ?

Now of that long pursuit

Comes on at hand and bruit ;

That Voice is round me like a bursting sea :

“ And is thy earth so marred,

Shattered in shard on shard ?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me ! ”

“Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught” (He said),
“And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man’s clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might’st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child’s mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!”

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
“Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.”

IN NO STRANGE LAND

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
 And our benumbed conceiving soars !—
 The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
 Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—
 Turn but a stone, and start a wing !
 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
 That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
 Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss
 Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
 Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
 Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;
 And lo, Christ walking on the water
 Not of Gennesareth, but Thames !

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

THE TREE OF LIFE

A RECOGNITION IN FOUR SEASONS

ARGUMENT

A prophet, desiring to recover for men the fruit of the Tree of Life, seems to find Paradise by certain traditional signs of beauty in nature. He is further persuaded by observing the beauty and innocence of children. By and by he comes upon the Tree of Knowledge, whose fruit, now old, he discerns to be evil ; but from which, to his desire, new is brought forth, which is good. At each recognition one of the Guardian Angels of the Tree of Life is withdrawn, until there is left only the Angel of Death, in the light of whose sword he perceives it. The Angels' songs are not heard by the prophet.

I. SPRING

Prophet

O Tree of Life, blissful tree,
 Old as the world, still springing green,

Planted, watered by God ; whose fruit
 Hath year by year fallen about the root,
 And century by century ;
 Grant me that I thy glory unseen
 At last attain to see !

Chorus of Angels

*The flame of our eyes still hideth
 The fatal tree :
 Which God in charge confideth
 That none may see,
 Till 'gainst our light advances
 A purer ray,
 And melts with fervid glances
 Our swords of day.*

Prophet

This garden I consider : If not the wise
 Repute it Paradise,
 The wise may err and ancient fame be lost ;
 As Ophir on the swart Arabian coast,—
 Whence she, of Saba queen,
 In silk raiment and gold,
 Bearing spices manifold,
 Not unlike this lily's purer sheen,
 Came a weary way to salute Solomon,
 Fainting to see, and fainted having seen
 Such wisdom dazzled from his throne,—
 Now Ophir lies unknown ;
 Yet stumbling haply on gold, a man shall say
 Who feeds his flocks by the well,
 " Lo Ophir ! " what if I to-day
 A like token recover, and tell.

*Considerate
 lilia agri
 quomodo
 crescunt.*

Chorus of Angels

*The fire of our heart presages
 (And gins to dim.)
 That though through ageless ages
 We wait for him.*

*He comes ; our glory retires,
And shrinks from strife,
Folding in closer fires
The Tree of Life.*

Prophet

Goeth up a mist,
To water the ground from the four streams at even ;
Wrapt in a veil of amethyst
The trees and thickets wait for Spring to appear,
An angel out of heaven,
Bringing apparel new for the new year ;
In the soft light the birds
Reset to the loved air the eternal words,
And in the woods primroses peer.

Angel of the Spring

*He hath seen me with eyes of wonder
And named my name,
My shield is riven in sunder,
And quencht my frame :
My task is done, and rewarded,
If faithfully ;
By others now is guarded
The mystic tree.*

II. SUMMER

Prophet

O tree of life, blessed tree,
When shall I thy beauty attain to see ?
New fledged ev'n now, new canopied with green,
(Not darkening ever as these in brooding heat,)
To beasts of the field a screen,
A shadowy bower for weary eyes and feet :
Tree by tree musing, I find not thee.

Sinit
parvulos, &c.

See, in the rippling water the children at play,
Flashing hither and thither, diamonded with spray ;

Lithe and fair their limbs, their hearts light and gay—
 As fair as they of Niobe ;
 Divinely fair, but too divinely famed ;
 Not so now let it be.
 Children of Adam these by birth proclaimed,
 Claspings a mother's breast, a father's knee,
 By father's father named.
 Ay, but see, but see,
 Their mien how high, how free their spirit !
 They are naked and not ashamed
 Of that translucent veil, that symmetry.
 How they shout for glee !
 It is the primal joy, and not the curse they inherit.
 A child of Adam, a child of God can he be ?
 O look, look and see !

The Angels of Children
His ear through nature's noises,
Where'er he trod,
Could hear in the children's voices
The praise of God.
Our task is done, and rewarded,
If faithfully ;
By others now is guarded
The mystic tree.

III. AUTUMN

Prophet

Say who are ye upon this bank reclining,
 At random laid,
 Where loaded boughs a diaper intertwining
 Of fragrant shade,
 Stretch down their fruits to cheer the heart's repining.

They hear me not, asleep, or drunken, or (ah !) dead.
 O Tree of Knowledge, 'tis thou, tree divine

Dicit enim
Vetus
melius est.

Of good and ill ;—trembling, I view thee.
 To me, as them, thy golden apples incline,
 Able to slake my thirst, or else undo me.
 Which shall I pluck, which dread
 Of all their goodlihead ?
 If roots be twain, from which there flows
 To these elixir, poison to those,
 How can I track their currents through the stem
 Which bears and buries them ?
 Nay, but it cannot be the tree of good ;
 'Tis utter evil ; to nearer view
 The fruit dislustres, dull of hue,
 All its ripe vermilion vanished,
 Dead fruit, not human food ;
 And these mistaking souls from life are banished.
 But see,—a wonder,—lo, on each branch swells
 A new fruit ruddy-rinded, that smells
 Freshly, and from their places in decay
 The old shrivel, and drop away.
 The ripeness allures to taste, O what should stay me ?
 Ill was the old, but the new is goodly and sweet ;
 A blessing is in it, desire to greet,
 Not a curse to slay me ;
 (O divine the taste !)
 Of the blind to open the eyes,
 Deaf ears to unstop, make wise
 The feeble-hearted, and to-day (O haste !)
 For these poor dead the tree of life display !

Angel of the Tree of Divine Knowledge

*The old fruit which evil bringeth
 He hath eschewed ;
 I breathe, and a new fruit springeth ;
 He saw it good.
 My task is done ; and rewarded,
 If faithfully ;
 By others now is guarded
 The mystic tree.*

IV. WINTER

Prophet

I had thought ere this to have blest mine eyes
 With thy vision benign, immortal tree ;
 For since that fruit, more than with Euphrasy,
 My spirits are all alert, my sense more keen.
 Nor is the north that chides with the stript boughs

 An enemy, if it shows
 All these but mortal, though in Paradise.

 But thou, O still unseen,
 Come into sight ; not yet I faint, but abide
 And ever abide, yearning thee to behold.
 Thee following, this girdling forest wide,
 My heart by hope made bold,
 I have laboured through, and now emerge at length
 Torn by the briers, spent my strength ;
 But branches wintry-bare deny the sheen
 Of the amaranthine leaves and fruit of gold.
 Till now at last the light
 Fails from my hope as from the heaven,
 Where marshal the clouds, blown up with boisterous breath ;
 The trees strain from the blast of death
 Shrieking convulsed, so fierce the hail is driven

 Across the vault of night.
 And now the waving brand
 Of a cherub lightens down
 And rends the air with crashing din ;
 Ah, if it be by God's command.
 To show light in the darkness of nature's frown
 That I my purpose win !

It flashes and still flashes, and now I see
 Beyond the blaze glooming a tree, a tree,
 Stately and large,—(O light deceive not,
 O weary eyes not now believe not !)—
 Unseen before ; to that I press,
 Despite the tempest and limbs' tardiness.
 Lighten, O sword divine, to clear my way,
 And thou, O happy heart, upstay

Qui
 perdidit
 animam
 suam
 inveniet.

Steps that falter and swerve, since few
Remain ; come light again, I shall win through.

Angel of Death

*My flame he hath not abhorred,
Nor nature's strife,
But lightened through my sword,
Hath passed to Life.
My task is done ; and rewarded,
If faithfully ;
Henceforth no more is guarded
The mystic tree.*

ERNEST RHYS

THE LEAF BURNERS

Under two oak trees
on top of the fell,
With an old hawthorn hedge
to hold off the wind,
I saw the leaf burners
brushing the leaves
With their long brooms
into the blaze.
Above them the sky
scurried along
Pale as a plate,
and peered thro' the oaks,
While the hurrying wind
harried the hedge.
But fast as they swept
feeding the leaves
Into the flame
that flickered and fumed,

The wind, the tree-shaker,
shaking the boughs,

Whirled others down
 withered and wan—
Summer's small folk,
 faded and fain.
To give up their life ;
 earth unto earth,
Ashes to ashes,
 life unto death.

Far on the fell
 where the road ran,
I heard the men march,
 in the mouth of the wind :
And the leaf burners heard
 and leaned down their heads,
Brow upon broom
 and let the leaves lie,
And counted their kin
 that crossed over sea,
And left wife and wean
 to fight in the war.

Forth over fell
 I farcd on my way ;
Yet often looked back,
 when the wind blew,
To see the flames coil
 like a curl of bright hair
Round the face of a child—
 a flower of fire,
Beneath the long boughs
 where lush and alive,
The leaves flourished long,
 loving the sun.

Much I thought then
 of men that went forth,
Or dropt like the leaves,
 to die and to live ;

While the leaf burners
 with their long brooms
 Drew them together
 on the day of their death.
 I wondered at that,
 walking the fell—
 Feeling the wind
 that wafted the leaves
 And set their souls
 free of the smoke,
 Free of the dead,
 speeding the flame
 To spire on the air—
 a spark that should spring
 In me, man of men ;
 last of the leaves.

MARY COLERIDGE

UNWELCOME

We were young, we were merry, we were very very wise,
 And the door stood open at our feast,
 When there pass'd us a woman with the West in her eyes,
 And a man with his back to the East.

O, still grew the hearts that were beating so fast,
 The loudest voice was still.
 The jest died away on our lips as they pass'd,
 And the rays of July struck chill.

The cups of red wine turn'd pale on the board,
 The white bread black as soot.
 The hound forgot the hand of her lord,
 She fell down at his foot.

Low let me lie, where the dead dog lies,
Ere I sit me down again at a feast,
Where there passes a woman with the West in her eyes,
And a man with his back to the East.

NIGHT IS FALLEN

Night is fallen, within, without,
Come, love, soon !
I am weary of my doubt.
The golden fire of the Sun is out,
The silver fire of the moon.

Love shall be
A child in me
When they are cinders gray,
With the earth and with the sea,
With the star that shines on thee,
And the night and the day.

UNITY

The sense of fellowship is grown
A radiant mystery.
The dark is shot with light ; the stone
Is light unto the eyes that see.

No more the wild confused main
Is tossed about with storms of fear.
The sea is singing ; and the rain
Is music to the ears that hear.

SEPTEMBER

Now every day the bracken browner grows,
Even the purple stars
Of clematis, that shorn about the bars,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

*Grow browner ; and the little autumn rose
Dons, for her rosy gown,
Sad weeds of brown.*

Now falls the eve ; and ere the morning sun,
Many a flower her sweet life will have lost,
Slain by the bitter frost,
Who slays the butterflies also, one by one
The tiny beasts
That go about their business and their feasts.

DOUGLAS HYDE

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA

FROM THE IRISH

My grief on the sea,
How the waves of it roll !
For they heave between me
And the love of my soul !

Abandon'd, forsaken,
To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken
Relief from despair ?

My grief and my trouble !
Would he and I were
In the province of Leinster,
Or County of Clare !

Were I and my darling—
O heart-bitter wound !—
On board of the ship
For America bound.

*On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day.*

*And my Love came behind me,
He came from the South;
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth.*

HENRY CUST

NON NOBIS

Not unto us, O Lord,
Not unto us the rapture of the day;
The peace of night, or love's divine surprise,
High heart, high speech, high deeds 'mid honouring eyes;
For at Thy word
All these are taken away.

Not unto us, O Lord :
To us thou givest the scorn, the scourge, the scar,
The ache of life, the loneliness of death,
The insufferable sufficiency of breath ;
And with Thy sword
Thou piercest very far.

Not unto us, O Lord :
Nay, Lord, but unto her be all things given—
May light and life and earth and sky be blasted—
But let not all that wealth of loss be wasted :
Let Hell afford
The pavement of her Heaven !

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF
KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON

THE DOVES

The house where I was born.
Where I was young and gay,
Grows old amid its corn,
Amid its scented hay.

Moan of the cushat dove,
In silence rich and deep ;
The old head I love
Nods to its quiet sleep.

Where once were nine and ten
Now two keep house together ;
The doves moan and complain
All day in the still weather.

What wind, bitter and great,
Has swept the country's face,
Altered, made desolate
The heart-remembered place ?

What wind, bitter and wild,
Has swept the towering trees
Beneath whose shade a child
Long since gathered heartcase ?

Under the golden caves
The house is still and sad,
As though it grieves and grieves
For many a lass and lad.

The cushat doves complain
All day in the still weather ;
Where once were nine or ten
But two keep house together.

OF ST FRANCIS AND THE ASS

Our father, ere he went
Out with his brother, Death,
Smiling and well-content
As a bridegroom goeth,
Sweetly forgiveness prayed
From man or beast whom he
Had ever injuréd
Or burdened needlessly.

“ Verily,” then said he,
“ I crave before I pass
Forgiveness full and free
Of my little brother, the ass.
Many a time and oft,
When winds and ways were hot,
He hath borne me cool and soft
And service grudged me not.

“ And once it did betide
There was, unseen of me.
A gall upon his side
That suffered grievously.
And once his manger was
Empty and bare, and brown.
(Praise God for sweet, dry grass
That Bethlehem folk shook down !)

“ Consider, brethren,” said he,
“ Our little brother ; how mild,
How patient, he will be,
Though men are fierce and wild.
His coat is gray and fine,
His eyes are kind with love ;
This little brother of mine
Is gentle as the dove.

“ Consider how such an one
Beheld our Saviour born,

And carried him, full-grown,
Through Eastern streets one morn.
For this the cross is laid
Upon him for a sign.
Greatly is honoured
This little brother of mine."

And even while he spake,
Down in his stable stall
His little ass 'gan shake
And turned its face to the wall.
Down fell the heavy tear ;
Its gaze so mournful was,
Fra Leo, standing near,
Pitied the little ass.

That night our father died.
All night the kine did low :
The ass went heavy-eyed
With patient tears and slow.
The very birds on wings
Made mournful cries in the air.
Amen ! All living things
Our father's brethren were.

"ADVENIAT REGNUM TUAM"

Thy Kingdom come ! Yea, bid it come !
But when Thy Kingdom first began
On earth, Thy Kingdom was a home,
A child, a woman, and a man.

The child was in the midst thereof,
O, blessed Jesus, holiest One !
The centre and the fount of love,
Mary and Joseph's little Son.

Wherever on the earth shall be
A child, a woman, and a man

Imaging that sweet Trinity
Wherewith Thy Kingdom first began,

Establish there Thy Kingdom ! Yea,
And o'er that trinity of love
Send down, as in Thy appointed day,
The brooding spirit of Thy Dove !

W. BLISS CARMAN

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these :
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees ;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too ;

A shadowy highway, cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp ;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill ;

The tempter apple over the fence ;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince ;

The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch of the solitude ;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird ;

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

A scrap of gossip at the ferry ;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,
Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—
Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for law.
And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,
By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,
The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home ;
The broad gold wake of the afternoon ;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon ;
The sound of the hollow sea's release
From the stormy tumult to starry peace ;
With only another league to wend ;
And two brown arms at the journey's end !
These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE UNKNOWN CITY

There lies a city inaccessible,
Where the dead dreamers dwell.
Abrupt and blue, with many a high ravine
And soaring bridge half seen,
With many an iris cloud that comes and goes,

Over the ancient snows,
The imminent hills environ it, and hold
Its portals from of old,
That grief invade not, weariness, nor war,
Nor anguish evermore.

White-walled and jettied on the peacock tide,
With domes and towers enskied ;
Its battlements and balconies one sheen
Of ever-living green,
It hears the happy dreamers turning home
Slow-oared across the foam.

Cool are its streets with waters musical
And fountains' shadowy fall.
With orange and anemone and rose,
And every flower that blows
Of magic scent or unimagined dye,
Its gardens shine and sigh.
Its chambers, memoried with old romance
And faëry circumstance,—
From any window love may lean some time
For love that dares to climb.

This is the city babe and seer divined
With pure, believing mind.
This is the home of unachieved emprise.
Here, here the visioned eyes
Of them that dream past any power to do,
Wake to the dream come true.
Here the high failure, not the level fame,
Attests the spirit's aim.
Here is fulfilled each hope that soared and sought
Beyond the bournes of thought.

The obdurate marble yields ; the canvas glows ;
Perfect the column grows ;
The chorded cadence art could ne'er attain
Crowns the imperfect strain ;
And the great song that seemed to die unsung
Triumphs upon the tongue.

HENRY NEWBOLT

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor-lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', and the night-tide dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
 An' drum them up the channel as we drummed them
 long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him
 long ago !

SRÁHMANDÁZI

Deep embowered beside the forest river,
 Where the flame of sunset only falls,
 Lapped in silence lies the House of Dying,
 House of them to whom the twilight calls.

There within when day was near to ending,
By her lord a woman young and strong,
By his chief a songman old and stricken
Watched together till the hour of song.

“ O my songman, now the bow is broken,
Now the arrows one by one are sped,
Sing to me the Song of Sráhmándázi,
Sráhmándázi, home of all the dead.”

Then the songman, flinging wide his songnet,
On the last token laid his master's hand,
While he sang the song of Sráhmándázi,
None but dying men can understand.

“ Yonder sun that fierce and fiery-hearted
Marches down the sky to vanish soon,
At the self-same hour in Sráhmándázi
Rises pallid like the rainy moon.

“ There he sees the heroes by their river,
Where the great fish daily upward swim ;
Yet they are but shadows hunting shadows,
Phantom fish in waters drear and dim.

“ There he sees the Kings among their headmen,
Women weaving, children playing games ;
Yet they are but shadows ruling shadows,
Phantom folk with dim forgotten names.

“ Bid farewell to all that most thou lovest,
Tell thy heart thy living life is done ;
All the days and deeds of Sráhmándázi
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun.”

Dreamily the chief from out the songnet
Drew his hand and touched the woman's head :
“ Know they not, then, love in Sráhmándázi ?
Has a King no bride among the dead ? ”

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Then the songman answered, "O my master,
 Love they know, but none may learn it there ;
 Only souls that reach that land together
 Keep their troth and find the twilight fair.

"Thou art still a King, and at thy passing
 By thy latest word must all abide :
 If thou willest, here am I, thy songman ;
 If thou lovest, here is she, thy bride."

Hushed and dreamy lay the House of Dying,
 Dreamily the sunlight upward failed,
 Dreamily the chief on eyes that loved him
 Looked with eyes the coming twilight veiled.

Then he cried, "My songman, I am passing ;
 Let her live, her life is but begun ;
 All the days and nights of Sráhmándázi
 Are not worth an hour of yonder sun."

Yet, when there within the House of Dying
 The last silence held the sunset air,
 Not alone he came to Sráhmándázi,
 Not alone she found the twilight fair :

While the songman, far beneath the forest
 Sang of Sráhmándázi all night through,
 "Lovely be thy name, O Lord of Shadows,
 Land of meeting, land of all the true !"

COMMEMORATION

I sat by the granite pillar, and sunlight fell
 Where the sunlight fell of old,
 And the hour was the hour my heart remember'd well,
 And the sermon roll'd and roll'd
 As it used to roll when the place was still unhaunted,
 And the strangest tale in the world was still untold,

And I knew that of all this rushing of urgent sound
That I so clearly heard,
The green young forest of saplings cluster'd round
Was heeding not one word :
Their heads were bow'd in a still serric'd patience
Such as an angel's breath could never have stirr'd.

For some were already away to the hazardous pitch,
Or lining the parapet wall,
And some were in glorious battle, or great and rich
Or throned in a college hall :
And among the rest was one like my own young phantom,
Dreaming for ever beyond my utmost call.

“ O Youth,” the preacher was crying, “ deem not thou
Thy life is thine alone ;
Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing how
They built thee bone by bone,
And within thy blood the Great Age sleeps sepulchred
Till thou and thine shall roll away the stone.

“ Therefore the days are coming when thou shalt burn
With passion whitely hot ;
Rest shall be rest no more ; thy feet shall spurn
All that thy hand hath got ;
And One that is stronger shall gird thee, and lead thee
swiftly
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou wouldest not.”

And the School pass'd ; and I saw the living and dead
Set in their seats again,
And I long'd to hear them speak of the word that was said,
But I knew that I long'd in vain.
And they stretch'd forth their hands, and the wind of the
spirit took them
Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless plain.

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE

(August 7th, 1657)

Laden with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the glory of
achievement,

And freshly crowned with never-dying fame,
Sweeping by shores where the names are the names of the
victories of England,

Across the Bay the squadron homeward came.

Proudly they came, but their pride was the pomp of a
funeral at midnight,

When dreader yet the lonely morrow looms ;
Few are the words that are spoken, and faces are gaunt
beneath the torchlight

That does but darken more the nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past hope lay the Admiral
triumphant,

And fain to rest him after all his pain ;
Yet for the love that he bore to his own land, ever
unforgotten,

He prayed to see the Western hills again.

Fainter than stars in a sky long gray with the coming of
the daybreak,

Or sounds of night that fade when night is done,
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and loud renown
of warfare,

And life of all its longings kept but one.

“ Oh ! to be there for an hour when the shade draws in
beside the hedgerows,

And falling apples wake the drowsy noon :

Oh ! for the hour when the elms grow sombre and human
in the twilight,
And gardens dream beneath the rising moon.

“ Only to look once more on the land of the memories of
childhood,
Forgetting weary winds and barren foam :
Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard and the
moorland,
And sleep at last among the fields of home ! ”

So he was silently praying, till now, when his strength was
ebbing faster,
The Lizard lay before them faintly blue ;
Now on the gleaming horizon the white cliffs laughed along
the coast-line,
And now the forelands took the shapes they knew.

There lay the Sound and the Island with green leaves
down beside the water,
The town, the Hoe, the masts with sunset fired—
Dreams ! ay, dreams of the dead ! for the great heart
falterd on the threshold,
And darkness took the land his soul desired.

GILBERT PARKER

REUNITED

When you and I have play'd the little hour,
Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death
Yield up his sword ; and, smiling, draw the breath,
The first long breath of freedom ; when the flower
Of Recompense hath flutter'd to our feet,
As to an actor's, and, the curtain down,
We turn to face each other all alone—

Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,
Alone, and absolute, and free : O then,
O then, most dear, how shall be told the tale ?
Clasp'd hands, press'd lips, and so clasp'd hands again ;
No words. But as the proud wind fills the sail,
My love to yours shall reach, then one deep moan
Of joy, and then our infinite Alone.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

LORD VYET

What, must my lord be gone ?
Command his horse, and call
The servants, one and all.
“Nay, nay, I go alone.”

My Lord, I shall unfold
Thy cloak of sables rare
To shield thee from the air :
“Nay, nay, I must be cold,”

At least thy leech I'll tell
Some drowsy draught to make,
Lest thou should toss awake.
“Nay, nay, I shall sleep well.”

My lady keeps her bower :—
I hear the lute delight
The dark and frozen night,
High up within the tower.

Wilt thou that she descend ?
Thy son is in the hall,
Tossing his golden ball,
Shall he my lord attend ?

“Nay, sirs, unbar the door,
The broken lute shall fall;
My son will leave his ball
To tarnish on the floor.”

Yon bell to triumph rings!
To greet thee, monarchs wait
Beside their palace gate.
“Yes, I shall sleep with kings.”

My lord will soon alight
With some rich prince, his friend,
Who shall his ease attend.
“I shall lodge low to-night.”

My lord hath lodging nigh?
“Yes, yes, I go not far,—
And yet the furthest star
Is not so far as I.”

IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

Birds, that cry so loud in the old,
green bowery garden,
Your song is of *Love ! Love ! Love !*
Will you weary not nor cease ?
For the loveless soul grows sick, the heart
that the grey days harden ;
I know too well that ye love ! I would ye
should hold your peace.
I too have seen Love rise, like a star ; I have
marked his setting ;
I dreamed in my folly and pride that Life
without Love were peace.
But if Love should await me yet, in the land
of sleep and forgetting—
Ah, bird, could you sing me this, I would
not your song should cease !

EVENSONG

Thrush, sing clear, for the spring is here :
Sing, for the summer is near, is near.

All day long thou hast plied thy song,
Hardly hid from the hurrying throng :

Now the shade of the trees is laid
Down the meadow and up the glade :

Now when the air grows cool and rare
Birds of the cloister fall to prayer :

Here is the bed of the patient dead,
Shoulder by shoulder, head by head.

Sweet bells swing in the tower, and ring
Men to worship before their King.

See they come as the grave bells hum,
Restless voices awhile are dumb :

More and more on the sacred floor
Feet that linger about the door :

Sweet sounds swim through the vaulting dim,
Psalm and canticle, vesper hymn.

That is the way that mortals pray :
Which is the sweeter ? Brown bird, say !

Which were best for me ? Both are blest ;
Sing thy sweetest and leave the rest.

NORMAN GALE

THE COUNTRY FAITH

Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all.

THE SHADED POOL

A laughing knot of village maids
Goes gaily tripping to the brook,
For water-nymphs they mean to be,
And seek some still, secluded nook.
Here Laura goes, my own delight,
And Colin's love, the madcap Jane,
And half a score of goddesses
Trip over daisies in the plain :
Already now they loose their hair
And peep from out the tangled gold,
Or speed the flying foot to reach
The brook that's only summer-cold ;
The lovely locks stream out behind
The shepherdesses on the wing,
And Laura's is the wealth I love,
And Laura's is the gold I sing.

A-row upon the bank they pant,
And all unlace the country shoe ;
Their fingers tug the garter-knots
To loose the hose of varied huc.
The flashing knee at last appears,
The lower curves of youth and grace,
Whereat the maidens' eyes do scan
The mazy thickets of the place.
But who's to see besides the thrush
Upon the wild crab-apple tree ?
Within his branchy haunt he sits—
A very Peeping Tom is he !
Now music bubbles in his throat,
And now he pipes the scene in song—
The virgins slipping from their robes,
The cheated stockings lean and long,
The swift-descending petticoat,
The breasts that heave because they ran,
The rounded arms, the brilliant limbs,
The pretty necklaces of tan.
Did ever amorous god in Greece,
In search of some young mouth to kiss,
By any river chance upon
A sylvan scene as bright as this ?
But though each maid is pure and fair,
For one alone my heart I bring,
And Laura's is the shape I love,
And Laura's is the snow I sing.

And now upon the brook's green brink,
A milk-white bevy, lo, they stand,
Half shy, half frighten'd, reaching back
The beauty of a poising hand !
How musical their little screams
When ripples kiss their shrinking feet !
And then the brook embraces all
Till gold and white the water meet !
Within the streamlet's soft cool arms
Delight and love and gracefulness
Sport till a horde of tiny waves

Swamps all the beds of floating cress :
 And on his shining face are seen
 Great yellow lilies drifting down
 Beyond the ringing apple-tree,
 Beyond the empty homespun gown.
 Did ever Orpheus with his lute,
 When making melody of old,
 E'er find a stream in Attica
 So ripely full of pink and gold ?
 At last they climb the sloping bank
 And shake upon the thirsty soil
 A treasury of diamond-drops
 Not gain'd by aught of grimy toil.
 Again the garters clasp the hose,
 Again the polish'd knee is hid,
 Again the breathless babble tells
 What Colin said, what Colin did.
 In grace upon the grass they lie
 And spread their tresses to the sun,
 And rival, musical as they,
 The blackbird's alto shake and run.
 Did ever Love, on hunting bent,
 Come idly humming through the hay,
 And, to his sudden joyfulness,
 Find fairer game at close of day ?
 Though every maid's a lily-rose,
 And meet to sway a sceptred king,
 Yet Laura's is the face I love,
 And Laura's are the lips I sing.

A SONG

First the fine, faint, dreamy motion
 Of the tender blood
 Circling in the veins of children—
 This is Life, the bud.

Next the fresh, advancing beauty
 Growing from the gloom,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Waking eyes and fuller bosom—
This is Life, the bloom.

Then the pain that follows after,
Grievous to be borne,
Pricking, steeped in subtle poison—
This is Love, the thorn.

TO THE SWEETWILLIAM

I search the poets' honied lines,
And not in vain, for columbines ;
And not in vain for other flowers
That sanctify the many bowers
Unsanctified by human souls.
See where the larkspur lifts among
The thousand blossoms finely sung,
Still blossoming in the fragrant scrolls !
Charity, eglantine, and rue
And love-in-a-mist are all in view,
With coloured cousins ; but where are you,
Sweetwilliam ?

The lily and the rose have books
Devoted to their lovely looks,
And wit has fallen in vital showers
Through England's most miraculous hours
To keep them fresh a thousand years.
The immortal library can show
The violet's well-thumbed folio
Stained tenderly by girls in tears.
The shelf where Genius stands in view
Has briar and daffodil and rue
And love-lies-bleeding ; but not you,
Sweetwilliam.

Thus, if I seek the classic line
For marybuds, 'tis Shakespeare, thine !

And ever is the primrose born
'Neath Goldsmith's overhanging thorn.
In Herrick's breastknot I can see
The apple blossom, fresh and fair
As when he plucked and put it there,
Heedless of Time's anthology.
So flower by flower comes into view,
Kept fadeless by the Olympian dew
For startled eyes ; and yet not you,
Sweetwilliam.

Too seldom named ! And never so
As makes the astonished heart to go
With deer-like leapings ! Horace found
A name unsuited to the bound
His gleaming satires had to bear :
Even so, methinks, a want of grace
In country calling lost a place
In poesy for one so fair.
How chancily a blossom slips
From ballad sunshine to eclipse,
Being short of honey for the lips,
Sweetwilliam !

Though gods of song have let you be,
Bloom in my little book for me.
Unwont to stoop or lean, you show
An undefeated heart, and grow
As pluckily as cedars. Heat
And cold, and winds that make
Tumbledown sallies, cannot shake
Your resolution to be sweet.
Then take this song, be it born to die
Ere yet the unwedded butterfly
Has glimpsed a darling in the sky,
Sweetwilliam !

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT-WATSON

THE LAST FAIRY

Under the yellow moon, when the young men and maidens
pass in the lanes,
Outcast I flit, looking down through the leaves of the
elm-trees,
Peering out over the fields as their voices grow fainter ;
Furtive and lone
Sometimes I steal through the green rushes down by the
river,
Hearing shrill laughter and song while the rosy-limb'd
bathers
Gleam in the dusk.
Seen, they would pass me disdainful, or stone me unwitting ;
No room is left in their hearts for my kinsfolk or me.
Fain would I, too, fading out like a moth in the twilight,
Follow my kin,
Whither I know not, and ever I seek but I find not—
Whither I know not, nor knoweth the wandering swallow ;
“ Where are they, where ? ”
Oft-times I cry ; but I hearken in vain for their footsteps,
Always in vain.

High in a last year's nest, in the boughs of the pine tree,
Musing I sit, looking up to the deeps of the sky,
Clasping my knees as I watch there and wonder, forsaken ;
Ever the hollow sky
Voiceless and vast, and the golden moon silently sailing,
Look on my pain and they care not,
There is none that remembers :
Only the nightingale knows me—she knows and remembers—
Deep in the dusk of the thicket she sorrows for me.
Yet, on the wings of the wind sweeping over the uplands,
Fitfully borne,
Murmuring echoes remember'd—the ghosts of old voices
Faint as a dream, and uncertain as cloud-shadow'd sunlight,
Fall on mine ear.

Whence do they call me ? From golden-dew'd valleys
 forgotten ?
Or from the strongholds of eld, where red banners of sunset
Flame o'er the sea ?
Or from anear, on the dim airy slopes of the dawn-world,
Over light-flowering meads between daybreak and sunrise
Level and grey ?
Truly I know not, but steadfast and longing I listen,
Straining mine ears for the lilt of their tinkling laughter
Sweeter than sheep-bells at even ;—I watch and I hearken.
O for the summons to sound !—for the pipes plaining
 shrilly,
Calling me home !

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME A BOX OF VIOLETS

Nay, more than violets
These thoughts of thine, friend !
Rather thy reedy brook
—Taw's tributary—
At midnight murmuring,
Descried them, the delicate,
The dark-eyed goddesses,
There by his cressy beds
Dissolved and dreaming
Dreams that distilled in a dewdrop
All the purple of night,
All the shine of a planet.

Whereat he whispered ;
And they arising
—Of day's forget-me-nots
The duskier sisters—
Descended, relinquished
The orchard, the trout-pool,
The Druid circles,
Sheepfolds of Dartmoor,

Granite and sandstone,
Torridge and Tamar ;
By Roughtor, by Dozmaré,
Down the vale of the Fowey
Moving in silence,
Brushing the nightshade
By bridges Cyclopean,
By Glynn, Lanhydrock,
Restormel, Lostwithiel,
Dark woodland, dim water,
Dreaming town—
Down the vale of the Fowey,
Each in her exile
Musing the message—
Message illumined by love
As a starlit sorrow—
Passed, as the shadow of Ruth
From the land of the Moabite.
So they came—
Valley-born, valley-nurtured—
Came to the tideway,
The jetties, the anchorage,
The salt wind piping,
Shrieking in equinox,
By ships at anchor,
By quays tormented,
Storm-smitten streets ;
Came to the haven
Crying, “ Ah, shelter us,
The strayed ambassadors !
Lost legation of love
On a comfortless coast ! ”
Nay, but a little sleep,
A little folding
Of petals to the lull
Of quiet rainfalls,—
Here in my garden,
In angle sheltered
From north and east wind—
Softly shall recreate

The courage of charity,
Henceforth not to me only
Breathing the message.

Clean-breath'd Sirens !
Henceforth the mariner,
Here on the tideway
Dragging, foul of keel,
Long-strayed but fortunate,
Out of the fogs, the vast
Atlantic solitudes,
Shall, by the hawser-pin
Waiting the signal—
Leave-go-anchor !
Scent the familiar
Fragrance of home ;
So in a long breath
Bless us unknowingly :
Bless them, the violets,
Bless me, the gardener,
Bless thee, the giver.

UPON ECKINGTON BRIDGE, RIVER AVON

O Pastoral heart of England ! like a psalm
Of green days telling with a quiet beat—
O wave into the sunset flowing calm !
O tirèd lark descending on the wheat !
Lies it all peace beyond that western fold
Where now the lingering shepherd sees his star
Rise upon Malvern ? Paints an Age of Gold
Yon cloud with prophecies of linkèd ease—
Lulling this Land, with hills drawn up like knees,
To drowse beside her implements of war ?

Man shall outlast his battles. They have swept
Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham ;
And Evesham's dedicated stones have stepp'd
Down to the dust with Montfort's oriflame.

Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower
 Abides ; but yet these eloquent grooves remain,
 Worn in the sandstone parapet hour by hour
 By labouring bargemen where they shifted ropes.
 E'en so shall man turn back from violent hopes
 To Adam's cheer, and toil with spade again.

Ay, and his mother Nature, to whose lap
 Like a repentant child at length he hies,
 Not in the whirlwind or the thunder-clap
 Proclaims her more tremendous mysteries :
 But when in winter's grave, bereft of light,
 With still, small voice divinelier whispering
 —Lifting the green head of the aconite,
 Feeding with sap of hope the hazel-shoot—
 She feels God's finger active at the root,
 Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON

BALLAD OF EXTREME OLD AGE

The World sweeps past me now, and other wars
 Set men aflame,
 The fights we fought forgot, the sacred cause
 No more the same !
 The pass-words of our day are dead and gone,
 Or only found
 Graven upon the tombs that mark moss-grown
 Our burial ground,
 Where those we fought and those who fought for us
 Together lie
 Neglected, vanquished and victorious—
 And none come nigh !
 I judge not, nor condemn. How can I judge
 This alien age
 With other thoughts and hopes ? Why should I grudge
 Their lot or rage ?

One prayer alone I make—a humble one—
 Ye powers ! dispense
That I may sit a little in the sun
 Ere I go hence.

HERBERT TRENCH

SHE COMES NOT WHEN NOON IS ON THE ROSES

She comes not when Noon is on the roses—
 Too bright is Day.
She comes not to the soul till it reposes
 From work and play.

But when Night is on the hills, and the great Voices
 Roll in from sea,
By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight
 She comes to me.

A CHARGE

If thou hast squander'd years to grave a gem
 Commission'd by thine absent Lord ; and while
 'Tis incomplete,
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them—
 Dismiss them to the street !

Shouldst thou at last discover Beauty's grove,
 At last be panting on the fragrant verge,
 But in the track,
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love—
 Turn, at her bidding, back.

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,
 And every spectre mutters up more dire
 To snatch control
And loose to madness thy deep-kennell'd Fears—
 Then to the helm, O Soul !

Last ; if upon the cold green-mantling sea
 Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last spar-
 Both castaway
 And one must perish—let it not be he
 Whom thou art sworn to obey !

THE QUESTIONERS

I

A man made a journey once over half the world
 To come at the journey's end to no more than this :
 The cottage where he and another had long been happy ;
 But lilac-bushes had closed right over the path
 And the stones of the place, it seemed, had become alive.

II

Threshold, familiar Threshold, may I not pass ?
Not till thou tell me my name !
 Stone of wonder ; on thee were the wedding flowers
 When I bore in to my hearth a silken-haired stranger—
 Strange unto me was her heart, strange to her mine,
 And soft and doubtful she trembled, like the blue
 eve. . . .
Pass on, pass on !

III

Naked and sounding Stair, may I not pass ?
Tell me my name !
 Stair of meeting, where nightly I called the call
 Of the exultant, the earth-engirdling, the nightingale,
 And she from the stairhead, infinite-eyed and slow,
 Came down in her gliding brightness into my soul. . . .
Pass on, pass on !

IV

Window, O far-seen Window, may I not pass ?
Tell me my name !
 Window of parting,—here would my proud one stand

Arrayed in dreams and roses,—here, if by chance
 Any that she loved much, in going looked not back,
 Stooped she to mingle sighs and tears with the rose. . . .
Pass on, pass on !

V

Chest, O thou oaken Chest, may I not pass ?
Tell me my name !
 Coffers of vision ; with bloom upon far mountains,
 With rays upon ocean isles when their thunders were still,
 With these did she weave her dresses, simple and secret,
 Fragrant and here compacted, sealed even from me. . . .
Pass on, pass on !

VI

Table, ah ! merry Table, may I not pass ?
Tell me my name !
 Table of honour ; here in the vast evening
 On the head of that pale companion, that more than friend,
 A man I remember inflicted his lordly anger
 In words that return, return, return to him now.
Pass on, pass on !

VII

Cradle, O Cradle, will thou not let me pass !
Tell me my name !
 Other children she bare, but this, the beloved one,
 This was taken from her, this that most needed care,
 And the eyes of her turned from earth, and she rose and
 followed it
 At dawn, when the birds and the young children sing. . . .
Pass on, pass on !

VIII

Bed, thou snow-silent Bed, may I not pass ?
Tell me my name !
 Ask him not, terrible image, ask not, for she
 The woman by whom he lay down to whisper " Forgive ! "

Sings here no more, but only in thoughts of friends—
 Sleeps here no more, but heavened in the souls of
 children. . . .

Pass on, pass on !

SONG OF THE VINE, IN ENGLAND

Man

O Vine along my garden wall
 Could I thine English slumber break,
 And thee from wintry exile disenthral
 Where would thy spirit wake ?

Vine

I would wake at the hour of dawning in May in Italy,
 When rose mists rise from the Magra's valley plains
 In the fields of maize and olives around Pontrémoli,
 When peaks grow golden and clear and the starlight wanes :
 I would wake to the dance of the sacred mountains,
 boundlessly
 Kindling their marble snows in the rite of fire,
 To them my newborn tendrils softly and soundlessly
 Would uncurl and aspire.

I would hang no more on thy wall a rusted slumberer,
 Listless and fruitless, strewing the pathways cold,
 I would seem no more in thine eyes an idle cumberer
 Profitless alien, bitter and sere and old.
 In some warm terraced dell where the Roman rioted
 And still in tiers his stony theatre heaves,
 Would I festoon with leaf-light his glory quieted
 And flake his thrones with leaves.

Doves from the mountain belfries would seek and cling
 to me
 To drink from the altar, winnowing the fragrant airs ;
 Women from olived hillsides by turns would sing to me
 Beating the olives, or stooping afield in pairs ;

On gala evenings the gay little carts of labourers
Swinging from axles their horns against evil eye
And crowded with children, revellers, pipers and taborers
Chanting would pass me by. . . .

There go the pale blue shadows so light and showery
Over sharp Apuan peaks—rathe mists unwreath—
Almond trees wake, and the paven yards grow flowery—
Crocuses cry from the earth at the joy to breathe ;
There through the deep-eaved gateways of haughty-
turreted
Arno—house-laden bridges of strutted stalls—
Mighty white oxen drag in the jars rich-spirited
Grazing the narrow walls !

Wine-jars I too have filled, and the heart was thrilled with
me !

Brown-limbed on shady turf the families lay,
Shouting they bowled the bowls, and old men filled with me
Roused the September twilight with songs that day.
Lanterns of sun and moon the young children flaunted me,
Plaiters of straw from doorway to window cried—
Borne through the city gates the great oxen vaunted me,
Swaying from side to side.

Wine-jars out of my leafage that once so vitally
Throbbled into purple, of me thou shalt never take :
Thy heart would remember the towns on the branch of Italy,
And teaching to throb I should teach it, perchance, to
break.
It would beat for those little cities, rock-hewn and
mellowing
Festooned from summit to summit, where still sublime
Murmur her temples, lovelier in their yellowing
Than in the morn of time.

I from the scorn of frost and the wind's iniquity
Barren, aloft in that golden air would thrive :
My passionate rootlets draw from that hearth's antiquity
Whirls of profounder fire in us to survive—

Serried realms of our fathers would swell and foam with us—
 Juice of the Latin sunrise ; your own sea-flung
 Rude and far-wandered race might again find home with
 us,

Leaguings with old Rome, young.

COME, LET US MAKE LOVE DEATHLESS

Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,
 Seeing that our footing on the Earth is brief—
 Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die
 Mocking at all that passes their belief.
 For standard of our love not theirs we take ;
 If we go hence to-day
 Fill the high cup that is so soon to break
 With richer wine than they !

Ay, since beyond these walls no heavens there be
 Joy to revive or wasted youth repair,
 I'll not bedim the lovely flame in thee
 Nor sully the sad splendour that we wear.
 Great be the love, if with the lover dies
 Our greatness past recall,
 And nobler for the fading of those eyes
 The world seen once for all !

AN ODE TO BEAUTY

I

Beauty, thou secret lamp, awake !
 Tremble into sound !
 Burn in me now, as thou didst break
 Those glooms profound
 When with laughter of Olympians we
 Marched to a song,
 Vagabonds young, vagabonds free,
 Up the mountains long.

Our road over roots of Apennine
Wound up, star-proof,
For the thick-enwoven forest pine
Made it a roof
Trebled for the foot-weary wight—
The knapsack-bowed—
By shade of precipices, night
And brooding cloud.
Came a yellow diligence flashing down
Cheerily jingling,
Rocking from side to side, and soon
With the valleys mingling ;
And we overtook a team up-hill
Some woodman's load,
Struggling though halted, breasting still
The invisible road.
Long after, his whip's crack and cry
And axle's plaint
Followed us up the forests high,
Submerged and faint.

II

We sang no more ; each aching sense
Craved silence, caring
But to climb on, on—forgetful whence
Or whither faring.
Cold sweat dript from us as we marched,
Grim fancies smote,
Imprisoned grew the spirit—parched
The stifled throat.
O for a breath up the ravines
To rift and rend
This muffling web of branchy screens
That never end !
Dulness, even melancholy, stole
From friend to friend
As we left the dark high-road where whole
Forests impend

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

And took the path up the cliff's face,
Brushwood and stones,
Clambering up from base to base
On the Earth's bones. . . .
So hour by hour, until the escape.
At last—look back !
Low in the gorge 'twixt cape and cape
Battalion'd, black,
Creeps radiance : a flush aureoles
Yon crag ! It bridges
Veiled chasms—floods the expectant souls
Of sombre ridges. . . .
Hail to thee, Moon ! Sudden she surged,
Far out and sheer
Over vague plains immense, and purged
Our spirits clear,
Bathed our dust-heavy eyes with awe
And scope untold—
All sleeping Italy we saw
Fold beyond fold. . . .
We watch'd far down one cloudlet curl
Glimmering and frail,
Opal and green and blue and pearl
Swam on its veil ;
And about us rocky pastures spoke
In herds of bells
And hark ! the waterfalls like smoke
Blown from the fells ;
And aloft the fading arch of all
The stars, whose pouring
Maketh no thunder in its fall
Nor any roaring.

III

And then, ah then ! while in the bliss
That yet is fear
Ranging with thee the great abyss,
O lovely Sphere,

Did I remember, by some wand
 Invoked from sleep,
Another lamp, rising beyond
 Another deep. . . .
How I, a wandering lute of verse,
 When grapes grew heavy
Had lodged in France with vintagers
 In a tavern leafy,
And in a vine-dark corridor
 Of that rude inn
Had glimpse through a half-open door
 Of an arm within,
A woman's arm—bare, simple, pure,
 Holding a light
Shielded (herself the while obscure)
 In exquisite
Fingers translucent as a grape
 Bird-wings or wine
Enshading in soft blood-hued shape
 The candle-shine. . . .
A poise, a ray, a moment's gleam,
 But, when they went
Against the wall as in a dream
 Witless I leant,
Knowing by that divine contour
 Of warmth and bloom
Some thought immortal lit that poor
 Rough-paven room.
Some eddy of the Infinite
 Wave on its way
Had caught that arm and moulded it
 In mood of play ;
That curve was of the primal Will
 Whose gesture high
Waved forth the choir of planets, still
 In ecstasy ;
And the rhythm of its dreamèd lines
 Shall still flood on
Through souls beyond to-day's confines
 When we are gone,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Shall bear to the unborn without name
 The inurnèd light
 Secret as life, signal as flame,
 And in that flight—
 Vaster than Moon's o'er Apennine's
 Sepulchral doors
 When from the breathless gap of pines
 Golden she soars—
 To the tranced rock, deep-sunken, dumb,
 Shall murmur, shall smile,
 "Glorious the dance of passions ! Come
 To life awhile !
 I, Beauty, travelling heaven on the hoar
 Faint-phosphor'd wave
 Of Being, charge ye to explore
 And dare the grave ! "

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

 THE COMFORTERS

When I crept over the hill, broken with tears,
 When I crouched down on the grass, dumb in despair,
 I heard the soft croon of the wind bend to my ears,
 I felt the light kiss of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone on the height my sorrow did speak,
 As I went down the hill, I cried and I cried,
 The soft little hands of the rain stroking my cheek,
 The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

When I went to thy grave, broken with tears,
 When I crouched down in the grass, dumb in despair,
 I heard the sweet croon of the wind soft in my ears,
 I felt the kind lips of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone by thy cross, sorrow did speak.
 When I went down the long hill, I cried and I cried.
 The soft little hands of the rain stroked my pale cheek,
 The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made ;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the wild bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings ;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavement gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true ;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

THE MAN WHO DREAMED OF FAERYLAND

He stood among a crowd at Drumahair ;
His heart hung all upon a silken dress,
And he had known at last some tenderness,
Before earth made of him her sleepy care ;
But when a man poured fish into a pile,
It seemed they raised their little silver heads,
And sang how day a Druid twilight sheds
Upon a dim, green, well-beloved isle,
Where people love beside star-laden seas ;
How Time may never mar their faery vows
Under the woven roofs of quicken boughs :
The singing shook him out of his new ease.

He wandered by the sands of Lisadill ;
His mind ran all on money, cares and fears,
And he had known at last some prudent years
Before they heaped his grave under the hill ;
But while he passed before a plashy place,
A lug-worm with its gray and muddy mouth
Sang how somewhere to north or west or south
There dwelt a gay, exulting, gentle race ;
And how beneath those three times blessed skies
A Danaan fruitage makes a shower of moons,
And as it falls awakens leafy tunes :
And at that singing he was no more wise.

He mused beside the well of Scanavin,
He mused upon his mockers ; without fail
His sudden vengeance were a country tale,
Now that deep earth has drunk his body in ;
But one small knot-grass growing by the pool
Told where, ah, little, all-unneeded voice !
Old Silence bids a lonely folk rejoice,
And chaplet their calm brows with leafage cool ;
And how, when fades the sea-strewn rose of day,
A gentle feeling wraps them like a fleece,
And all their trouble dies into its peace :
The tale drove his fine angry mood away.

He slept under the hill of Lugnagall ;
And might have known at last unhaunted sleep
Under that cold and vapour-turbaned steep,
Now that old earth had taken man and all :
Were not the worms that spired about his bones
A-telling with their low and reedy cry,
Of how God learns His hands out of the sky,
To bless that isle with honey in His tones ;
That none may feel the power of squall and wave,
And no one any leaf-crowned dancer miss
Until He burn up Nature with a kiss :
The man has found no comfort in the grave.

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet ;
She pass'd the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the
tree ;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white
hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs ;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

AEDH WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

Had I the heavens' embroider'd cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet :
But I, being poor, have only my dreams ;
I have spread my dreams under your feet ;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF
THE HOST OF THE AIR

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake,
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place
And Bridget his bride among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve,
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the host of the air ;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men
And thought not of evil chance,

Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
The handsomest young man there,
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards
And out of his dream awoke :
Old men and young men and young girls
Were gone like a drifting smoke ;

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

THE OLD MEN ADMIRING THEMSELVES IN THE WATER

I heard the old, old men say,
 " Everything alters,
And one by one we drop away."
They had hands like claws, and their knees
Were twisted like the old thorn trees
 By the waters.
I heard the old, old men say,
 " All's that's beautiful drifts away
Like the waters."

RUDYARD KIPLING

A DEDICATION

My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare ;
By my own work, before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compell'd it, Master, Thine ;
Where I have fail'd to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offence ;
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade
And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken ;
O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no help from men,
That I may help such men as need !

SUSSEX

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all ;
That as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey^o glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea !

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,
But gnarled and writhen thorn—
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,
And through the gaps revealed
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,
Half-wild and wholly tame,
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge
As when the Romans came.
What sign of those that fought and died
At shift of sword and sword ?
The barrow and the camp abide,
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west
All heavy-winged with brine,
Here lies above the folded crest
The Channel's leaden line ;
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless vales—
Only the dewpond on the height
Unfed, that never fails,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Whereby no tattered herbage tells
Which way the season flies—
Only our close-bit thyme that smells
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days
The tinkling silence thrills ;
Or little, lost, Down churches' praise
The Lord who made the hills :
But here the Old Gods guard their round,
And, in her secret heart,
The heathen kingdom Wilfred found
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,
With equal soul I'd see
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,
Yet none more fair than she.
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,
And I will choose instead
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye
Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun
Where the rolled scarp retires,
And the Long Man of Wilmington
Looks naked toward the shires ;
And east till doubting Rother crawls
To find the fickle tide,
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws
And the deep ghylls that breed
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold
No more than "Sussex weed" ;
Or south where windy Piddinghoe's
Begilded dolphin veers,
And black beside wide-banked Ouse
Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give
Till the sure magic strike,
And Memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike—
That deeper than our speech and thought,
Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

*God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea !*

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

The God of Fair Beginnings
Hath prospered here my hand—
The cargoes of my lading,
And the keels of my command.
For out of many ventures
That sailed with hope as high,
My own have made the better trade,
And Admiral am I.

To me my King's much honour,
To me my people's love—
To me the pride of Princes
And power all pride above ;
To me the shouting cities,
To me the mob's refrain :—
"Who knows not noble Valdez,
Hath never heard of Spain."

But I remember comrades—
Old playmates on new seas—
When as we traded orpiment
Among the savages—
A thousand leagues to south'ard
And thirty years removed—
They knew not noble Valdez,
But me they knew and loved.

Then they that found good liquor,
They drank it not alone,
And they that found fair plunder,
They told us every one,
About our chosen islands
Or secret shoals between,
When, walty from far voyage,
We gathered to careen.

There burned our breaming-fagots
All pale along the shore :
There rose our worn pavilions—
A sail above an oar :
As flashed each yearning anchor
Through mellow seas afire,
So swift our careless captains
Rowed each to his desire.

Where lay our loosened harness ?
Where turned our naked feet ?
Whose tavern 'mid the palm-trees ?
What quenchings of what heat ?
Oh fountain in the desert !
Oh cistern in the waste !
Oh bread we ate in secret !
Oh cup we spilled in haste !

The youth new-taught of longing,
The widow curbed and wan—

The goodwife proud at season,
And the maid aware of man ;
All souls unslaked, consuming,
Defrauded in delays,
Desire not more their quittance
Than I those forfeit days !

I dreamed to wait my pleasure
Unchanged my spring would bide :
Wherefore, to wait my pleasure,
I put my spring aside
Till, first in face of Fortune,
And last in mazed disdain,
I made Diego Valdez
High Admiral of Spain.

Then walked no wind 'neath Heaven
Nor surge that did not aid—
I dared extreme occasion,
Nor ever one betrayed.
They wrought a deeper treason—
(Leu seas that served my needs !)
They sold Diego Valdez
To bondage of great deeds.

The tempest flung me seaward,
And pinned and bade me hold
The course I might not alter—
And men esteemed me bold !
The calms embayed my quarry,
The fog-wreathed sealed his eyes ;
The dawn-wind brought my topsails—
And men esteemed me wise !

Yet 'spite my tyrant triumphs
Bewildered, dispossessed—
My dream held I before me—
My vision of my rest ;

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

But, crowned by Fleet and People,
 And bound by King and Pope—
 Stands here Diego Valdez
 To rob me of my hope.

No prayer of mine shall move him,
 No word of his set free
 The Lord of Sixty Pennants
 And the Steward of the Sea.
 His will can loose ten thousand
 To seek their loves again—
 But not Diego Valdez,
 High Admiral of Spain.

There walks no wind 'neath Heaven .
 Nor wave that shall restore
 The old careening riot
 And the clamorous, crowded shore—
 The fountain in the desert,
 The cistern in the waste,
 The bread we ate in secret,
 The cup we spilled in haste !

Now call I to my Captains—
 For council fly the sign,
 Now leap their zealous galleys
 Twelve-oared across the brine.
 To me the straiter prison,
 To me the heavier chain—
 To me Diego Valdez,
 High Admiral of Spain !

THE FLOWERS

*Buy my English posies !
 Kent and Surrey may—
 Violets of the Undercliff
 Wet with Channel spray ;*

*Cowslips from a Devon combe—
Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies,
And I'll sell your heart's desire !*

Buy my English posies !
You that scorn the may,
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away ?
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed :
Robin down the logging-road whistles, " Come to me ! "
Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running free ;
All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again !

Buy my English posies !
Here's to match your need—
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed
White as sand of Muisenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail !
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless
sky—
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again !

Buy my English posies !
You that will not turn—
Buy my hot-wood clematis,
Buy a frond o' fern

Gather'd where the Erskine leaps
 Down the road to Lorne—
 Buy my Christmas creeper
 And I'll say where you were born !
 West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—
 They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—
 Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South
 Main—
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
 again !

Buy my English posies !
 Here's your choice unsold !
 Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,
 Buy the kowhai's gold
 Flung for gift on Taupo's face,
 Sign that spring is come—
 Buy my clinging myrtle
 And I'll give you back your home !
 Broom behind the windy town ; pollen o' the pine—
 Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—
 Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
 again !

Buy my English posies !
 Ye that have your own
 Buy them for a brother's sake
 Overseas, alone :
 Weed ye trample underfoot
 Floods his heart abrim—
 Bird ye never heeded,
 O, she calls his dead to him.
 Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas ;
 Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these !
 Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—
 Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand !

ARTHUR SYMONS

LAUS VIRGINITATIS

The mirror of men's eyes delights me less,
O mirror, than the friend I find in thee ;
Thou lovest, as I love, my loveliness,
Thou givest my beauty back to me.

I to myself suffice ; why should I tire
The heart with roaming that would rest at home ?
Myself the limit to my own desire,
I have no desire to roam.

I hear the maidens crying in the hills :
" Come up among the bleak and perilous ways,
Come up and follow after Love, who fills
The hollows of our nights and days ;

" Love the deliverer, who is desolate,
And saves from desolation ; the divine
Out of great suffering ; Love, compassionate,
Who is thy bread and wine,

" O soul, that faints in following after him."
I hear ; but what is Love that I should tread
Hard ways among the perilous passes dim,
Who need no succouring wine and bread ?

Enough it is to dream, enough to abide
Here where the loud world's echoes fall remote,
Untroubled, unawakened, satisfied ;
As water-lilies float

Lonely upon a shadow-sheltered pool,
Dreaming of their own whiteness ; even so,
I dwell within a nest of shadows cool,
And watch the vague hours come and go.

They come and go, but I my own delight
Remain, and I desire no change in aught :
Might I escape indifferent Time's despite,
That ruins all he wrought !

This dainty body formed so curiously,
So delicately and wonderfully made,
My own, that none hath ever shared with me,
My own, and for myself arrayed ;

All this that I have loved and not another,
My one desire's delight, this, shall Time bring
Where Beauty hath the abhorred worm for brother,
The dust for covering ?

At least I bear it virgin to the grave,
Pure, and apart, and rare, and casketed ;
What, living, was my own and no man's slave,
Shall be my own when I am dead.

But thou, my friend, my mirror, dost possess
The shadow of myself that smiles in thee,
And thou dost give, with thy own loveliness,
My beauty back to me.

CREDO

Each, in himself, his hour to be and cease
Endures alone, but who of men shall dare,
Sole with himself, his single burden bear,
All the long day until the night's release ?
Yet ere night falls, and the last shadows close,
This labour of himself is each man's lot ;
All he has gained of earth shall be forgot,
Himself he leaves behind him when he goes.
If he has any valiancy within,
If he has made his life his very own,
If he has loved or laboured, and has known
A strenuous virtue, or a strenuous sin ;

Then, being dead, his life was not all vain,
For he has saved what most desire to lose,
And he has chosen what the few must choose,
Since life, once lived, shall not return again.
For of our time we lose so large a part
In serious trifles, and so oft let slip
The wine of every moment, at the lip
Its moment, and the moment of the heart.
We are awake so little on the earth,
And we shall sleep so long, and rise so late,
If there is any knocking at that gate
Which is the gate of death, the gate of birth.

THE OLD WOMEN

They pass upon their old, tremulous feet,
Creeping with little satchels down the street,
And they remember, many years ago,
Passing that way in silks. They wander, slow
And solitary, through the city ways,
And they alone remember those old days
Men have forgotten. In their shaking heads
A dancer of old carnivals yet treads
The measure of past waltzes, and they see
The candles lit again, the patchouli
Sweeten the air, and the warm cloud of musk
Enchant the passing of the passionate dusk.
Then you will see a light begin to creep
Under the earthen eyelids, dimmed with sleep,
And a new tremor, happy and uncouth,
Jerking about the corners of the mouth.
Then the old head drops down again, and shakes,
Muttering.

Sometimes, when the swift gaslight wakes
The dreams and fever of the sleepless town,
A shaking huddled thing in a black gown
Will steal at midnight, carrying with her

Violet little bags of lavender,
Into the tap-room full of noisy light ;
Or, at the crowded earlier hour of night,
Sidle, with matches, up to some who stand
About a stage-door, and, with furtive hand,
Appealing : " I too was a dancer, when
Your fathers would have been young gentlemen ! "

And sometimes, out of some lean, ancient throat,
A broken voice, with here and there a note
Of unspoilt crystal, suddenly will arise
Into the night, while a cracked fiddle cries
Pantingly after ; and you know she sings
The passing of light, famous, passing things.
And sometimes, in the hours past midnight, reels
Out of an alley upon staggering heels,
Or into the dark keeping of the stones
About a doorway, a vague thing of bones
And draggled hair.

And all these have been loved,
And not one ruinous body has not moved
The heart of man's desire, nor has not seemed
Immortal in the eyes of one who dreamed
The dream that men call love. This is the end
Of much fair flesh ; it is for this you tend
Your delicate bodies many careful years,
To be this thing of laughter and of tears,
To be this living judgment of the dead,
An old grey woman with a shaking head.

THE DANCE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF HERODIAS

Is it the petals falling from the rose ?
For in the silence I can hear a sound
Nearer than my own heart-beat, such a word
As roses murmur, blown by a great wind.

I see a pale and windy multitude
Beaten about the air, as if the smoke
Of incense kindled into visible life
Shadowy and invisible presences ;
And, in the cloudy darkness, I can see
The thin white feet of many women dancing,
And in their hands. . . . I see it is the dance
Of the daughters of Herodias ; each of them
Carries a beautiful platter in her hand,
Smiling, because she holds against her heart
The secret lips and the unresting brow
Some John the Baptist's head makes lamentable ;
Smiling as innocently as if she carried
A wet red quartered melon on a dish.
For they are stupid, and they do not know
That they are slaying the messenger of God.
Here is Salome. She is a young tree
Swaying in the wind ; her arms are slender branches,
And the heavy summer leafage of her hair
Stirs as if rustling in a silent wind ;
Her narrow feet are rooted in the ground,
But, when the dim wind passes over her,
Rustlingly she awakens, as if life .
Thrilled in her body to its finger-tips.
Her little breasts arise as if a thought
Beckoned, her body quivers ; and she leans
Forward, as if she followed, her wide eyes
Swim open, her lips seek ; and now she leans
Backward, and her half-parted lips are moist,
And her eyelashes mingle. The gold coins
Tinkle like little bells about her waist,
Her golden anklets clash once, and are mute.
The eyes of the blue-lidded turquoises,
The astonished rubies, waked from dreams of fire,
The emeralds coloured like the under-sea,
Pale chrysoprase and flaming chrysolite,
The topaz twofold, twofold sardonyx,
Open, from sleeping long between her breasts :
And those two carbuncles, which are the eyes
Of the gold serpent nesting in her hair,

Shoot starry fire ; the bracelets of wrought gold
Mingle with bracelets of carved ivory
Upon her drooping wrists. Herodias smiles,
But the grey face of Herod withers up,
As if it dropped to ashes ; the parched tongue
Labours to moisten his still-thirsting lips ;
The rings upon his wrinkled fingers strike,
Ring against ring, between his knees. And she,
Salome, has forgotten everything,
But that the wind of dancing in her blood
Exults, crying a strange, awakening song ;
And Herod has forgotten everything,
He has forgotten he is old and wise.
He does not hear the double-handed sword
Scrape on the pavement, as Herodias, beckons
The headsman, from behind him, to come forth.

They dance, the daughters of Herodias,
With their eternal, white, unfaltering feet,
And always, when they dance, for their delight,
Always a man's head falls because of them.
Yet they desire not death, they would not slay
Body or soul, no, not to do them pleasure :
They desire love, and the desire of men ;
And they are the eternal enemy.
They know that they are weak and beautiful,
And that their weakness makes them beautiful,
For pity, and because man's heart is weak.
To pity woman is an evil thing ;
She will avenge upon you all your tears,
She would not that a man should pity her.
But to be loved by one of these beloved
Is poison sweeter than the cup of sleep
At midnight : death, or sorrow worse than death,
Or that forgetfulness, drowning the soul,
Shall heal you of it, but no other thing :
For they are the eternal enemy.
They do not understand that in the world
There grows between the sunlight and the grass
Anything save themselves desirable.

It seems to them that the swift eyes of men
Are made but to be mirrors, not to see
Far-off, disastrous, unattainable things.
“For are not we,” they say, “the end of all ?
Why should you look beyond us ? If you look
Into the night, you will find nothing there :
We also have gazed often at the stars.
We, we alone among all beautiful things,
We only are real : for the rest are dreams.
Why will you follow after wandering dreams
When we await you ? And you can but dream
Of us, and in our image fashion them ! ”
They do not know that they but speak in sleep,
Speaking vain words as sleepers do ; that dreams
Are fairer and more real than they are ;
That all this tossing of our freighted lives
Is but the restless shadow of a dream ;
That the whole world, and we that walk in it,
Sun, moon, and stars, and the unageing sea,
And all the happy humble life of plants,
And the unthoughtful eager life of beasts,
And all our loves, and birth, and death, are all
Shadows, and a rejoicing spectacle
D dreamed out of utter darkness and the void
But that first, last, eternal soul of things,
The shadow of whose brightness fashions us,
That, for the day of our eternity,
It may behold itself as in a mirror.
Shapes on a mirror, perishable shapes,
Fleeting, and without substance, or abode
In a fixed place, or knowledge of ourselves,
Poor, fleeting, fretful, little arrogant shapes ;
Let us dream on, forgetting that we dream !

They dance, the daughters of Herodias,
Everywhere in the world, and I behold
Their rosy-petalled feet upon the air
Falling and falling in a cadence soft
As thoughts of beauty sleeping. Where they pass,
The wisdom which is wiser than things known,

The beauty which is fairer than things seen,
 Dreams which are nearer to eternity
 Than that most mortal tumult of the blood
 Which wars on-itself in loving, droop and die.
 But they smile innocently, and dance on,
 Having no thought but this unslumbering thought :
 " Am I not beautiful ? Shall I not be loved ? "
 Be patient, for they will not understand,
 Not till the end of time will they put by
 The weaving of slow steps about men's hearts.
 They shall be beautiful, they shall be loved.
 And though a man's head falls because of them
 Whenever they have danced his soul asleep,
 It is not well that they should suffer wrong ;
 For beauty is still beauty, though it slay,
 And love is love, although it love to death.
 Pale, windy, and ecstatic multitude
 Beaten about this mortal air with winds
 Of an all but immortal passion, borne
 Upon the flight of thoughts that drooped their wings
 Into the cloud and twilight for your sake,
 Yours is the beauty of your own desire,
 And it shall wither only with that love
 Which gave it being. Dance in the desolate air,
 Dance always, daughters of Herodias,
 With your eternal, white, unfaltering feet.
 But dance, I pray you, so that I from far
 May hear your dancing fainter than the drift
 Of the last petals falling from the rose.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE SECOND CRUCIFIXION

Loud mockers in the roaring street
 Say Christ is crucified again :
 Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
 Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone
From off His unawaking sleep,
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah ! never more shall Mary hear
That voice exceeding sweet and low
Within the garden calling clear :
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,
And Bartimæus still go blind ;
The healing hem shall ne'er again
Be touch'd by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle knocking shall He plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say :
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

WALTER HEADLAM

MUSIC

Rejoice, O peoples of the earth,
Break forth aloud with joy and singing ;
Tell to your hearts their own delight,
Set all the wide ways ringing !
Tell to your hearts their own delight,
From dungeon let their griefs take flight,
Send them abroad on music winging,
O peoples of the earth !

Through time past the long shadows darken,
I gaze out in the world, and hearken :—
Where I hear not, there is death ;
But from stars alive and clear,
Music, in my listening ear
Thy divine voice answereth :

From the mountains over-revelled
With bare feet of maid and queen,
That with night-blown hair dishevelled,
In the moonlight seen,
To Iacchos on Cithæron
Crash the lifted tambourine :
“ To the mountain, to Cithæron,
Come away, O come away !
For a new heaven hath he found us, a new earth,
He has caused our lamentation to be mirth,
He hath brought us from the night into the day.”

Yonder a star
Yet more radiant and more far,
Where saved upon the further land
All Israel in amazement stand ;
Till the leader cries aloud
“ I will sing unto the Lord,

For He hath triumphed gloriously ;
The horse and his rider hath He cast into the sea.

In his heart the Egyptian vowed
I will pursue, I will destroy,
My prize I will enjoy :—

“ From the fire and from the cloud
The Lord looked unto the host ;
In His wrath brought low the proud,
With His hand made weak the strong ;
With His breath He broke the boast
Of the lustful-hearted throng ;
Blew, and under the deep sea
Sank they as a stone.”

Then in answer Miriam
Takes a timbrel in her hand,
And with timbrels and with dances
Have the women followed ;
And with trumpet and with cymbal and with shavm
Israel all takes up the song
In a thankful psalm
Upon Egypt overthrown,
Charioteer and horseman fallen,
All their uncontaining fancies
In the water swallowed ;
Pharaoh with his heart of stone
Humbled, his proud-minded lords
With imagination swollen
—Them that trusted in their swords—
Drowned in the Red Sea.

Rejoice, I cry to you, rejoice,
Break forth aloud in singing !
Give to your helpless hearts a voice,
From labour give their longings birth,
Your loads into the wide air flinging,
O peoples of the earth !

All you that mourn,
With human tribulation worn,
In darkness without ray,
Yet, when aloft their anthem swell
Quires, and by the organ woven
Wander, at the wind's will shifting,
Clouds of golden vapour, drifting
Under the long vaulted grey,—
You best may tell
At the incantation of that spell
How your hearts' deep heavinesses,
All their pains and their distresses,
Melt and mingle, and are borne
On the waving of her wings away.

Then, from her gross burdens free,
Through the cloudy curtains rifted
High the rapt soul rises, lifted
Out of the domain of time
Into some diviner clime
From desires and labours far,
Where . . .
Where recline (old fables tell)
Spirits of men on Asphodel,
Or through unshorn meadows pacing,
Or by waters endless-flowing
Wander, heart with heart embracing,
Robed in white,
Under skies eternal-glowing
But with pale dispassioned light :—
And as they go
Still their unspent ardour show
To the air great joy to throw,
Voicing to their blended strings
The praises of their King of Kings,
Varying one untiring theme
Without end—so through ages dream
Fond mortals, for more heavenly bliss
Angels cannot have than this,
At whose word the clouds are rifted

And our earth-weighed spirits lifted
From their burdens free
Out of the control of time
Into some diviner clime
Where they fain would be.

O happier they
That so may cast their cares away ;
They shall not find
The poison festering in the mind.

O happy shepherd on the slopes
To his little drowsy reed
Pasturing his far-straying hopes
That his love may speed !
Happy whoe'er with pipe or string
May open, when they list, a spring
For delight or tears ;
Happy for whom those waters flow not
Vainly, but make heaven—they know not
In their heart or in their ears.

But for mine
Let the whole melodious armament combine,
Whose majesty divine
Mourns or rejoices
With the untrod forest's myriad-hearted voices.

O come with me,
You that I love, come now and hear with me
This glorious harmony ;
Hear with me, and while the sound
Wraps with unseen leashes round,
Ways and windings of the strain,
Well I know, shall be
As the sunshine, as the rain
Falling in bright fostering weather
For our souls to grow together.

As the sunshine, as the rain—
Or as the ocean that embraces
Within his universal reign
Verdurous fields and barren spaces

Valley and mountain peak and plain,
Infinite sun-delighted places,
Kingdoms in his own domain,
Warm gulfs and icy deserts cold.
—Here may we out of rest behold,
From where in ambush they were laid,
Arise in anger and arrayed
Charge with enormous-throated roar
White-crested following ranks of war,
—Laughter and tears, revenges, thunders,
Amazements, unreported wonders ;
Terrors and furies and delights,
Dawns, and moon-ensilvered nights ;
(Yet is one creature, and one soul
Heaves through him all from Pole to Pole)
Transparent shallows, and what deeps
Upon whose breast and noonday sleeps
Calm slumber ; and swift utter changes,
Glooms :
That breeds life, and withal entombs
Thousands of dead things, once alive,
That may not untransformed revive.
Horizons, where the vision ranges
Far off to the remotest verge
Until the fading waters merge
In heaven, and let the soul sail free,
Pure as the whitest-wingèd swan—
So vast a sea
We now launch out our souls upon.

A voice out of the woodland borne,
Calling and calling,
Answering infinitely far
From horn to summoning horn.
—Blossoms in the air unfolding into flower ;
Star upon star
Down from the high heaven shaken in a gleaming
shower.
—A soul born into the world, born to be blest,
Born with our mortal doom to be oppressed,

Clouded—again with sunlight barred, reviving ;
But strongly, sunk or shadowed, ever striving
To reach unto its rest.

O straining of insistent strings
That search the very springs,
And grasp, and traverse, and explore,
(Is it a heart—my heart—they are unwinding
With fear from the inmost core ?)
Answer in the unspoken finding
To their shrewd questionings !

Until we heard, we hardly knew
Live in the heart what passion grew,
What strangeness—How the lightnings fly
From the earth at lightnings of the sky !

The sounds clash, and the closing lingers :
Fear not ; wisely will the strain
Wound, but with unfailing fingers
Heal, and make more dear again
Health for the moment of that pain.

The ways grow dark :
Thunder and hail make loud the region ;
Tumults—but above them, hark !
(Royal in his might, a radiant measure)
What comes upon the air like flame
That in the void air hath his pleasure
And life throughout his frame ?

As an eagle in the moorland ascending
Takes the wind-billows under his wings ;
High mounts the proud harmony, bending
The storm to be servant, and sings.

He soars, and the darkness and thunder,
On the surges that assail him upborne,
By the strength of his might he puts under
And sails in the splendour of morn.

The storm when in triumph he hath breasted,
In the highest he prepares him a nest ;
From tumult in the end hath he rested,
But the heavens are the home of his rest.

Weak words that faint !—
Soul to shew forth, what symbol shall we borrow ?
There are no words for love, no words for death :
O not so soon
Hence to pass out, but having won this boon—
Music, to breathe out love, to breathe out sorrow
In thy one only breath !

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL

BY THE MARGIN OF THE GREAT DEEP

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the
eyes ;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast :
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

BABYLON

The blue dusk ran between the streets: my love was
winged within my mind,
It left to-day and yesterday and thrice a thousand years
behind.
To-day was past and dead for me, for from to-day my
feet had run
Through thrice a thousand years to walk the ways of
ancient Babylon.
On temple top and palace roof the burnished gold flung
back the rays
Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond a million
days.
The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a starry sparkle
now begins ;
The mystery and magnificence, the myriad beauty and the
sins
Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy multitude
of towers ;
Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid mist in lily
flowers.
The waters lull me and the scent of many gardens, and I
hear
Familiar voices, and the voice I love is whispering in my
ear.
Oh real as in dream all this ; and then a hand on mine is
laid :
The wave of phantom time withdraws ; and that young
Babylonian maid,
One drop of beauty left behind from all the flowing of that
tide,
Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in Ireland by my
side.
Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken
wings,
While we are in the calm and proud procession of eternal
things.

ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

*Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.*—(KEATS).

Ah me !

It was God's choice ere mine that I should be
The one dim casement by whose panes they see—
These maiden knights of mine—their elders' chivalry.

Alas !

How cobweb-hung the frame ! How dim the glass
Whereat their bright eyes watch the pageant pass—
Pageant with raiment white and palms of Hallow-Mass !

Make clean,

O glimmering showers of Grace and Dews unseen,
My panes that do deface their rainbow sheen—
Those venturous Sails that furl in haven-pools serene !

Behold !

At my poor breath-dimmed panes what pomp unfold !
See the Host rise a Harvest Moon of gold !
Lo, the Vine's Branches bend with clusters yet untold !

Ah me !

Flawed priest, that God should choose to make of thee
A nursery window, whence His babes may see
Rapture of Saints that are, wonder of Saints to be !

ERNEST DOWSON

NON SUM QUALIS ERAM BONAE SUB REGNO
CYNARAE

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara ! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine ;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay ;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet ;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

When I awoke and found the dawn was gray :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara ! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind ;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, all the time, because the dance was long :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara ! the night is thine ;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

VITAE SUMMA BREVIS SPEM NOS VETAT
INCOHARE LONGAM

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate :

I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses :
Out of a misty dream

Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream.

IMPENITENTIA ULTIMA

Before my light goes out for ever if God should give me a
choice of graces,
I would not reck of length of days, nor crave for things
to be ;
But cry : One day of the great lost days, one face of all
the faces,
Grant me to see and touch once more and nothing more to
see.

For, Lord, I was free of all Thy flowers, but I chose the
world's sad roses,
And that is why my feet are torn and mine eyes are blind
with sweat,
But at Thy terrible judgment-seat, when this my tired life
closes,
I am ready to reap whereof I sowed, and pay my righteous
debt.

But once before the sand is run and the silver thread is
broken,
Give me a grace and cast aside the veil of dolorous years,
Grant me one hour of all mine hours, and let me see for a
token
Her pure and pitiful eyes shine out, and bathe her feet
with tears.

Her pitiful hands should calm, and her hair stream down and
blind me,
Out of the sight of night, and out of the reach of fear,
And her eyes should be my light whilst the sun went out
behind me,
And the music of her voice be the last sound in mine ear.

Before the ruining waters fall and my life be carried under,
And Thine anger cleave me through as a child cuts down a
flower,

I will praise Thee, Lord, in Hell, while my limbs are
racked asunder,
For the last sad sight of her face and the little grace of an
hour.

NUNS OF THE PERPETUAL ADORATION

Calm, sad, secure ; behind high convent walls,
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray :
And it is one with them when evening falls,
And one with them the cold return of day.

These heed not time ; their nights and days they make
Into a long, returning rosary,
Whereon their lives are threaded for Christ's sake :
Meekness and vigilance and chastity.

A vowed patrol, in silent companies,
Life-long they keep before the living Christ :
In the dim church, their prayers and penances
Are fragrant incense to the Sacrificed.

Outside, the world is wild and passionate ;
Man's weary laughter and his sick despair
Entreat at their impenetrable gate :
They heed no voices in their dream of prayer.

They saw the glory of the world displayed ;
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet ;
They knew the roses of the world should fade,
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire,
And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary ;
And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire :
Because their comeliness was vanity.

And there they rest ; they have serene insight
Of the illuminating dawn to be :
Mary's sweet Star dispels for them the night,
The proper darkness of humanity.

Calm, sad, secure ; with faces worn and mild :
 Surely their choice of vigil is the best ?
 Yea ! for our roses fade, the world is wild ;
 But there, beside the altar, there, is rest.

EXTREME UNCTION

Upon the eyes, the lips, the feet,
 On all the passages of sense,
 The atoning oil is spread with sweet
 Renewal of lost innocence.

The feet, that lately ran so fast
 To meet desire, are soothly sealed ;
 The eyes, that were so often cast
 On vanity, are touched and healed.

From troublous sights and sounds set free ;
 In such a twilight hour of breath,
 Shall one retrace his life, or see,
 Through shadows, the true face of death ?

Vials of mercy ! Sacring oils !
 I know not where nor when I come,
 Nor through what wanderings and toils,
 To crave of you Viaticum.

Yet, when the walls of flesh grow weak,
 In such an hour, it well may be,
 Through mist and darkness, light will break,
 And each anointed sense will see.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

DEUS NOSTER IGNIS CONSUMENS

To Him be praise who made
 Desire more fair than rest :
 Better the prayer while prayed,
 Than the attained bequest !

Man goes from strength to strength
Fresh with each draught of pain,
Only to fail at length
Of heights he could not gain.

The soul of live desire,
How shall it mate with dust ?
To whom was given fire,—
For ashes shall be lust ?
Man's tenure is but breath,
His flesh, a vesture worn :
Let him that fears not death
Fear not to rest unborn.

The crown entails the curse ;
Here all the fame that's won,
A harvest for the hearse,
Falls withered to the sun.
There, weary of reward,
The victor strips his wreath ;
There, sick with deaths, the sword
Sighs back into the sheath.

LIONEL JOHNSON

THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE

I know you : solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours !
I know you : tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers !

The winds are sometimes sad to me ;
The starry spaces, full of fear :
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad :
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

BY THE STATUE
OF KING CHARLES AT CHARING CROSS

Sombre and rich, the skies,
Great glooms, and starry plains ;
Gently the night wind sighs ;
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings
Around me : and around
The saddest of all Kings,
Crown'd, and again discrown'd.

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall.
Only the night wind glides :
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court : and yet,
The stars his courtiers are :
Stars in their stations set ;
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal King :
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate :
The stars ; or those sad eyes ?
Which are more still and great :
Those brows, or the dark skies ?

Although his whole heart yearn
In passionate tragedy,
Never was face so stern
With sweet austerity.

Vanquish'd in life, his death
By beauty made amends :
The passing of his breath
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless ? Nay :
Through death, life grew sublime.
Speak after sentence ? Yea :
And to the end of time.

Armour'd he rides, his head
Bare to the stars of doom ;
He triumphs now, the dead,
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,
Vex'd in the world's employ :
His soul was of the saints ;
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe !
Men hunger for thy grace :
And through the night I go,
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps,
When all the cries are still,
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

OXFORD

Over, the four long years ! And now there rings
One voice of freedom and regret : *Farewell !*
Now old remembrance sorrows, and now sings :
But song from sorrow, now, I cannot tell.

City of weather'd cloister and worn court ;
Grey city of strong towers and clustering spires :
Where art's fresh loveliness would first resort ;
Where lingering art kindled her latest fires !

Where on all hands, wondrous with ancient grace,
Grace touch'd with age, rise works of goodliest men :
Next Wykeham's art obtain their splendid place
The zeal of Inigo, the strength of Wren.

Where at each coign of every antique street,
A memory hath taken root in stone :
There, Raleigh shone ; there, toil'd Franciscan feet ;
There, Johnson flinched not, but endur'd alone.

There, Shelley dream'd his white Platonic dreams ;
There, classic Landor throve on Roman thought ;
There, Addison pursued his quiet themes ;
There, smiled Erasmus, and there, Colet taught.

And there, O memory more sweet than all !
Lived he, whose eyes keep yet our passing light ;
Whose crystal lips Athenian speech recall ;
Who wears Rome's purple with least pride, most right.¹

That is the Oxford strong to charm us yet :
Eternal in her beauty and her past
What, though her soul be vex'd ? She can forget
Cares of an hour : only the great things last.

¹ Cardinal Newman.

Only the gracious air, only the charm,
And ancient might of true humanities,
These nor assault of man, nor time, can harm :
Not these, nor Oxford with her memories.

Together have we walk'd with willing feet
Gardens of plenteous trees, bowering soft lawn ;
Hills whither Arnold wander'd ; and all sweet
June meadows, from the troubling world withdrawn ;

Chapels of cedarn fragrance, and rich gloom
Pour'd from empurpled panes on either hand ;
Cool pavements, carved with legends of the tomb ;
Grave haunts, where we might dream, and understand.

Over, the four long years ! And unknown powers
Call to us, going forth upon our way :
Ah ! Turn we, and look back upon the towers
That rose above our lives, and cheer'd the day.

Proud and serene, against the sky they gleam :
Proud and secure, upon the earth they stand.
Our city hath the air of a pure dream,
And hers indeed is a Hesperian land.

Think of her so ! The wonderful, the fair,
The immemorial, and the ever young :
The city sweet with our forefathers' care :
The city where the Muses all have sung.

Ill times may be ; she hath no thought of time :
She reigns beside the waters yet in pride.
Rude voices cry : but in her ears the chime
Of full sad bells brings back her old springtide.

Like to a queen in pride of place, she wears
The splendour of a crown in Radcliffe's dome.
Well fare she—well ! As perfect beauty fares,
And those high places that are beauty's home.

HENRY DOWSON LOWRY

A PRAYER AT DEATH

I was some part of the flower of a poor weed,
But still gave gold to the meadows, and at last,
When all the gold was spent, and dim grey plumes
Made me the prey of the wind, lovers in doubt—
In the dear doubt that all true lovers know—
Chose me for oracle. And so the wind
Hath me for slave.

Lord, if in common ground
I served Thy bidding, is there no reward ?
Hast Thou not tried me ? May not a great wind
Lift me and bear me to some richer soil ?
Where Thou wilt change Thy mandate and confer
Strength of the oak or perfume of the rose.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

THE HOUSE OF CLAY

A day shall break—the widening rose of dawn
Petal on petal lifting from the gold
Until the neutral earth is green, the stars
Reborn as dew—that day shall break
And thou sleep on.

Sleep so serenely that the pitcher left
To brim and overflow, the scattered ash,
The needle rusting in the seam
Shall be as recollected play ;
So deeply not the push
Of dimpled fingers at thy breast
May lure thee back.

Beneath a coronal of bloom, the fruit
Is ripening ere the petals fleet

Thro' quiet airs
A fragrant generation at a breath.
When is fulfilled
The law, the purpose of our earth—
We too may wing into the vast.

The sacred fire
Smoulders upon the hearth, tho' red
On circling wall the pageantry of hell !
Within the shrine
The priestess pours libation, till the years
Are numbered, and a younger vestal brings
The oil and wine.

From the low house of clay we look
Thro' storied window of the creeds ;
From the low house of clay—the altar lit
Or black with dying brand—we step
Into the light.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

THE HOME-COMING OF ULYSSES

(FROM " ULYSSES ")

ULYSSES.

Slowly the mist fades ! Ah ! the cypress tree
I was so proud to plant as a boy ! and there
The cave forbidden which I therefore loved !
Brighter, more bright ! The crest of Neriton !
The rustling glade there where I killed the boar.
Now all the land gleams : look you there ! the ridge
Where the young laughing babe Telemachus
First clapped his hands at sight of the sea : and O !
Yon holy winding path where last I kissed
Penelope, who toward me swayed and spoke not.
I came there down the slope most lingeringly,
And turned by the myrtle tree, and turned and turned.

Goddess, I cannot see for the great tears.
 There ! there ! the very peak to which she climbed
 Waving a sea-farewell with helpless hands !
 O verdure to the sea-man that's come home !
 O light upon the land where I was born !
 O dear, dear Earth, thou warm mother of me,
 Art glad, art glad in thy brown bosom ; here
 I kiss and kiss thee : here I fling me down
 And roll and clasp and cover me with thee !

Ah ! 'tis a dream : O God, it is a lure !
 Incredible that ever I can rest !
 I am fooled by the old sea-magic : my home trembles :
 An apparition of the glassy deep,
 A fading island that we come to never !
 Is it rooted, rooted fast and cannot fly ?
 I shall go mad if I am fooled ! Speak ! speak !
 Is this the earth, the earth where I was born ?

ATHENE

Ulysses, 'tis at last, 'tis Ithaca.

LAURENCE BINYON

DAY'S END

When I am weary, throng'd with the cares of the vain day
 That tease as harsh winds tease the unresting autumn
 boughs,
 I still my mind at evening and put all else away
 But the image of my Love, where all my hopes I house.

The thoughts of her fall gently as the gentleness of snow
 That after storm makes smoothness in the ways that are
 rough ;
 White with a hush of beauty over my heart they grow
 To the peace of which my heart can never hold enough.

THE BACCHANAL OF ALEXANDER

I

A wondrous rumour fills and stirs
The wide Carmanian Vale ;
On leafy hills the sunburnt vintagers
Stand listening ; silent is the echoing flail
Upon the threshing floors :
Girls in the orchards one another hail
Over their golden stores.
“ Leave the dewy apples hanging flushed,
Ripe to drop
In our baskets ! Leave the heavy grapes uncrushed,
Leave the darkened figs, a half-pulled crop,
Olive-boughs by staves unbeaten, come,
All our hills be hushed !
For a Conqueror, nay a God,
Comes into our land this day,
From the Eastern desert dumb,
That no mortal ever trod :
Come we down to meet him on his way ! ”
From reddening vineyards steeped in sun,
Trees that with riches droop,
Down the green upland men and maidens run
Or under the low leaves with laughter stoop.
But now they pause, they hear
Far trampling sounds ; and many a soft-eyed troop
Murmurs a wondering fear.
“ Wherefore hast thou summoned us afar,
Voice so proud ?
Who are ye that so imperious are ?
Is it he to whom all India bowed,
Bacchus, and the great host that pursue
Triumphing, his car ;
Whom our fathers long foretold ?
O if it be he, the God indeed,
May his power our vines endue
With prosperity fourfold.
Bring we all ripe offerings for his need ! ”

Slowly along the vine-robed vale move on,
Like those that walk in dream,
The ranks of Macedon.
O much-proved men, why doubt ye truth so sweet ?
This is that fair Carmania, that did seem
So far to gain, yet now is at your feet.
'Tis no Circean magic greenly crowds
This vale of elms, the laden vines uprearing,
The small flowers in the grass, the illumined clouds,
Trembling streams with rushes lined,
All in strangeness reappearing
Like a blue morn to the blind !
Worn feet go happy, and parched throats may laugh,
Or blissful cold drops from dipt helmets quaff ;
Dear comrades, flinging spears down, stand embraced
And heap this rich oblivion on the waste
Of torment whence they came ;
That land of salt sand vaulted o'er with flame,
That furnace, which for sixty days they pierced,
Wrapt in a hot slow cloud of pricking grains,
On ever crumbling mounds, through endless plains,
And ravening hands scooped fire, not water, for their thirst.
Streams of Carmania, never have ye seen
Such mirrored rapture of strong limbs unclad,
Lips pressing, lover-like, delicious green
Of leaves, or breaking into laughter mad ;
Out-wearied ranks, that couched in gloom serene,
Let idle memory toy
With torment past whose pangs enrich the gust of joy.

II

O peerless Alexander ! still
From his kindling words they glow.
Like a straight shaft to a bow
Is their strength unto his will.
He hath done what no man ever dared :
That fierce desert, where great Cyrus lost
All save seven of his unnumbered host,
Where the proud Semiramis despaired,

He hath brought his thousands through.
Vainly, vainly Wind and Fire
Stormed against the way of his desire :
They at last their tamer knew.
O'er mile-broad rivers, like young brooks, he stept,
Walls of unconquered cities overleapt.
And now Earth yields, for storm and strife and heat,
Her greenest valley to his feet.

But lo ! the soft Carmanian folk,
Round these warriors gathering high,
Down the slopes with murmur shy
The benignant God invoke.
While they stand in wonder and in doubt,
Comes a throng in leaves their heads arraying,
Some on pipes and some on tabors playing,
" Bacchus, Bacchus is our King," they shout,
" Magic mirth into our blood he pours ;
Join us, strangers, in our feast !
All our parching toil hath ceased.
Give us of your fruitful valley's stores ! "
Apples they heap on shields in golden domes,
And spear points bear the dripping honeycombs.
" Our Bacchus bids you to his joy," they sing ;
" Lo, where he comes, the King ! "

Two massy ivory cars, together bound,
Roll through the parting throng ;
A whole uprooted vine enwreathes them round ;
Long tendrils over the gold axles trail,
While jubilant pipe and chanted song
The cars' oncoming hail.
By the dark bunches idle helms and greaves
Are hung, and swords that on Hydaspes shone ;
Heroic shoulders gleam betwixt the leaves !
There sits reclined on rugs of Susa spread,
Throned amid his Seven of Macedon,
Alexander ! his victorious head
Bound with ivy and pale autumn flowers.
Ah, what a sunny redolence of showers

The wind wafts round him from this promised land !
Over Hephæstion's neck is laid one hand,
Lightly the other holds a spear ; but now
No passion fires his eye, nor deep thought knots his brow.
Like his own Pella breathes this upland air ;
A joy born beauty flushes up his face,
O'ersmoothing old fell rages, to replace
Youth in lost lines most indolently fair.
Remembrance is at peace, desire foregone,
And those winged brows their watchful menace ease
In languor proud as a storm-sailing swan
New lighted on a mere from the wild seas.
Beat, thrilling drums, beat low, and pipes sound on,
While his full soul doth gaze
From this the topmost hour of all his glorious days.

III

The shy Carmanians awed
Gaze on that sun-like head.
“ Is it he,” they murmur, “ who led
The mirth of the vineyard abroad ?
Surely none else may bear
So regal a beauty ; yet why
On us turns not his eye ?
We have heard that he loves not care,
But the dance and idle glee
Of the laughing Satyr tribe
Could toil those brows inscribe ?
Is it he ? is it surely he ?
Are these the revellers of his train ?
Yet surely these have passed through fire, through pain !
Can the Gods also suffer throes,
Nor crave to conquer, but repose ? ”

The King uplifts his bowl.
Peucestas stoops, pours in
From a brown fawn's swelling skin
The ripe grape's rosy soul.
“ Pledge us,” he cries, and smiles,
“ Lord of Nysa, to-day !

Have we not toiled our way
To a valley of the Blessed Isles ?
Drink of a richer boon
Than the water we brought thee to taste
In the fiery Gedrosian waste
When we halted our host at noon,
And thou in the sight of all didst spill
Those longed-for drops on the darkened sand,—O fill,
Remembering how our hearts drank wine
From thy refusing deed divine.”

What hath the King so stirred ?
What grief of a great desire
Stung by that spoken word ?
Sudden as storm his thoughts tumultuous run
Back into peril, Indus, Issus, Tyre,
And the famed gates of Babylon yet unwon.
Far, far those mighty days in glory tower !
A valley keeps him, while the great peaks call.
O for that supreme exultant hour,
When alone, Achilles-like, he sprang
’Mid the astonished Indians o’er the wall,
And a hundred arrows round him rang !
O Alexander, all these thousands own
Thy pleasure, but thy woes were thine alone.
Dulled is the joy that hath no need to dare ;
Match thy great self, and breed another heir
To those high deeds, from which thy kindled fame
Runs, as the world’s hope runs from youth to youth aflame.
Climb, climb again to those lone eagle skies,
Where ocean’s unadventured circle bends
And dragon ignorance girdles the world’s ends !—
As fire leaps up a tower, that thought leaps to his eyes.
“ Off, Manad mummary,” he cries ; his brow
Strips off its garland with indignant hands,
Starts up, and plants his ringing spear ; and now,
Soul-flushed through radiant limbs, a man transfigured stands.
With joy the marvelling Carmanians bow,
From their long doubting freed :
“ It is the God,” they cry, “ the enraptured God indeed ! ”

FOR THE FALLEN

1914

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fall with their faces to the foe.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old :
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time ;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To an innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night ;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

WILLIAM HENRY OGILVIE

THE CROSSING SWORDS

As I lay dreaming in the grass
I saw a Knight of Tourney pass—
All conquering Summer. Twilit hours
Made soft light round him, rainbow flowers
Hung on his harness.

Down the dells
The fairy heralds rang blue-bells,
And even as they rocked and rang
Into the lists, full-armed, there sprang
Autumn, his helm the harvest moon,
His sword a sickle, the gleaner's tune
His hymn of battle.

Each bowed full low,
Knight to Knight as to worthy foe,
Then Autumn tossed as his gauntlet down—
A leaf of the lime tree, golden brown—
And Summer bound it above the green
Of his shining breast-plate's verdant sheen.

—They closed. Above them the driving mists
Stooped and feathered—and hid the lists.
Later the cloud mist rolled away
But dead in his harness the Green Knight lay.

HILAIRE BELLOC

THE SOUTH COUNTRY

When I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening :
My work is left behind ;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea ;
And it's there walking in the high woods
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day ;
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and grey ;
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the Rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes

Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies ;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air ;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend :
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will there be to comfort me
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be heal'd.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

ALFRED DOUGLAS

THE CITY OF THE SOUL

I

In the salt terror of the stormy sea
There are high altitudes the mind forgets ;
And undesired days are hunting nets
To snare the souls that fly Eternity.
But we being gods will never bend the knee,
Though sad moons shadow every sun that sets,
And tears of sorrow be like rivulets
To feed the shadows of Humility.

Within my soul are some mean gardens found
Where drooped flowers are, and unsung melodies,
And all companioning of piteous things.
But in the midst is one high terraced ground,
Where level lawns sweep through the stately trees
And the great peacocks walk like painted kings.

II

What shall we do, my soul, to please the King ?
Seeing he hath no pleasure in the dance,
And hath condemned the honeyed utterance
Of silver flutes and mouths made round to sing.
Along the wall red roses climb and cling,
And Oh ! my prince, lift up thy countenance,
For there be thoughts like roses that entrance
More than the langours of soft lute-playing.

Think how the hidden things that poets see
In amber eyes or mornings crystalline,
Hide in the soul their constant quenchless light,
Till, called by some celestial alchemy,
Out of forgotten depths, they rise and shine
Like buried treasure on Midsummer night.

III

The fields of Phantasy are all too wide,
My soul runs through them like an untamed thing.
It leaps the brooks like threads, and skirts the ring
Where fairies danced, and tender flowers hide.
The voice of music has become the bride
Of an imprisoned bird with broken wing.
What shall we do, my soul, to please the King,
We that are free, with ample wings untied ?

We cannot wander through the empty fields
Till beauty like a hunter hurl the lance.
There are no silver snares and springes set,
Nor any meadow where the plain ground yields.
O let us then with ordered utterance,
Forge the gold chain and twine the silken net.

IV

Each new hour's passage is the acolyte
Of inarticulate song and syllable,
And every passing moment is a bell,
To mourn the death of undiscerned delight.
Where is the sun that made the noon-day bright,
And where the midnight moon ? O let us tell,
In long carved line and painted parable,
How the white road curves down into the night.

Only to build one crystal barrier
Against this sea which beats upon our days ;
To ransom one lost moment with a rhyme,
Or, if fate cries and grudging gods demur,
To clutch Life's hair, and thrust one naked phrase
Like a lean knife between the ribs of Time.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF
WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

TRULY GREAT

My walls outside must have some flowers,
My walls within must have some books ;
A house that's small ; a garden large,
And in it leafy nooks :

A little gold that's sure each week ;
That comes not from my living kind,
But from a dead man in his grave,
Who cannot change his mind :

A lovely wife, and gentle too ;
Contented that no eyes but mine
Can see her many charms, nor voice
To call her beauty fine :

Where she would in that stone cage live,
A self-made prisoner with me ;
While many a wild bird sang around,
On gate, on bush, on tree :

And she sometimes to answer them,
In her far sweeter voice than all ;
Till birds, that loved to look on leaves,
Will dote on a stone wall.

—With this small house, this garden large,
This little gold, this lovely mate,
With health in body, peace at heart—
Show me a man more great.

THE KINGFISHER

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
And left thee all her lovely hues ;
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
So runs it in thy blood to choose

For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,
Live with proud Peacocks in green parks ;
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,
Let every feather show its mark ;
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain ;
Thou hast no proud ambitious mind ;
I also love a quiet place
That's green, away from all mankind ;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me.

THE MOON

Thy beauty haunts me, heart and soul,
Oh thou fair Moon, so close and bright ;
Thy beauty makes me like the child,
That cries aloud to own thy light :
The little child that lifts each arm,
To press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night
With thy white beams across their throats,
Let my deep silence speak for me
More than for them their sweetest notes :
Who worships thee till music fails
Is greater than thy nightingales.

LOVELY DAMES

Few are my books, but my small few have told
Of many a lovely dame that lived of old ;
And they have made me see those fatal charms
Of Helen, which brought Troy so many harms ;
And lovely Venus, when she stood so white
Close to her husband's forge in its red light.

I have seen Dian's beauty in my dreams,
When she had trained her looks in all the streams
She crossed to Latmos and Endymion ;
And Cleopatra's eyes, that hour they shone
The brighter for a pearl she drank to prove
How poor it was compared to her rich love :
But when I look on thee, love, thou dost give
Substance to those fine ghosts, and make them live.

LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like stars at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT

FIRST PATHWAYS

Where were the pathways that your childhood knew ?-
In mountain glens ? or by the ocean strands ?
Or where, beyond the ripening harvest lands,
The distant hills were blue ?

Where evening sunlight threw a golden haze
Over a mellow city's walls and towers ?
Or where the fields and lanes were bright with flowers,
In quiet woodland ways ?

And whether here or there, or east or west,
That place you dwelt in first was holy ground ;
Its shelter was the kindest you have found,
Its pathways were the best.

And even in the city's smoke and mire
I doubt not that a golden light was shed
On those first paths, and that they also led
To lands of heart's desire.

And where the children in dark alleys penn'd,
Heard the caged lark sing of the April hills,
Or where they damm'd the muddy gutter rills,
Or made a dog their friend ;

Or where they gather'd, dancing hand in hand,
About the organ man, for them, too, lay
Beyond the dismal alley's entrance way,
The gates of wonderland.

For 'tis my faith that Earth's first words are sweet
To all her children,—never a rebuff ;
And that we only saw, where ways were rough,
The flowers about our feet.

T. STURGE MOORE

JUDITH

What have you in your apron wrapped ?
Your face is fell with fright ;
Your shadow hurries to catch you up,
Across the blank moonlight.

Why is your maid so white and wan ?
What makes her so alert ?
Why with her hands does she fumble thus
And wipe them on her skirt ?

Ill to be borne your burden seems,
You fetch your breath so short ;
Why do your eyes shine brighter far
Than, for the moon, they ought ?

You take less heed of what you pass
Than one who walks in a dream ;
The thing you hide so fills you out,
A woman with child you seem.

You take a turn, the town you see,
Your feet to run begin ;
Is yours the strength which makes so strong
The supple thews of sin ?

Why beat you now with naked hands ?
On the gate they make no sound ;
Your knuckles bleed ; ah ! your force fails ;
You drop upon the ground.

Now you are raised upon your feet
And pulled within the town ;
Wild light from flickering flames falls full
Upon your bloody gown ;

Your throat is thrilled, your tongue is thick,
And triumph turns your lip :
As men tumultuous throng you round,
Each girds a sword to his hip :

But now by your imperious cries
Were they roused up from bed ;
Now, high above your head, your hands
Hold Holofernes' head.

THE PANTHER

Consider now the Panther : such the beast
On which the naked feet of Circe rest—
Her footstool wherein anger is increased
For ever, yet for ever is suppressed.

Sleek, powerful, and treacherous, and cowed,
With amber eyes like tears that watch a lamp—
A Queen's tears, thwarted by remembrance proud,
Clear cut as gold coins that her mint doth stamp.

How politic is grace in moods morose !
This smooth composure waits but our caress ;
'Tis pride put on to beggar love ; there gloves
Knit with this strength some utter tenderness.

That blunt round paw, and padded glove-like palm !
How strange, if, there, like dulled assassin steel,
Sheathed claws wait ready ! Thus in forest calm
That cruel face the ferns' arched fronds conceal.

Then all is glowing, like deep-treasured glee :
E'en butterflies might settle on this coat ;
The shy gazelles may snuff full gingerly,—
Rich blossoms drown the odours they should note.

The holy baobab, with grey-blue stems
And aisled vistas solemn as a church,
Denies this presence, and this life condemns ;
Its meek-eyed throngs would wrong it should they search.

A bound ! a scamper ! cry ! the sob of death !
And these claws open up the heart that pang
Had filled to bursting with a last gasped breath ;
Warm blood is lapped, and fleshed is every fang.

Hereto conspired the beauty of the place,
Whose whole consent seemed given to life's ease.
Thus, by a garden walk, some poppy's grace
Brings down a child sultana to her knees ;

Whose tall indifference next prompts her fond hand
To stoop its cup, where drowsy drops of dew
Roll and unite like quick-silver, or stand
In lustrous clots, then self-divide anew :

All, with a kiss, her human heart soon must
Attempt to possess ; or quaff, with amorous sip,
Those wilful gems freighted with purple dust,
Where lurks a bee-sting venom'd for her lip ;

For while large petals closed at shut of eve,
The bee ceased not to gorge—could not burst free—
Fumed through the night, and stingless took his leave.
Thus rage in this beast pent left perfidy.

II

But, lo ! they yawn, those wide-hinged python jaws,
Unroof the rose-pink ivory-studded bed,
Where, like a languid flame, the lithe tongue draws
Its moist caress round gums and hollows red.

Dost, cloyed by rich meats spicy as the south,
Expose thy fevered palate to the cool,
Which, like snow melting in an emperor's mouth,
Helps make excess of life's ironic rule ?

Soft-coated, each curved ear seems some weird flower,
Whose gulf with silken lashes gleams replete ;
Such yield to let the fond fly, feasting, lower,
But close and stiffen to forbid retreat.

Thus dost thou draw our thought, by subtler hints,
Still further down the vortex of thy spell ;
Lace-winged on delicate feet it onward glints —
A trickling tear—a soul hung over hell.

Those cushion brows, with sullen show of thought,
Deceive the eye ; so emery, cloaked in state
Of some mock scarlet berry needle-wrought,
Maketh a young child marvel at its weight.

Can they be vacant ? Can thy strong neck raise,
Without the aid of magic, thy full brain ?
Of thee our child-thought in the mind delays,
Whence to dislodge it reason toils in vain.

The mystery of evil and its charm
Prevail, like beauty, radiant from thy form ;
Thou art an enemy that can disarm
Man's arrogance, which like a swollen storm

Sweeps all creation with the tyrant force
Of his long hunger for congenial dreams ;
Though he condemn thee, yet as in remorse
He thy soft pelt a couch for beauty deems—

Spreadeth it for the bride his ecstasy
Crowns Rose of Sharon, Lily of the Valleys,—
Voweth it doth become her, likening thee,
Soul of the woods, to her, soul of his palace.

JAMES A. MACKERETH

LA DANSEUSE

She moved like silence swathed in light,
Like mists at morning clear ;
A music that enamoured sight
Yet did elude the ear.

A rapture and a spirit clad
In motion soft as sleep ;
The epitome of all things glad,
The sum of all that weep ;

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Her form was like the poet's mind—
By all sensations sought ;
She seemed the substance of the wind,
The shape of lyric thought,—

A being 'mid terrestrial things
Transcendently forlorn.
From time bound far on filmy wings
For some diviner bourne.

The rhythms of the raptured heart
Swayed to her sweet control ;
Life in her keeping all was art,
And all of body soul.

Lone-shimmering in the roseate air
She seemed to ebb and flow,
A memory, perilously fair,
And pale from long ago.

She stooped to time's remembered tears,
Yearned to undawned delight.
Ah, beauty, passionate from the years !
O body, wise and white !

She vanished like an evening cloud,
A sunset's radiant gleam,
She vanished . . . Light awhile endowed
The darkness with a dream.

THE BEE ASLEEP

Hush : for His Majesty sleeps soon
To-night. Not half awake, the moon
Drifts like a little patch of cloud
Low in the east. All mute and proud
The golden west is turning rose.

Grave cedars, with their streaks of gloom
Across the glory, take the bloom.
Of sundown ; and the garden grows
All conscious of the dew. Quite still is
The wind that swung the tigerlilies.

No village voice is now astray ;
But in deep meadows ripe for hay,
'Mid drowsy grass and clover,
A corncrake in the lonely gray
Repeats its gray note far away
Over and over.
Here where the hooded shadows creep
The daisies, whitening, wait for sleep.

Listen ! You catch with ghostly ear
The feet of Silence moving here.

Hush ! Let no blackbird's rippling cry
Startle these beechen shades ; no swallow
Skim the lake's pomp of liquid sky ;
No thrush bid idle echo follow
By crimsoning hill or purpling hollow.

As faintly as a harebell sighs
To fays that linger when she dies
Breathe. With a sylph-like delicate fear
Touch pink and poppy. One lies here
More richly couched, in grander state,
Than any human potentate.
Step shyly : 'tis a sacred place :
The flowers have secrets in their eyes :
Steal past each pansy's wakeful face ;
The watching pansies are so wise.
Hush ! lest each guardian lily-lord
Be roused and flash a flaming sword.

Peer softly through this tangled maze
Of blossoms set 'gainst opal bays
In heavens enchanted ; misty-bright ;
All gleaming with a witching light.

See ! with its clustered azure spires
 A gorgeous city, tranced and still,
 The palaced home of Oberon's sires,
 Throned on its faery hill,
 Glows 'gainst the sunset's roseate fires.
 Not dream-built Babylon more fair
 Than that fantastic city shone.
 One rests more sumptuously there
 Than ever King in Babylon,
 Secure with all his dreams' desires.

Whisht—lest too rude a thought should peer
 And wound the stillness havened here.

Earth is not. In a subtler clime
 Faintly we feel the tolling hours
 In faery steeples ; elfin towers
 Are crooning with the chime,
 And misty beauty shakes with rhyme
 Of dream songs, never heard in time,
 Droned mid the tranced flowers.

Hush ! Toward yon peerless citadel
 Let fancy's airiest foostep fall,
 Lest suddenly, to break the spell,
 To every pixy sentinel
 Some fearful echo call,
 Spreading a tiny tale of harm,
 And floral bells begin to ring,
 And trouble shake to rude alarm
 The pleasures of a dreaming King . . .
 Peep . . . Lo, with all the pomp of power,
 'Mid skies of splendour, at his ease
 The Bee sleeps, glorious . . .

In *such* tower

With *such* heaven-haunted balconies
 Of sapphire saturate with rose,
 'Mid seas of scented almond trees
 Knew ever Sultan proud repose

Such as His Majesty's ?
Had ever monarch made of dust
So rich a chamber ? So august
A state ? Or for his dreaming-hour
In time such splendid canopy
As yonder regal Humble-bee
Asleep in that delphinium flower ?

Hush ! Come away for the stars are waking,
And the wizard moon in the cedar high
Brightens to thought, and the flown sun's taking
His day-dream out of the sky.
See,—the west grows gray ;
Shadows wake in the pool ;
There'll be owls hooting soon ;
Soon the bats will have sight.
Leave the Bee to the moon,
And the flowers to the cool
Silvering night.
Steal away. Hush ! Away,

JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE

IN A MEADOW

This is the place
Where far from the unholy populace
The daughter of Philosophy and Sleep
Her court doth keep,
Sweet Contemplation. To her service bound
Hover around
The little amiable summer airs,
Her courtiers.

The deep black soil
Makes mute her palace-floors with thick trefoil ;
The grasses sagely nodding overhead
Curtain her bed ;

And lest the feet of strangers overpass
Her walls of grass,
Gravely a little river goes his rounds
To beat the bounds.

—No bustling flood
To make a tumult in her neighbourhood,
But such a stream as knows to go and come
Discreetly dumb.
Therein are chambers tapestried with weeds
And screen'd with reeds ;
For roof the waterlily-leaves serene
Spread tiles of green.

The sun's large eye
Falls soberly upon me where I lie ;
For delicate webs of immaterial haze
Refine his rays.
The air is full of music none knows what,
Or half-forgot ;
The living echo of dead voices fills
The unseen hills.

I hear the song
Of cuckoo answering cuckoo all day long ;
And know not if it be my inward sprite
For my delight
Making remember'd poetry appear
As sound in the ear :
Like a salt savour poignant in the breeze
From distant seas.

Dreams without sleep,
And sleep too clear for dreaming and too deep ;
And Quiet very large and manifold
About me roll'd ;
Satiety, that momentary flower,
Stretch'd to an hour :
These are her gifts which all mankind may use,
And all refuse.

F. MADOX HUEFFER

TO CHRISTINA AT NIGHTFALL

Little thing, ah ! little mouse
Creeping through the twilight house,
To watch within the shadow of my chair
With large blue eyes ; the firelight on your hair
Doth glimmer gold and faint,
And on your woollen gown
That folds a-down
From steadfast little face to square-set feet.

Ah, sweet ! ah, little one ! so like a carven saint,
With your unflinching eyes, unflinching face,
Like a small angel, carved in a high place,
Watching unmoved across a gabled town ;
When I am weak and old,
And lose my grip, and crave my small reward
Of tolerance and tenderness and ruth,
The children of your dawning day shall hold
The reins we drop and wield the judge's sword
And your swift feet shall tread upon my heels,
And I be Ancient Error, you New Truth,
And I be crushed by your advancing wheels. . . .

Good-night ! The fire is burning low,
Put out the lamp ;
Lay down the weary little head
Upon the small white bed.
Up from the sea the night winds blow
Across the hill, across the marsh ;
Chill and harsh, harsh and damp,
The night winds blow.
But, while the slow hours go,
I, who must fall before you, late shall wait and keep
Watch and ward,
Vigil and guard,
Where you sleep.
Ah, sweet ! do you the like where I lie dead.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

THE WILD KNIGHT

The wasting thistle whitens on my crest,
The barren grasses blow upon my spear,
A green, pale pennon : blazon of wild faith
And love of fruitless things : yea, of my love,
Among the golden loves of all the Knights,
Alone : most hopeless, sweet, and blasphemous,
The love of God :

I hear the crumbling creeds
Like cliffs washed down by water, change, and pass ;
I hear a noise of words, age after age,
A new cold wind that blows across the plains,
And all the shrines stand empty ; and to me
All these are nothing : priests and schools may doubt
Who never have believed ; but I have loved.
Ah, friends, I know it passing well, the love
Wherewith I love ; it shall not bring to me
Return or hire or any pleasant thing—
Ay, I have tried it : Ay, I know its roots.
Earthquake and plague have burst on it in vain
And rolled back shattered—

Babbling neophytes !
Blind, startled fools—think you I know it not ?
Think you to teach me ? Know I not His ways ?
Strange—visaged blunders, mystic cruelties.
All ! All ! I know Him, for I love Him. Go !

So, with the wan waste grasses on my spear,
I ride for ever, seeking after God.
My hair grows whiter than my thistle plume,
And all my limbs are loose ; but in my eyes
The star of an unconquerable praise :
For in my soul one hope for ever sings,
That at the next white corner of a road
My eyes may look on Him. . . .

Hush—I shall know
The place when it is found : a twisted path
Under a twisted pear-tree—this I saw
In the first dream I had ere I was born,
Wherein He spoke. . . .

But the grey clouds come down
In hail upon the icy plains : I ride,
Burning for ever in consuming fire.

THE DONKEY

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born ;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
Of all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will ;
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;
One far fierce hour and sweet :
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam ;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.

The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honour and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A Child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and foam ;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home ;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost—how long ago !
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war ;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

LEPANTO

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run ;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men
feared,

It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the
Cross.

The cold Queen of England is looking in the glass ;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass ;
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has
stirred,

Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attained stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has
sung,

That once went singing southward when all the world was
young.

In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon,
and he comes.

Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.

Love-light of Spain—hurrah !
Death-light of Africa !
Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war*).
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the
trees,
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to
bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
Giants and the Genii,
Multiplex of wing and eye,
Whose strong obedience broke the sky
When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the
morn,
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in
scorn ;
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the
sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be ;
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests
curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the
pearl ;
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the
ground,—
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.
And he saith, " Break up the mountains where the hermit-
folk can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the
west.

We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done,
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I
know

The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago :
It is he that saith not ' Kismet ' ; it is he that knows not
Fate ;

It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate !
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager
worth,

Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the
earth."

For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war*).

Sudden and still—hurrah !

Bolt from Iberia !

Don John of Austria

Is gone by Alcalar.

St Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north,
(*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth*).

Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift

And the sea-folk labour and the red sails lift.

He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone ;
The noise is gone through Normandy ; the noise is gone
alone ;

The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching
eyes

And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,
And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,
And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of
doom,

And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,
But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.

Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse
Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,
Trumpet that sayeth ha !

Domino Gloria !

Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck,
(*Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck*).

The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as
sin,

And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.

He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,

He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,

And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey

Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the
day,

And death is in the phial and the end of noble work,

But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.

Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—

Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.

Gun upon gun, ha ! ha !

Gun upon gun, hurrah !

Don John of Austria

Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,

(*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke*.)

The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the
year,

The secret window whence the world looks small and very
dear.

He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea

The crescent of the cruel ships whose name is mystery ;

They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and
Castle dark,

They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St Mark ;

And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded
chiefs,

And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous
griefs,

Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labouring race
repines

Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.

They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the skies of morning
hung

The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.

They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or
fleeing on

Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.

And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell

Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his
cell,

And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a
sign—

(But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line !)

Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,

Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,

Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,

Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,

Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea

White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.

Vivat Hispania !

Domino Gloria !

Don John of Austria

Has set his people free !

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath,

(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath).

And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,

Up which a lean and foolish knight for ever rides in vain,

And he smiles, but now as Sultans smile, and settles back
the blade. . .

(But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.)

THE SECRET PEOPLE

Smile at us, pay us, pass us ; but do not quite forget.

For we are the people of England, that never has spoken yet.

There is many a fat farmer that drinks less cheerfully,

There is many a free French peasant who is richer and sadder
than we.

There are no folk in the whole world so helpless or so wise.

There is hunger in our bellies, there is laughter in our eyes;

You laugh at us and love us, both mugs and eyes are wet :

Only you do not know us. For we have not spoken yet.

The fine French kings came over in a flutter of flags and dames.

We liked their smiles and battles, but we never could say their names.

The blood ran red to Bosworth and the high French lords went down ;

There was naught but a naked people under a naked crown. And the eyes of the King's Servants turned terribly every way,

And the gold of the King's Servants rose higher every day. They burnt the homes of the shaven men, that had been quaint and kind,

Till there was no bed in a monk's house, nor food that man could find.

The inns of God where no man paid, that were the wall of the weak,

The King's Servants ate them all. And still we did not speak.

And the face of the King's Servants grew greater than the King :

He tricked them, and they trapped him, and stood round him in a ring.

The new grave lords closed round him, that had eaten the abbey's fruits,

And the men of the new religion, with their Bibles in their boots,

We saw their shoulders moving, to menace or discuss, And some were pure and some were vile ; but none took heed of us.

We saw the King as they killed him, and his face was proud and pale ;

And a few men talked of freedom, while England talked of ale.

A war that we understood not came over the world and woke

Americans, Frenchmen, Irish ; but we knew not the things they spoke.

They talked about rights and nature and peace and the
people's reign :

And the squires, our masters, bade us fight ; and never
scorned us again.

Weak if we be for ever, could none condemn us then ;
Men called us serfs and drudges ; men knew that we were
men.

In foam and flame at Trafalgar, on Albuera plains,
We did and died like lions, to keep ourselves in chains,
We lay in living ruins ; firing and fearing not
The strange fierce face of the Frenchmen who knew for
what they fought,
And the man who seemed to be more than man we strained
against and broke ;
And we broke our own rights with him. And still we never
spoke.

Our patch of glory ended ; we never heard guns again.
But the squire seemed struck in the saddle ; he was foolish,
as if in pain
He leaned on a staggering lawyer, he clutched a cringing
Jew,
He was stricken ; it may be, after all, he was stricken at
Waterloo.
Or perhaps the shades of the shaven men, whose spoil is in
his house,
Come back in shining shapes at last to spoil his last
carouse :
We only know the last sad squires ride slowly towards the
sea,
And a new people takes the land : and still it is not we.

They have given us into the hand of the new unhappy
lords,
Lords without anger and honour, who dare not carry their
swords.
They fight by shuffling papers ; they have bright dead
alien eyes ;
They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks
at flies.

And the load of their loveless pity is worse than the ancient
wrongs,
Their doors are shut in the evening ; and they know no
songs.

We hear men speaking for us of new laws strong and sweet,
Yet is there no man speaketh as we speak in the street.
It may be we shall rise the last as Frenchmen rose the first,
Our wrath come after Russia's wrath and our wrath be the
worst.

It may be we are meant to mark with our riot and our rest
God's scorn for all men governing. It may be beer is best.
But we are the people of England ; and we have not spoken
yet.

Smile at us, pay us, pass us. But do not quite forget.

CHARLES DALMON

THE SONG OF FAVONIUS

The flagon topped with foaming ale
Invokes the song and faery tale,
And he who sings the sweetest song
To him the flagon shall belong,
The silver flagon richly chased
With hops and barley interlaced ;
But he who tells the fairest tale
More than the singer shall prevail,
For he shall win the prize divine,
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine.

The sweetest singer we will lead
In triumph down the river mead,
There lightly trushing with our knees
Through gold and purple irises
Until we reach the spearmint mound,
Where he with bay-leaves shall be crowned.
But he who tells the fairest tale
More than the singer shall prevail,

For he shall win the prize divine,
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine.

A song of love is sweet to hear,
And sweet the song of merry cheer ;
So may the muses ever find
True votaries among mankind
In taverns and in maidens' bowers,
In Winter and in Summer hours.
But he who tells the fairest tale
More than the singer shall prevail,
For he shall win the prize divine,
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine.

And he shall be the king, and wear
The muses' circle on his hair,
The magic coronal of old,
The coronal of faery gold ;
And triumph over Pluto gain
Where Chaucer, Keats and Morris reign.
The flagon topped with foaming ale
Invokes the song and faery tale.
Now who will win the prize divine,
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine ?

EVA GORE-BOOTH

THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic in it, and many a horse and cart ;
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through
my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind ;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their
way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal ;
But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart
in spray,
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through
my soul.

RE-INCARNATION

The darkness draws me, kindly angels weep
Forlorn beyond receding rings of light,
The torrents of the earth's desires sweep
My soul through twilight downward into night.

Once more the light grows dim, the vision fades,
Myself seems to myself a distant goal,
I grope among the bodies' drowsy shades,
Once more the Old Illusion rocks my soul.

Once more the Manifold in shadowy streams
Of falling waters murmurs in my ears,
The One Voice drowns amid the roar of dreams
That crowd the narrow pathway of the years.

I go to seek the starshine on the waves,
To count the dewdrops on the grassy hill,
I go to gather flowers that grow on graves,
The world's wall closes round my prisoned will.

Yea, for the sake of the wild western wind
The sphered spirit scorns her flame-built throne,
Because of primroses, time out of mind,
The Lonely turns away from the Alone.

Who once has loved the cornfields' rustling sheaves,
Who once has heard the gentle Irish rain
Murmur low music in the growing leaves,
Though he were god, comes back to earth again.

Oh Earth ! green wind-swept Eirinn, I would break
The tower of my soul's initiate pride
For a grey field and a star-haunted lake,
And those wet winds that roam the country side.

I who have seen am glad to close my eyes,
I who have soared am weary of my wings,
I seek no more the secret of the wise,
Safe among shadowy, unreal human things.

Blind to the gleam of those wild violet rays
That burn beyond the rainbow's circle dim,
Bound by dark nights and driven by pale days,
The sightless slave of Time's imperious whim ;

Deaf to the flowing tide of dreams divine
That surge outside the closed gates of birth,
The rhythms of eternity, too fine
To touch with music the dull ears of earth—

I go to seek with humble care and toil
The dreams I left undreamed, the deeds undone,
To sow the seed and break the stubborn soil,
Knowing no brightness whiter than the sun.

Content in winter if the fire burns clear
And cottage walls keep out the creeping damp,
Hugging the Old Illusion warm and dear,
The Silence and the Wise Book and the Lamp.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

TO IRONFOUNDERS AND OTHERS

When you destroy a blade of grass
You poison England at her roots :
Remember no man's foot can pass
Where evermore no green life shoots.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

You force the birds to wing too high
Where your unnatural vapours creep :
Surely the living rocks shall die
When birds no rightful distance keep.

You have brought down the firmament
And yet no heaven is more near ;
You shape huge deeds without event,
And half-made men believe and fear.

Your worship is your furnaces,
Which, like o'd idols, lost obscenes,
Have molten bowels ; your vision is
Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night,
Preparing destinies of rust ;
Iron misused must turn to blight
And dwindle to a tetter'd crust.

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,
But plants that spring in ruins and shards
Attend until your dream is done :
I have seen hemlock in your yards.

The generations of the worm
Know not your loads piled on their soil ;
Their knotted ganglions shall wax firm
Till your strong flagstones heave and toil.

When the old hollow'd earth is crack'd
And when, to grasp more power and feasts,
Its ores are emptied, wasted, lack'd,
The middens of your burning beasts

Shall be raked over till they yield
Last priceless slags for fashionings high,
Ploughs to wake grass in every field,
Chisels men's hands to magnify.

ATLANTIS

What poets sang in Atlantis ? Who can tell
The epics of Atlantis or their names ?
The sea hath its own murmurs, and sounds not
The secrets of its silences beneath,
And knows not any cadences enfolded
When the last bubbles of Atlantis broke
Among the quieting of its heaving floor.

O, years and tides and leagues and all their billows
Can alter not man's knowledge of men's hearts—
While trees and rocks and clouds include our being
We know the epics of Atlantis still :
A hero gave himself to lesser men,
Who first misunderstood and murdered him,
And then misunderstood and worshipped him ;
A woman was lovely and men fought for her,
Towns burnt for her, and men put men in bondage,
But she put lengthier bondage on them all ;
A wanderer toiled among all the isles
That fleck this turning star of shifting sea,
Or lonely purgatories of the mind,
In longing for his home or his lost love.

Poetry is founded on the hearts of men :
Though in Nirvana or the Heavenly courts
The principle of beauty shall persist,
Its body of poetry, as the body of man,
Is but a terrene form, a terrene use,
That swifter being will not loiter with ;
And, when mankind is dead and the world cold,
Poetry's immortality will pass.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

WALTER DE LA MARE

AN EPITAPH

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she :
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.
But beauty vanishes ; beauty passes ;
However rare, rare it be ;
And when I crumble who shall remember
This lady of the West Country.

ARABIA

Far are the shades of Arabia,
Where the Princes ride at noon,
'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets,
Under the ghost of the moon ;
And so dark is that vaulted purple
Flowers in the forest rise
And toss into blossom 'gainst the phantom stars
Pale in the noonday skies.

Sweet is the music of Arabia
In my heart, when out of dreams
I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn
Descry her gliding streams ;
Hear her strange lutes on the green banks
Ring loud with the grief and delight
Of the dim-silked, dark-haired Musicians
In the brooding silence of night.

They haunt me—her lutes and her forests ;
No beauty on earth I see
But shadowed with that dream recalls
Her loveliness to me :

Still eyes look coldly upon me,
Cold voices whisper and say—
“He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,
They have stolen his wits away.”

THE LISTENERS

“Is there anybody there?” said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champ’d the grasses
Of the forest’s ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller’s head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
“Is there anybody there?” he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Lean’d over and look’d into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplex’d and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirr’d and shaken
By the lonely Traveller’s call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
’Neath the starr’d and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
“Tell them I came, and no one answer’d,
That I kept my word,” he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

FAREWELL

When I lie where shades of darkness
Shall no more assail mine eyes,
Nor the rain make lamentation
When the wind sighs ;
How will fare the world whose wonder
Was the very proof of me ?
Memory fades, must the remembered
Perishing be ?

Oh, when this my dust surrenders
Hand, foot, lip, to dust again,
May those loved and loving faces
Please other men !
May the rusting harvest hedgerow
Still the Traveller's Joy entwine,
And as happy children gather
Posies once mine.

Look thy last on all things lovely,
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing ;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days.

RALPH HODGSON

STUPIDITY STREET

I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat ;
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day ?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away ?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome ;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again ;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day ?

JOHN PRESLAND

FROM A WINDOW

To-night I hear the soft Spring rain that falls
Across the gardens, in the falling dusk,
The Spring dusk, very slow ;
And that clear, single-noted bird that calls
Insistently, from somewhere in the gloom
Of wet Spring leafage, or the scattering bloom
Of one tall pear-tree.
On, on, on, they go,
Those single, sweet, reiterated sounds,
Having no passion, similarly free
Of laughter, and of memory, and of tears ;
Poignantly sweet, across the falling rain,
They fall upon my ears.

THE ETERNAL FLUX

Let us hold April back
One splendid hour
To bless the passionate earth
With golden shower
Of sunlight from the blue ;
Oh April skies,
That earth yearns up to ; blue has burned to gold,
Gold pales and dies
In delicate faint rose,
Oh flowing time, oh flux eternal.
Hold
The hour back. The April hour goes.

Then, let it be of May,
When sound and sight
And all that's beauty manifest
Through all the day,
Of deep on deep with green,
Of light on light
Across the waves of blossom, when the white
Is lovelier than the rose, except the rose
Is loveliest of all ;
When through the day the cuckoo calls unseen,
And at nightfall
The nightingale, whose music no man knows
The magic heart of, sitting in the dark
Sings still the world-old way ;
When all of these,
Flowers and birds, and sunset and pale skies
Seem gathered up in scent,
And all of sound and sight
Dissolved, ethereal, not of ears and eyes
But only the soul-beauty of the brain
Flows, in such waves of perfume, over all
—Or like a song in colour, of such strain
As spirits finer than our own must hear
(The beautiful made clear) ;

Then, then, when it is May,
 Surely our hand must touch eternity.
 Day pales to night, stars pale upon the day,
 And May's last blossoming hour flows away.

Not of June either, though the hanging skies
 Make but a little span
 'Twixt light and growing light ;
 And when through that short darkness palely flies
 The silent great white moth
 —A spirit lost in the night,
 A soul, without will or way— ;
 When the arch of trees
 Is dusky green, and close as a builded house
 Where love with love might stay,
 Guarded and still, from sight ;
 When the hay is sweet in the fields
 And love is as sweet as hay ;
 When the life-impulse of the wonderful untamed earth
 Has reached its fulness and height,
 Is broad and steady and wide
 As sweeps into splendid bays the flowing tide ;
 When God might look on the land,
 When God might look on the sea,
 And say : “ For ever be
 Perfected, completed, achieved,
 As now at this moment you stand.”
 Neither in June shall we stay the eternal flow
 Nor grasp the present with pitiful mortal hand,
 For gliding past like water the June hours go.

JOHN MASEFIELD

BEAUTY

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
 Coming in solemn beauty-like slow old tunes of Spain :
 I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
 Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of
the sea,
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of
ships ;
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to
me,
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red
curve of her lips.

SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the
sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by ;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white
sails shaking,
And the grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running
tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls
crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like
a whetted knife ;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

THE SEEKERS

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blessed
abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of
the road.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind,
For we go seeking a city that we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we—
Who search for a hidden city that we shall never see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, and the rain,
And the watch fire under stars, and sleep, and the road again.

We seek the City of God, and the haunt where beauty dwells,
And we find the noisy mart and the sound of burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant people meet,
But the dolorous town where mourners are going about
the street.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim,
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past and by,
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the
road.

THE KINGS GO BY WITH JEWELLED CROWNS

The Kings go by with jewelled crowns ;
Their horses gleam, their banners shake, their spears are
many.

The sack of many-peopled towns
Is all their dream ;
The way they take
Leaves but a ruin in the brake,
And, in the furrow that the ploughmen make,
A stampless penny : a tale, a dream.

The merchants reckon up their gold ;
Their letters come, their ships arrive, their freights are
glories ;

The profits of their treasures sold
They tell and sum ;
Their foremen drive
The servants starved to half-alive,
Whose labours do but make the earth a hive
Of stinking stories : a tale, a dream.

The priests are singing in their stalls ;
Their singing lifts, their incense burns, their praying
clamours ;
Yet God is as the sparrow falls ;
The ivy drifts,
The votive urns
Are all left void when Fortune turns ;
The god is but a marble for the kerns
To break with hammers : a tale, a dream.

O Beauty, let me know again
The green earth cold, the April rain, the quiet waters,
figuring sky,
The one star risen.

So shall I pass into the feast
Not touched by king, merchant, or priest ;
Know the red spirit of the beast,
Be the green grain ;
Escape from prison.

C. L. M.

In the dark womb where I began
My mother's life made me a man.
Through all the months of human birth
Her beauty fed my common earth.
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,
But through the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave
She cannot see the life she gave.
For all her love, she cannot tell
Whether I use it ill or well,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Nor knock at dusty doors to find
Her beauty dusty in the mind.

If the grave's gates could be undone,
She would not know her little son,
I am so grown. If we should meet
She would pass by me in the street,
Unless my soul's face let her see
My sense of what she did for me.

What have I done to keep in mind
My debt to her and womankind ?
What woman's happier life repays
Her for those months of wretched days ?
For all my mouthless body leeches
Ere Birth's releasing hell was reached ?

What have I done, or tried, or said
In thanks to that dear woman dead ?
Men triumph over women still,
Men trample women's rights at will,
And man's lust roves the world untamed.

O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed.

JOHN McCRAE

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

1915

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place ; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe :
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch ; be yours to hold it high.
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.

MAURICE BARING

IN MEMORIAM, A. H.

(AUBERON HERBERT, CAPTAIN LORD LUCAS, R.F.C.,
 KILLED NOVEMBER 3, 1916)

Νωμᾶται δ' ἐν ἀπρυγέτω χάει

The wind had blown away the rain
 That all day long had soaked the level plain.
 Against the horizon's fiery wrack,
 The sheds loomed black.
 And higher, in their tumultuous concourse met,
 The streaming clouds, short-riddled banners, wet
 With the flickering storm,
 Drifted and smouldered, warm
 With flashes sent
 From the lower firmament.
 And they concealed—
 They only here and there through rifts revealed
 A hidden sanctuary of fire and light,
 A city of chrysolite.

We looked and laughed and wondered, and I said :
 That orange sea, those oriflammes outspread
 Were like the fanciful imaginings
 That the young painter flings
 Upon the canvas bold,
 Such as the sage and the old
 Make mock at, saying it could never be ;
 And you assented also, laughingly.

I wondered what they meant,
That flaming firmament,
Those clouds so grey so gold, so wet so warm,
So much of glory and so much of storm,
The end of the world, or the end
Of the war—remoter still to me and you, my friend.

Alas ! it meant not this, it meant not that :
It meant that now the last time you and I
Should look at the golden sky,
And the dark fields large and flat,
And smell the evening weather,
And laugh and talk and wonder both together.

The last, last time. We nevermore should meet
In France, or London street,
Or fields of home. The desolated space
Of life shall nevermore
Be what it was before.
No one shall take your place.
No other face
Can fill that empty frame.
There is no answer when we call your name.
We cannot hear your step upon the stair.
We turn to speak and find a vacant chair.
Something is broken which we cannot mend.
God has done more than take away a friend
In taking you ; for all that we have left
Is bruised and irremediably bereft.
There is none like you. Yet not that alone
Do we bemoan ;
But this ; that you were greater than the rest,
And better than the best.

O liberal heart fast-rooted to the soil,
O lover of ancient freedom and proud toil,
Friend of the gipsies and all wandering song.
The forest's nursling and the favoured child
Of woodlands wild—

O brother to the birds and all things free,
Captain of liberty !
Deep in your heart the restless seed was sown ;
The vagrant spirit fretted in your feet ;
We wondered could you tarry long,
And brook for long the cramping street.
Or would you one day sail for shores unknown,
And shake from you the dust of towns, and spurn
The crowded market-place—and not return ?
You found a sterner guide ;
You heard the guns. Then, to their distant fire,
Your dreams were laid aside ;
And on that day, you cast your heart's desire
Upon a burning pyre ;
You gave your service to the exalted need,
Until at last from bondage freed,
At liberty to serve as you loved best,
You chose the noblest way. God did the rest.

So when the spring of the world shall shrive our stain,
After the winter of war,
When the poor world awakes to peace once more,
After such night of ravage and of rain,
You shall not come again.
You shall not come to taste the old spring weather,
To gallop through the soft untrampled heather,
To bathe and bake your body on the grass.
We shall be there, alas !
But not with you. When Spring shall wake the earth,
And quicken the scarred fields to the new birth,
Our grief shall grow. For what can Spring renew
More fiercely for us than the need of you ?

That night I dreamt they sent for me and said
That you were missing, "missing, missing—dead" :
I cried when in the morning I awoke,
And all the world seemed shrouded in a cloak ;
But when I saw the sun,
And knew another day had just begun,

I brushed the dream away, and quite forgot
The nightmare's ugly blot.
So was the dream forgot. The dream came true.
Before the night I knew
That you had flown away into the air
For ever. Then I cheated my despair.
I said
That you were safe—or wounded—but not dead.
Alas ! I knew
Which was the false and true.

And after days of watching, days of lead,
There came the certain news that you were dead.
You had died fighting, fighting against odds,
Such as in war the gods
Æthereal dared when all the world was young ;
Such fighting as blind Homer never sung,
Nor Hector nor Achilles never knew,
High in the empty blue.
High, high, above the clouds, against the setting
sun,
The fight was fought, and your great task was
done.

Of all your brave adventures this the last
The bravest was and best ;
Meet ending to a long embattled past,
This swift, triumphant, fatal quest,
Crowned with the wreath that never perisheth,
And diadem of honourable death ;
Swift Death aflame with offering supreme
And mighty sacrifice,
More than all mortal dream ;
A soaring death, and near to Heaven's gate ;
Beneath the very walls of Paradise.
Sufely with soul elate,
You heard the destined bullet as you flew,
And surely your prophetic spirit knew
That you had well deserved that shining fate.

Here is no waste,
No burning Might-have-been,
No bitter after-taste,
None to censure, none to screen,
Nothing awry, nor anything misspent ;
Only content, content beyond content,
Which hath not any room for betterment.

God, Who had made you valiant, strong and swift,
And maimed you with a bullet long ago,
And cleft your riotous ardour with a rift,
And checked your youth's tumultuous overflow,
Gave back your youth to you,
And packed in moments rare and few
Achievements manifold
And happiness untold,
And bade you spring to Death as to a bride,
In manhood's ripeness, power and pride,
And on your sandals the strong wings of youth.
He let you leave a name
To shine on the entablatures of truth,
For ever :
To sound for ever in answering halls of fame.

For you soared onwards to that world which rags
Of clouds, like tattered flags,
Concealed ; you reached the walls of chrysolite,
The mansions white ;
And losing all, you gained the civic crown
Of that eternal town,
Wherein you passed a rightful citizen
Of the bright commonwealth ablaze beyond our
ken.

Surely you found companions meet for you
In that high place ;
You met there face to face
Those you had never known, but whom you knew :

Knights of the Table Round,
And all the very brave, the very true,
With chivalry crowned ;
The captains rare,
Courteous and brave beyond our human air ;
Those who had loved and suffered overmuch,
Now free from the world's touch.
And with them were the friends of yesterday,
Who went before and pointed you the way ;
And in that place of freshness, light and rest,
Where Lancelot and Tristram vigil keep
Over their King's long sleep,
Surely they made a place for you,
Their long-expected guest,
Among the chosen few,
And welcomed you, their brother and their friend,
To that companionship which hath no end.

And in the portals of the sacred hall
You hear the trumpet's call,
At dawn upon the silvery battlement,
Re-echo through the deep
And bid the sons of God to rise from sleep,
And with a shout to hail
The sunrise on the city of the Grail :
The music that proud Lucifer in Hell
Missed more than all the joys that he forwent.
You hear the solemn bell
At vespers, when the oriflammes are furled ;
And then you know that somewhere in the world,
That shines far-off beneath you like a gem,
They think of you, and when you think of
 them
You know that they will wipe away their tears,
And cast aside their fears ;
That they will have it so,
And in no otherwise ;
That it is well with them because they know,
With faithful eyes,

Fixed forward and turned upwards to the skies,
That it is well with you,
Among the chosen few,
Among the very brave; the very true.

EVELYN UNDERHILL

IMMANENCE

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord :
Not borne on morning wings
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.
There do I dwell, in weakness and in power ;
Not broken or divided, saith our God !
In your strait garden plot I come to flower :
About your porch My Vine
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine ;
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord :
Yea ! on the glancing wings
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown bright eyes
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.
On every nest
Where feathery Patience is content to brood
And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise
Of motherhood—
There doth My Godhead rest.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord :
My starry wings

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

I do forsake,
 Love's highway of humility to take :
 Meekly I fit my stature to your need.
 In beggar's part
 About your gates I shall not cease to plead—
 As man, to speak with man—
 Till by such art
 I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,
 Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

A LONDON FLOWER SHOW

See the faces of the flowers,
 Strange and fair,
 Watching through the weary hours
 Whilst the herded humans stare.

Like country saints brought up to town
 From cloistering wood and lonely down,
 Remote they seem ;
 Wrapt in a wistful dream
 Of upland meadows fragrant to the sun,
 Rich with an ardent life for ever new-begun,
 And quickening winds that go
 With ghostly steps across the supple grass,
 Shaking from all who grow
 Music of adoration as they pass.
 In this sad air, they say,
 No plant can pray.

Here is a daffodil,
 Six-winged, as seraphs are ;
 They took her from a Spanish hill,
 Wild as a wind-blown star.
 When she was born
 The angels came
 And showed her how her petals should be worn.
 Now she is tame,
 She hath a Latin name.

There, set in mimic rock—
As if to mock
The ultimate austerities of love
That must in poverty its passion prove—
A mountain hermit in his furry dress ;
Brought from the creviced height where he alone
Sang from the sheltering stone
Perpetual psalm of joy,
And did his private ecstasy confess ;
Forced to disclose
The secret that he whispered to the snows,
And sold to make a gardening woman's toy.

Yet, with their homesick eyes
As other saints,
So these evangelise :
Into our smutty streets, where beauty faints,
Bringing authentic news
Of Paradise,
How shall a flower refuse
In heathen lands her gospel to declare ?
Doth she not wear
The sacred sigil of the Only Fair ?
In this shrt room
She may not bloom
With the exuberant splendour of the free,
Crying in coloured joy her crescent ecstasy :
But still,
As generous lovers will,
She can exult to share his saving pain :
And exiled from the field,
Her wild sweet magic yield
As part of Perfect Beauty's passion to be slain.

ALFRED WILLIAMS

A WOMAN'S FACE

Teach me this happiness ; to know
One bloom, one beauty, and one grace ;
Creation's image, Nature's bow ;
A woman's face.

Earth harbours many treasures, gold,
Pearl, rubies, emeralds ; and yet
One feature of the perfect mould
Would pay the debt.

Nature, excelling as she goes
In art, nor deeming aught amiss,
First tried conclusions with the rose,
Then gave us this.

In which perfections meet, as here,
All sweetness, full and unexpressed ;
Then, wanting further means, withdrew
And dreamt the rest.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

A LAMENT FOR HELEN

Helen is slain : the beauty of the earth
Beside the running waters lieth dead.
O, running waters, never note of mirth
Be from your purling eddies skyward sped !
Your song for ever be
A ceaseless threnody
O'er beauty's fallen head.

Helen is slain : a bitter queen's command
And treacherous smile the queen of queens has slain.
Polyxo's boorish slaves with ruthless hand
Have razed the temple time assailed in vain :
With shadow-stricken eyes,
Deep in green sorrel lies
That body without stain.

She came ere sundown to the forest pool,
And maidens stripped her lily body bare
That lit the dusk of cedar—shaded cool,
And o'er her gleaming shoulders loosed her hair—
O, golden strands of death,
So soon to stay her breath,
And stifle the sweet air !

Into the water, with dark eyes adream,
She waded till the ripples touched her breast ;
Then, floating as a lily on the stream,
She lay a while in perilous, sweet rest ;
About her lovely head
Her wet, gold hair outspread
Like stormclouds in the west.

Had easy death but stolen on her now,
And closed about her with swift, cold embrace—
The shadow of old forests on her brow,
The calm of silent waters in her face—
Had she but sunk to sleep
In that untroubled deep,
The gods had shown her grace.

But presently from out the stream she stept
Like some pale spirit of the crystal wave ;
And taloned death with wings of furies swept
Upon her suddenly, with none to save.
Ah, who has heart to tell
How queenly Helen fell,
Slain by a masking slave !

Her dripping hair about her pulsing throat
They lashed, and strained the lithe, gold tresses taut.
Her strangled voice breathed but one sobbing note,
Like some sweet-singing bird in meshes caught,
As on the river bank
Her lifeless body sank,
Its beauty brought to nought.

Helen has fallen. Yea, the gust of death
Has quenched the torch that lit the whole earth's night
The lips that kindled nations with their breath,
The eyes that blinded armies with their light,
Are still and cold and grey,
Though, yet, the summer day
Above them burns so bright.

Helen has fallen : she for whom Troy fell
Has fallen, even as the fallen towers.
O wanderers in dim fields of asphodel,
Who spilt for her the wine of earthly hours,
With you for evermore
By Lethe's darkling shore
Your souls' desire shall dwell.

The fire that drave your ships across the world,
That tempered Trojan hearts to victory
O'er all but death, and flamed o'er heroes hurled
To headlong doom of immortality—
When Ilion's furious glow
Flushed Ida's vestal snow
And flecked the Ægean sea—

Shall kindle nevermore the living throng ;
But ever through your shadowy host shall burn,
A lustral fire, until the eternal song,
The soul of silence, slake your lips that yearn
With wordless ecstasy
Of starry melody
No mortal lips may learn :

The song that poets, on some desolate shore,
When midnight stars are mirrored in the sea,
Have caught in flying strains, to breathe no more
The broken music of mortality :
The song that burns, a fire
Of deathless spring's desire,
In white Persephone.

But we who sojourn yet in earthly ways ;
How shall we sing, now Helen lieth dead ?
Break every lyre and burn the withered bays,
For song's sweet solace is with Helen fled.
Let sorrow's silence be
The only threnody
O'er beauty's fallen head.

(1906.)

HAROLD MONRO

CHILDREN OF LOVE

The holy boy
Went from his mother out in the cool of the day
Over the sun-parched fields
And in among the olives shining green and shining grey.

There was no sound,
No smallest voice of any shivering stream.
Poor sinless little boy,
He desired to play and to sing ; he could only sigh
and dream.

Suddenly came
Running along to him naked, with curly hair,
That rogue of the lovely world,
That other beautiful child whom the virgin Venus bare.

The holy boy
Gazed with those sad blue eyes that all men know.
Impudent Cupid stood
Panting, holding an arrow and pointing his bow.

(Will you not play ?

Jesus, run to him, run to him, swift for our joy.

Is he not holy, like you ?

Are you afraid of his arrows, O beautiful dreaming boy ?)

And now they stand

Watching one another with timid gaze ;

Youth has met youth in the wood,

But holiness will not change its melancholy ways.

Cupid at last

Draws his bow and softly lets fly a dart.

Smile for a moment, sad world !—

It has grazed the white skin and drawn blood from the
sorrowful heart.

Now, for delight,

Cupid tosses his locks and goes wantonly near ;

But the child that was born to the cross

Has let fall on his cheek, for the sadness of life, a com-
passionate tear.

Marvellous dream !

Cupid has offered his arrows for Jesus to try ;

He has offered his bow for the game.

But Jesus went weeping away, and left him there wonderin-
why.

AT A COUNTRY DANCE IN PROvence

Comrades, when the air is sweet,

It is fair, in stately measure,

With a sound of gliding feet,

It is fair and very meet

To be join'd in pleasure.

Listen to the rhythmic beat :

Let us mingle, move and sway

Solemnly as at some rite

Of a festive mystic god,

While the sunlight holds the day.

Comrades, is it not delight
To be govern'd by the rod
Of the music, and to go
Moving, moving, moving slow ?
Very stately are your ways,
Stately—and the southern glow
Of the sun is in your eyes :
Under lids inclining low
All the light of harvest days,
And the gleam of summer skies
Tenderly reflected lies.
May I not be one of you
Even for this little space ?
Humbly I am fain to sue
That our arms may interlace.
I am otherwise I know ;
Many books have made me sad :
Yet indeed your stately slow
Motion and its rhythmic flow
Drive me, drive me, drive me mad.
Must I now, as always, gaze
Patiently from far away
At the pageant of the days ?—
Only let me live to-day !
For your hair is ebon black,
And your eyes celestial blue ;
For your measure is so true,
Slowly forward, slowly back—
I would fain be one of you.
Comrades, comrades !—but the sound
Of the music with a start
Ceases, and you pass me by.
Slowly from the dancing ground
To the tavern you depart.
All the earth is silent grown
After so much joy, and I
Suddenly am quite alone
With the beating of my heart.

*EDWARD JOHN MORETON DRAX PLUNKETT,
LORD DUNSANY*

A DIRGE OF VICTORY

1918

Lift not thy trumpet, Victory, to the sky,
Nor through battalions nor by batteries blow,
But over hollows full of old wire go,
Where among dregs of war the long-dead lie
With wasted iron that the guns passed by
When they went eastwards like a tide at flow ;
There blow thy trumpet that the dead may know,
Who waited for thy coming, Victory.

It is not we who have deserved thy wreath,
They waited there among the towering weeds ;
The deep mud burned under the thermite's breath,
And winter cracked the bones that no man heeds :
Hundreds of nights flamed by : the seasons passed :
And thou hast come to them, at last, at last !

FRANCES CORNFORD

PRE-EXISTENCE

I laid me down upon the shore
And dreamed a little space ;
I heard the great waves break and roar ;
The sun was on my face.

My idle hands and fingers brown
Played with the pebbles grey ;
The waves come up, the waves went down,
Most thundering and gay.

The pebbles, they were smooth and round
And warm upon my hands,
Like little people I had found
Sitting among the sands.

The grains of sand so shining-small
Soft through my fingers ran ;
The sun shone down upon it all,
And so my dream began :

How all of this had been before ;
How ages far away
I lay on some forgotten shore
As here I lie to-day.

The waves came shining up the sands,
As here to-day they shine ;
And in my pre-pelasgian hands
The sand was warm and fine.

I have forgotten whence I came,
Or what my home might be,—
Or by what strange and savage name
I called that thundering sea.

I only know the sun shone down
As still it shines to-day,
And in my fingers long and brown
The little pebbles lay.

GERALD GOULD

THE EARTH CHILD

Out of the veins of the world comes the blood of me ;
The heart that beats in my side is the heart of the sea ;
The hills have known me of old, and they do not forget ;
Long ago was I friends with the wind ; I am friends with it yet.

The hills are grey, they are strange ; they breed desire
Of a tune that the feet may march to and not tire ;
For always up in the distance the thin roads wind,
And passing out of sight, they pass not out of mind.

I am glad when morning and evening alter the skies ;
There speaks no voice of the stars but my voice replies ;

When wave on wave all night cries out in its need,
I listen, I understand ; my heart takes heed.

Out of the red-brown earth, out of the grey-brown streams,
Came this perilous body, cage of perilous dreams ;
To the ends of all waters and lands they are tossed, they are
 whirled,
For my dreams are one with my body, yea, one with the
 world.

SONNET

The creeping hours have caught us unawares,
 And while we yet stand breathless from the thrill
 Of the warm noon, the twilight wide and chill
Has stol'n the colour from the golden airs : .
The dead and equal light of evening bares
 The world of shade ere shade shall have its fill ;
 And the vague gleams on river, fold, and hill
Are lost and lonely as unanswered prayers.

Draw closer to me, dear : the greater need
 Must breed the greater solace. All about
 The moods and marvels of the day go out
Like candles blown upon : the heat, the speed,
Are sped : but all things bring their own redress,
And love that's weary is not love the less.

SHANE LESLIE

FLEET STREET

I never see the newsboys run
 Amid the whirling street,
 With swift untiring feet,
To cry the latest venture done,
But I expect one day to hear
 Them cry the crack of doom
 And risings from the tomb,
With great Archangel Michael near ;

And see them running from the Fleet
As messengers of God,
With Heaven's tidings shod
About their brave unwearied feet.

ALFRED NOYES

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

I

Cloud upon cloud, the purple pinewoods clung to the rich
Arcadian mountains,
Holy-sweet as a column of incense, where Eurydice
roamed and sung :
All the hues of the gates of heaven flashed from the white
enchanted fountains
Where in the flowery glades of the forests the rivers that
sing to Arcadia sprung.

White as a shining marble Dryad; supple and sweet as a rose
in blossom,
Fair and fleet as a fawn that shakes the dew from the fern
at break of day,
Wreathed with the clouds of her dusky hair that kissed and
clung to her sun-bright bosom,
Down to the valley she came, and the sound of her feet
was the bursting of flowers in May.

Down to the valley she came, for far and far below in the
dreaming meadows
Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling his love by her
golden name ;
So she arose from her home in the hills, and down through
the blossoms that danced with their shadows,
Out of the blue of the dreaming distance, down to the
heart of her lover she came.

Red were the lips that hovered above her lips in the
flowery haze of the June-day :

Red as a rose through the perfumed mist of passion
 that reeled before her eyes ;
 Strong the smooth young sunburnt arms that folded her
 heart to his heart in the noon-day,
 Strong and supple with throbbing sunshine under the
 blinding southern skies.

Ah, the kisses, the little murmurs, mad with pain for their
 phantom fleetness,
 Mad with pain for the passing of love that lives, they
 dreamed—as we dream—for an hour !
 Ah, the sudden tempest of passion, mad with pain for its
 over-sweetness,
 As petal by petal and pang by pang their love broke out
 into perfect flower.

Ah, the wonder as once he wakened, out of a dream of
 remembered blisses,
 Couched in the meadows of dreaming blossom to feel,
 like the touch of a flower on his eyes,
 Cool and fresh with the fragrant dews of dawn the touch of
 her light swift kisses,
 Shed from the shadowy rose of her face between his face
 and the warm blue skies.

II

Lost in his new desire
 He dreamed away the hours ;
 His lyre
 Lay buried in the flowers :

To whom the King of Heaven,
 Apollo, lord of light,
 Had given
 Beauty and love and might :

Might, if he would, to slay
 All evil dreams and pierce
 The grey
 Veil of the Universe ;

With Love that holds in one
Sacred and ancient bond
 The sun
And all the vast beyond,

And Beauty to enthrall
The soul of man to heaven :
 Yea, all
These gifts to him were given.

*Yet in his dream's desire
He drowed away the hours :
 His lyre
Lay buried in the flowers.*

Then in his wrath arose
Apollo, lord of light,
 That shows
The wrong deed from the right ;

And by what radiant laws
O'erruling human needs,
 The cause
To consequence proceeds ;

How balanced is the sway
He gives each mortal doom :
 How day
Demands the atoning gloom :

How all good things await
The soul that pays the price
 To Fate
By equal sacrifice ;

And how on him that sleeps
For less than labour's sake
 There creeps,
Uncharmed, the Pythian snake.

III

Lulled by the wash of the feathery grasses, a sea with many
a sun-swept billow,
Heart to heart in the heat of the summer, lover by lover
asleep they lay,
Hearing only the whirring cicada that chirruped awhile at
their popped pillow
Faint and sweet as the murmur of men that laboured in
villages far away.

Was not the menace indeed more silent ? Ah, what care
for labour and sorrow ?
Gods in the meadows of moly and amaranth surely might
envy their deep sweet bed
Here where the butterflies troubled the lilies of peace, and
took no thought for the morrow,
And golden-girdled bees made feast as over the lotus the
soft sun spread.

Nearer, nearer the menace glided, out of the gorgeous
gloom around them,
Out of the poppy-haunted shadows deep in the heart of
the purple brake ;
Till through the hush and the heat as they lay, and their
own sweet listless dreams enwound them,—
Mailed and mottled with hues of the grape-bloom
suddenly, quietly glided the snake.

Subtle as jealousy, supple as falsehood, diamond-headed
and cruel as pleasure,
Coil by coil he lengthened and glided, straight to the
fragrant curve of her throat :
There in the print of the last of the kisses that still glowed
red from the sweet long pressure,
Fierce as famine and swift as lightning over the glittering
lyre he smote.

IV

And over the cold white body of love and delight
Orpheus arose in the terrible storm of his grief,
With quivering up-clutched hands, deadly and white,
And his whole soul wavered and shook like a wind-swept
leaf :

As a leaf that beats on a mountain, his spirit in vain
Assaulted his doom and beat on the Gates of Death :
Then prone with his arms o'er the lyre he sobbed out his
pain,
And the tense chords faintly gave voice to the pulse of
his breath.

And he heard it and rose, once again, with the lyre in his
hand,
And smote out the cry that his white-lipped sorrow
denied :
And the grief's mad ecstasy swept o'er the summer-sweet
land,
And gathered the tears of all Time in the rush of its
tide.

There was never a love forsaken or faith forsworn,
There was never a cry for the living or moan for the
slain,
But was voiced in that great consummation of song ; ay,
and borne
To storm on the gates of the land whence none cometh
again.

Transcending the barriers of earth, comprehending them
all
He followed the soul of his loss with the night in his eyes ;
And the portals lay bare to him there ; and he heard the
faint call
Of his love o'er the rabble that wails by the river of sighs.

Yea, there in the mountains before him, he knew it of old,
That portal enormous of gloom, he had seen it in dreams,
When the secrets of Time and of Fate through his
harmonies rolled ;
And behind it he heard the dead moan by their desolate
streams.

And he passed through the Gates with the light and the
cloud of his song,
Dry-shod over Lethe he passed to the chasms of hell ;
And the hosts of the dead made mock at him, crying, *How
long*
*Have we dwelt in the darkness, oh fool, and shall evermore
dwell ?*

Did our lovers not love us ? the grey skulls hissed in his face ;
*Were our lips not red ? Were these cavernous eyes not
bright ?*
Yet us, whom the soft flesh clothed with such roseate grace,
Our lovers would loathe if we ever returned to their sight !

Oh then, through the soul of the Singer, a pity so vast
Mixed with his anguish that, smiting anew on his lyre,
He caught up the sorrows of hell in his utterance at last,
Comprehending the need of them all in his own great
desire.

v

And they that were dead, in his radiant music, heard the
moaning of doves in the olden
Golden-girdled purple pinewood, heard the moan of the
roaming sea ;
Heard the chant of the soft-winged songsters, nesting low
in the fragrant golden
Olden haunted blossoming bowers of lovers that
wandered in Arcady ;
Saw the soft blue veils of shadow floating over the billowy
grasses
Under the crisp white curling clouds that sailed and
trailed through the melting blue ;

Heard once more the quarrel of lovers above them pass, as
a lark-song passes,
Light and bright, till it vanished away in an eye-bright
heaven of silvery dew.

White as a dream of Aphrodite, supple and sweet as a rose
in blossom,

Fair and fleet as a fawn that shakes the dew from the fern
at break of day ;

Wreathed with the clouds of her dusky hair, that kissed
and clung to her sun-bright bosom,

On through the deserts of hell she came, and the brown
hair bloomed with the light of May.

On through the deserts of hell she came ; for over the
fierce and frozen meadows

Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling his love by her
golden name ;

So she arose from her grave in the darkness, and up through
the wailing fires and shadows,

On by chasm and cliff and cavern, out of the horrors of
death she came.

Then had she followed him, then had he won her, striking
a chord that should echo for ever,

Had he been steadfast only a little, nor paused in the
great transcendent song ;

But ere they had won to the glory of day, he came to the
brink of the flaming river

And ceased, to look on his love a moment, a little moment,
and overlong.

VI

O'er Phlegethon he stood :
Below him roared and flamed
The flood
For utmost anguish named.

And lo, across the night,
The shining form he knew
With light
Swift footsteps upward drew.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Up through the desolate lands
She stole, a ghostly star,
 With hands
Outstretched to him afar.

With arms outstretched, she came
In yearning majesty,
 The same
Royal Eurydice.

Up through the ghastly dead
She came, with shining eyes
 And red
Sweet lips of child-surprise.

Up through the wizened crowds
She stole, as steals the moon
 Through clouds
Of flowery mist in June.

He gazed : he ceased to smite
The golden-chorded lyre :
 Delight
Consumed his heart with fire.

Though in that deadly land
His task was but half done,
 His hand
Drooped, and the fight half won.

He saw the breasts that glowed
The fragrant clouds of hair :
 They flowed
Around him like a snare.

*O'er Phlegethon he stood,
For utmost anguish named :
 The flood
Below him roared and flamed.*

Out of his hand the lyre
Suddenly slipped and fell,
 The fire
Acclaimed it into hell.

The night grew dark again :
There came a bitter cry
 Of pain,
Oh Love, once more I die !

And lo, the earth-dawn broke,
And like a wraith she fled :
 He woke
Alone : his love was dead.

He woke on earth : the day
Shone coldly : at his side
 There lay
The body of his bride.

VII

Only now when the purple vintage bubbles and winks in
 the autumn glory,
 Only now when the great white oxen drag the weight of
 the harvest home,
Sunburnt labourers, under the star of the sunset, sing as an
 old-world story
 How two pale and thwarted lovers ever through Arcady
 still must roam.

Faint as the silvery mists of morning over the peaks that the
 noonday parches,
 On through the haunts of the gloaming musk-rose, down
 to the rivers that glisten below,
Ever they wander from meadow to pinewood, under the
 whispering woodbine arches,
 Faint as the mists of the dews of the dusk when violets
 dream and the moon-winds blow.

Though the golden lute of Orpheus gathered the splendours
 of earth and heaven,
 All the golden greenwood notes and all the chimes of
 the changing sea,
 Old men over the fires of winter murmur again that he was
 not given
 The steadfast heart divine to rule that infinite freedom
 of harmony.

Therefore he failed, say they; but we, that have no
 wisdom, can only remember
 How through the purple perfumed pinewoods white
 Eurydice roamed and sung:
 How through the whispering gold of the wheat, where the
 poppy burned like a crimson ember,
 Down to the valley in beauty she came, and under her
 feet the flowers up-sprung.

*Down to the valley she came, for far and far below in the
 dreaming meadows
 Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling his love by her
 golden name;
 So she arose from her home in the hills, and down through the
 blossoms that danced with their shadows,
 Out of the blue of the dreaming distance, down to the heart
 of her lover she came.*

THE PARADOX

“ I AM THAT I AM ”

I

All that is broken shall be mended;
 All that is lost shall be found;
 I will bind up every wound
 When that which is begun shall be ended.
 Not peace I brought among you but a sword
 To divide the night from the day,

When I sent My worlds forth in their battle-array
To die and to live,
To give and to receive,
Saith the Lord.

II

Of old time they said none is good save our God ;
But ye that have seen how the ages have shrunk from my
rod,
And how red is the wine-press wherein at my bidding they
trod,
Have answered and said that with Eden I fashioned the
snake,
That I mould you of clay for a moment, then mar you and
break,
And there is none evil but I, the supreme Evil, God.
Lo, I say unto both, I am neither ;
But greater than either ;
For meeting and mingling in Me they become neither evil
nor good ;
Their cycle is rounded, they know neither hunger nor
food,
They need neither sickle nor seed-time, nor root nor fruit,
They are ultimate, infinite, absolute.
Therefore I say unto all that have sinned,
East and West and South and North
The wings of my measureless love go forth
To cover you all : they are free as the wings of the wind.

III

Consider the troubled waters of the sea
Which never rest ;
As the wandering waves are ye ;
Yet assuaged and appeased and forgiven,
As the seas are gathered together under the
infinite glory of heaven,
I gather you all to my breast.

But the sins and the creeds and the sorrows that trouble
the sea

Relapse and subside,
Chiming like chords in a world-wide symphony

As they cease to chide ;
For they break and they are broken of sound and hue,
And they meet and they murmur and they mingle anew,
Interweaving, intervolving, like waves : they have no stay :
They are all made as one with the deep, when they sink and
are vanished away ;

Yea, all is toned at a turn of the tide
To a calm and golden harmony ;
But I—shall I wonder or greatly care,
For their depth or their height ?
Shall it be more than a song in my sight
How many wandering waves there were,
Or how many colours and changes of light ?

It is your eyes that see
And take heed of these things : they were
fashioned for you, not for Me.

IV

With the stars and the clouds I have clothed Myself here
for your eyes
To behold That which Is. I have set forth the strength of
the skies

As one draweth a picture before you to make your hearts
wise ;

That the infinite souls I have fashioned may know as I know,
Visibly revealed

In the flowers of the field,
Yea, declared by the stars in their courses, the tides in their
flow,
And the clash of the world's wide battle as it sways to and
fro,

Flashing forth as a flame
The unnameable Name,
The ineffable Word,
I am the Lord.

V

I am the End to which the whole world strives :

Therefore are ye girdled with a wild desire and shod
With sorrow ; for among you all no soul
Shall ever cease or sleep or reach its goal
Of union and communion with the Whole,
Or rest content with less than being God.

Still, as unending asymptotes, your lives

In all their myriad wandering ways

Approach Me with the progress of the golden days ;

Approach Me ; for my love contrives

That ye should have the glory of this

For ever ; yea, that life should blend

With life and only vanish away

From day to wider wealthier day,

Like still increasing spheres of light that melt and merge in
wider spheres

Even as the infinite years of the past melt in the infinite
future years.

Each new delight of sense,

Each hope, each love, each fear,

Widens, relumes, and recreates each sphere,

From a new ring and nimbus of pre-eminence.

I am the Sphere without circumference :

I only and for ever comprehend

All others that within me meet and blend.

Death is but the blinding kiss

Of two finite infinities ;

Two finite infinite orbs

The splendour of the greater of which absorbs

The less, though both like Love have no beginning and no
end.

VI

Therefore is Love's own breath

Like Knowledge, a continual death ;

And all his laughter and kisses and tears,

And woven wiles of peace and strife,

That ever widen thus your temporal spheres,
 Are making of the memory of your former years
 A very death in life.

VII

I am that I am ;
 Ye are evil and good ;
 With colour and glory and story and song ye are fed as with
 food :
 The cold and the heat,
 The bitter and the sweet,
 The calm and the tempest fulfil my Word ;
 Yet will ye complain of my two-edged sword
 That has fashioned the finite and mortal and given you the
 sweetness of strife,
 The blackness and whiteness,
 The darkness and brightness,
 Which sever your souls from the formless and void and hold
 you fast-fettered to life ?

VIII

Behold now, is Life not good ?
 Yea, is it not also much more than the food,
 More than the raiment, more than the breath ?
 Yet Strife is its name !
 Say, which will ye cast out first from the furnace, the fuel
 or the flame ?
 Would ye all be as I am ; and know neither evil nor good ;
 neither life ; neither death ;
 Or mix with the void and the formless till all were as one
 and the same ?

IX

I am that I am ; the Container of all things : kneel, lift
 up your hands
 To the high Consummation of good and of evil which none
 understands ;

The divine Paradox, the ineffable Word, in whose light the
poor souls that ye trod

Underfoot as too vile for their fellows are at terrible union
with God !

Am I not over both evil and good,
The righteous man and the shedder of blood ?
Shall I save or slay ?

I am neither the night nor the day,
Saith the Lord.

Judge not, oh ye that are round my footstool, judge not,
ere the hour be born

That shall laugh you also to scorn.

X

Ah, yet I say unto all that have sinned,

East and West and South and North

The wings of my measureless love go forth :

To cover you all : they are free as the wings of the wind.

XI

But one thing is needful ; and ye shall be true

To yourselves and the goal and the God that ye seek ;

Yea, the day and the night shall requite it to you

If ye love one another, if your love be not weak.

XII

Since I sent out my worlds in their battle-array

To die and to live,

To give and to receive,

Not peace, not peace, I have brought among you but a
sword,

To divide the night from the day,

Saith the Lord ;

Yet all that is broken shall be mended,

And all that is lost shall be found,

I will bind up every wound,

When that which is begun shall be ended.

THE INIMITABLE LOVERS

They tell this proud tale of the Queen—Cleopatra,
Subtlest of women that the world has ever seen,
How that, on the night when she parted with her lover
Anthony, tearless, dry-throated, and sick-hearted,
A strange thing befell them in the darkness where they
stood.

Bitter as blood was that darkness.
And they stood in a deep window, looking to the west.
Her white breast was brighter than the moon upon the
sea,
And it moved in her agony (because it was the end !)
Like a deep sea, where many had been drowned.
Proud ships that were crowned with an Emperor's eagles
Were sunken there forgotten, with their emeralds and
gold.
They had drunken of that glory, and their tale was told—
utterly—
Told.

There, as they parted, heart from heart, mouth from
mouth,
They stared upon each other. They listened.
For the South-wind
Brought them a rumour from afar ; and she said,
Lifting her head, too beautiful for anguish,
Too proud for pity,—
It is the gods that leave the City ! O, Anthony,
Anthony, the gods have forsaken us ;
Because it is the end ! They leave us to our doom.
Hear it ! And unshaken in the darkness,
Dull as dropping earth upon a tomb in the distance,
They heard, as when across a wood a low wind comes,
A muttering of drums, drawing nearer,
Then louder and clearer, as when a trumpet sings
To battle, it came rushing on the wings of the wind,
A sound of sacked cities, a sound of lamentation,

A cry of desolation, as when a conquered nation
 Is weeping in the darkness, because its tale is told ;
 And then—a sound of chariots that rolled thro' that
 sorrow,
 Trampled like a storm of wild stallions, tossing nearer,
 Trampled louder, clearer, triumphantly as music
 Till lo ! in that great darkness, along that vacant street,
 A red light beat like a furnace on the walls,
 Then—like the blast when the North-wind calls to battle
 Blaring thro' the blood-red tumult and the flame,
 Shaking the proud City as they came, an hundred
 elephants,
 Cream-white and bronze, and splashed with bitter crimson,
 Trumpeting for battle as they trod, an hundred
 elephants,
 Bronze and cream-white, and trapped with gold and
 purple,
 Towered like tuskéd castles, every thunder-laden footfall
 Dreadful as the shattering of a City. Yet they trod,
 Rocking like an earthquake, to a great triumphant music,
 And, swinging like the stars, black planets, white moons,
 Thro' the stream of the torches, they brought the red
 chariot,
 The chariot of the battle-god—Mars.
 While the tall spears of Sparta tossed clashing in his
 train,
 And a host of ghostly warriors cried aloud
 All hail ! to those twain, and went rushing to the dark-
 ness
 Like a pageantry of cloud, for their tale was told—utterly—
 Told.

And following, in the fury of the vine, rushing down
 Like a many-visaged torrent, with ivy-rod and thyrses,
 And many a wild and foaming crown of roses,
 Crowded the Bacchanals, the brown-limbed shepherds,
 The red-tongued leopards, and the glory of the god !
 - *Iacchus ! Iacchus !* without dance, without song,
 They cried and swept along to the darkness.
 Only for a breath when the tumult of their torches

'Crimsoned the deep window where that dark warrior stood

With the blood upon his mail, and the Queen—Cleopatra,
Frozen to white marble—the Mænads' raised their
timbrels,

Tossed their white arms, with a clash—*All hail!*
Like wild swimmers, pale, in a sea of blood and wine,
All hail! All hail! Then they swept into the dark-
ness

And the darkness buried them. Their tale was told—
utterly—
Told.

And following them, O softer than the moon upon the sea,
Aphrodite implacably shone.

Like a furnace of white roses, Aphrodite and her train

Lifted their white arms to those twain in the silence
Once, and were gone into the darkness ;

Once, and away into the darkness they were swept
Like a pageantry of cloud, without praise, without pity.

Then the dark City slept. And the Queen—Cleopatra—
Subtlest of women that this earth has ever seen,

Turning to her lover in the darkness where he stood,
With the blood upon his mail,
Bowing her head upon that iron in the darkness,
Wept.

ON THE DEATH OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

I

How grandly glow the bays
Purpureally enwound
With those rich thorns, the brows
How infinitely crowned
That now thro' Death's dark house
Have passed with royal gaze :
Purpureally enwound
How grandly glow the bays.

II

Sweet, sweet and three-fold sweet,
Pulsing with three-fold pain,
Where the lark fails of flight
Soared the celestial strain ;
Beyond the sapphire height
Flew the gold-wingéd feet,
Beautiful, pierced with pain,
Sweet, sweet and three-fold sweet ;

III

And where *Is not* and *Is*
Are wed in one sweet Name,
And the world's rootless vine
With dew of stars a-flame
Laughs, from those deep divin
Impossibilities,
Our reason all to shame—
This cannot be, but is ;

IV

Into the Vast, the Deep
Beyond all mortal sight,
The Nothingness that conceived
The worlds of day and night,
The Nothingness that heaved
Pure sides in virgin sleep,
Brought out of Darkness, light ;
And man from out the Deep.

V

Into that Mystery
Let not thine hand be thrust :
Nothingness is a world
Thy science well may trust . .

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

But lo, a leaf unfurled,
 Nay, a cry mocking thee
 From the first grain of dust—
I am, yet cannot be !

VI

Adventuring un-afraid
 Into that last deep shrine,
 Must not the child-heart see
 Its deepest symbol shine,
 The world's Birth-mystery,
 Whereto the suns are shade ?
 Lo, the white breast divine—
 The Holy Mother-maid !

VII

How miss that Sacrifice,
 That cross of Yea and Nay,
 That paradox of heaven
 Whose palms point either way,
 Through each a nail being driven
 That the arms out-span the skies
 And our earth-dust this day
 Out-sweeten Paradise.

VIII

We part the seamless robe,
 Our wisdom would divide
 The raiment of the King,
 Our spear is in His side,
 Even while the angels sing
 Around our perishing globe,
 And Death re-knits in pride
 The seamless purple robe.

IX

*How grandly glow the bays
 Purpureally entwound*

*With those rich thorns, the brows
How infinitely crowned
That now thro' Death's dark house
Have passed with royal gaze :
Purpureally enwound
How grandly glow the bays.*

CHARLOTTE MEW

THE FARMER'S BRIDE

Three summers since I chose a maid,
Too young maybe—but more's to do
At harvest-time than bide and woo.

When us was wed she turned afraid
Of love and me and all things human ;
Like the shut of a winter's day.
Her smile went out and 'twasn't a woman—
More like a little frightened fay.

One night, in the Fall, she runned away.

“ Out 'mong the sheep, her be,” they said,
'Should properly have been abed ;
But sure enough she wasn't there
Lying awake with her wide brown stare.
So over seven-acre field and up-along across the down
We chased her, flying like a hare
Before our lanterns. To Church-Town
All in a shiver and a scare
We caught her, fetched her home at last
And turned the key upon her, fast.

She does the work about the house
As well as most, but like a mouse :
Happy enough to chat and play
With birds and rabbits and such as they,
So long as men-folk keep away.
“ Not near, not near,” her eyes beseech
When one of us comes within reach.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

The women say that beasts in stall
 Look round like children at her call.
I've hardly heard her speak at all.

Shy as a leveret, swift as he,
 Straight and slight as a young larch tree,
 Sweet as the first wild violets, she,
 To her wild self. But what to me ?

The short days shorten and the oaks are brown,
 The blue smoke rises to the low grey sky,
 One leaf in the still air falls slowly down,
 A magpie's spotted feathers lie
 On the black earth spread white with rime,
 The berries redden up to Christmas-time.
 What's Christmas time without there be
 Some other in the house than we !

She sleeps up in the attic there
 Alone, poor maid. 'Tis but a stair
 Betwixt us. Oh ! my God ! the down,
 The soft young down of her, the brown,
 The brown of her—her eyes, her hair, her hair !

W. M. LETTS

A SOFT DAY

A soft day, thank God !
 A wind from the south
 With a honeyed mouth ;
 A scent of drenching leaves,
 Briar and beech and lime,
 White elder-flower and thyme,

And the soaking grass smells sweet,
 Crushed by my two bare feet,
 While the rain drips,
 Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

A soft day, thank God !
The hills wear a shroud
Of silver cloud ;
The web the spider weaves
Is a glittering net ;
The woodland path is wet,

And the soaking earth smells sweet,
Under my two bare feet,
And the rain drips,
Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

MOIRA O'NEILL

CUTTIN' RUSHES

Oh, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago !
Meself was risin' early on a day for cuttin' rushes,
Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low,
Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.

Young, still young !—an' drenchin' wet the grass,
Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' sweetly down ;
“ *Here, lad, here !* will ye follow where I pass
An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain.”

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so ?
Rippin' round the bog pools high among the heather,
The hook it made her hand sore, she had to leave it go.
'Twas me that cut the rushes then for her to bind together.

Come, dear, come !—an' back along the burn,
See the darlin' honeysuckle hanging' like a crown.
Quick, one kiss,—sure, there's someone at the turn,
“ Oh, we're afther cuttin' rushes on the mountain.”

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago . . .
I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.

Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing and flow,
For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.

Run, burn, run! can ye mind when we were young?
The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown:
Sing, burn, sing! can ye mind the song ye sung
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

CORRYMEELA

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This living' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the
heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his
shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said: the girl she thought
me wild.
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to
raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When onest I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back
again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town !

For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

ELINOR SWEETMAN

THE ORCHARD BY THE SHORE : A PASTORAL

COLIN

How look'd your love, sweet Shepherd, yestereven,
When under apple-boughs ye stole a tryst,
While Hesper held the glowing gates of heaven
Ere colder stars besprent its amethyst ?
Ah ! happy one, how look'd those lids ye kiss'd,
And seem'd her blush of half its rose beaven
By wan green glimmer and by meadow mist,
From grassy floor, with leaves enshadow'd o'er,
Dim filtering through the seven-score trees and seven
Of the orchard by the shore ?

SHEPHERD

Colin, the grass was grey and wet the sod
O'er which I heard her velvet footfall come ;
But heaven, where yet no pallid crescent rode
Flower'd in fire behind the bloomless plum ;
There stirr'd no wing nor wind, the wood was dumb,
Only blown roses shook their leaves abroad
On stems more tender than an infant's thumb —
Soft leaves, soft hues, and curl'd like Cupid's lip ;
And each dim tree shed sweetness over me,
From honey-dews that breathless boughs let slip
In the orchard by the sea.

COLIN

Yea, Shepherd, I have seen how blossoms fold,
And waded deep, where deep an orchard grows ;

But what of her whose sweet ye leave untold,
 Whose step fell softer than a south-wind blows ?
 What of her beauty ?—saw ye not unroll'd
 O'er little ears and throat a twine of gold ?
 And wore her lip the blown or budded rose ?
 O did she reach through balmy pear and peach
 White arms for greeting—did ye heaven hold
 In the orchard by the beach ?

SHEPHERD

Nay, Colin, but I heard through walls of laurel
 A tide impassion'd brimming silent spaces,
 Guess'd its soft weight, and knew its hoarded coral
 Given and withdrawn to shyer father places ;
 Methought each wave shook loose in long embraces
 Wild trees and tangle over shells auroral,
 And never wave but held all heaven's faces,
 And seem'd to sweep a mirror'd moon asleep,
 To break and blanch among the wet wood-sorrel,
 In the orchard by the deep.

COLIN

O Shepherd, leave to speak of ocean-brede,
 And crescents gliding o'er the cold sea-floor ;
 All men may watch a risen tide recede,
 And scarlet secrets of the deep explore.
 Were not your nymph's fair face and footstep more
 Than foam and flake within a garden weed ?
 More sweet than hymning seas her sweet love-lore ?
 Her hair, her hand, more soft than feathers fann'd
 From sleeping doves, by small winds newly freed
 In the orchard by the strand ?

SHEPHERD

O dull of soul and senseless ! get thee gone.
 What though the lyre of him who loves be strung
 To deep of heaven and deep of sea—alone
 The deep of love is evermore unsung !

Such music lieth hush upon the tongue.

No, by the gods ! not thou, nor any one
Shall force these stammering lips to do it wrong,

Nor babble o'er from common door to door

What I, by favour of my gods, have known

In the orchard by the shore !

RICHARD MIDDLETON

THE GLAD NIGHTS OF SPRING

We are the men who make the world a song

For all the children of the world to sing,

We are the lonely rulers of the spring

Dreaming upon our thrones the whole night long

Till high upon the eastern hills there glows

The summer, like a rose.

And while in dim forgotten graves there sleep

If God grant, lightly, those who long ago

Danced to the loving winds of spring, they know

That on the dying hours our watch we keep

To welcome back across the midnight airs

No other love than theirs.

Her voice is like the song of hidden streams

Laughing at dusk, her feet are wet with dew,

Her eyes are set with amaranthine blue,

She is the perfect lady of our dreams,

And far across the night and far and far

We seek her like a star.

There is no resting-place for tired head

Like her soft breasts, there is no love like hers,

And ever on her gentle lips there stirs

The triumphing song that comforted the dead,

Over their graves the dewy trees shine wet,

But they may not forget.

' We are the rulers of the quiet hours
Who love where loved the dead, and in our hands
We hold the keys of fair, untrodden lands,
Where summer comes not to perplex the flowers,
But spring stays ever, and spring music fills
The dark and dreamy hills.

REGRET

Silver rose was the morning, his breast was strewn with
pearls—
Spoil of the dew-bright cherry that danced along the
spray,
And I saw the sun of beauty shine out in the eyes of girls
Who bowed their limbs to the morning, for love of the
primrose way.

The splendour of waking beauty had filled my world with
joy,
Red for the roses and green for the hills whence the skies
depart,
A secret song for the maiden, a silver pipe for the boy,
To echo and bring her blithely, to his arms, to his lips, to
his heart.

Ah ! to dream and awake—to have seen and to see no more !
The roses falter and perish, the clouds droop low on the
hill,
And the secret song of the maiden that was so sweet before
Is still with the pipe of the boy, as my echoing heart is
still.

They come not the shining hours, with their treasure of
green and of gold,
Trooping across the meadows, as they came once on a day ;
Mine the monotonous years and the sorrow of growing old,
Mine to weep for the morning, far down on the primrose
way.

PAGAN EPITAPH

Servant of the eternal Must
I lie here, here let me lie,
In the ashes and the dust,
Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly.
When I lived I sought no wings,
Schemed no heaven, planned no hell,
But, content with little things,
Made an earth, and it was well.

Song and laughter, food and wine,
Roses, roses red and white,
And a star or two to shine
On my dewy world at night.
Lord, what more could I desire ?
With my little heart of clay
I have lit no eternal fire
To burn my dreams on Judgment Day !

Well I loved, but they who knew
What my laughing heart could be,
What my singing lips could do,
Lie a-dreaming here with me.

I can feel their finger-tips
Stroke the darkness from my face,
And the music of their lips
Fills my pleasant resting-place
In the ashes and the dust,
Where I wonder as I lie,
Servant of the eternal Must,
Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly.

EZRA POUND

NIGHT LITANY

O Dieu, purifiez nos cœurs !
Purifiez nos cœurs !

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Yea, the lines hast thou laid unto me
in pleasant places,
And the beauty of this thy Venice
hast thou shown unto me
Until its loveliness became unto me
a thing of tears.

O God, what great kindness
have we done in times past
and forgotten it,
That thou givest this wonder unto us,
O God of waters ?

O God of the night,
What great sorrow
Cometh unto us,
That thou thus repayest us
Before the time of its coming ?

O God of silence,
Purifiez nos cœurs,
Purifiez nos cœurs,
For we have seen
The glory of the shadow of the
likeness of thine handmaid,
Yea, the glory of the shadow
of thy Beauty hath walked
Upon the shadow of the waters
In this thy Venice,
And before the holiness
Of the shadow of thy handmaid
Have I hidden mine eyes
O God of waters.

O God of silence,
Purifiez nos cœurs,
Purifiez nos cœurs,
O God of waters,
make clean our hearts within us

And our lips to show forth thy praise,
For I have seen the
Shadow of this thy Venice
Floating upon the waters,
And thy stars
Have seen this thing, out of their far courses
Have they seen this thing,
O God of waters,
Even as are thy stars
Silent unto us in their far coursing,
Even so is mine heart
become silent within me.

*Purifiez nos cœurs,
O God of the silence.
Purifiez nos cœurs,
O God of waters.*

BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERE¹

*Simon Zelotes speaketh it sometime after
the Crucifixion.*

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all
For the priests and the gallows tree ?
Aye lover he was of brawny men,
O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take Our Man
His smile was good to see,
"First let these go !" quo' our Goodly Fere,
"Or I'll see you damned," says he.

Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears
And the scorn of his laugh rang free,
"Why took ye not me when I walked about
Alone in the town ?" says he.

¹ Fere = mate, companion.

Oh we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine
When we last made company,
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere,
But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men
Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free,
That they took the high and holy house
For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him a' in a book, I think,
Though they write it cunningly ;
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere,
But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere
They are fools to the last degree.
"I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,
"Though I go to the gallows tree."

"Ye ha' seen me heal the lame and blind,
And wake the dead," says he,
"Ye shall see one thing to master all :
'Tis how a brave man dies on the tree."

A Son of God was the Goodly Fere
That bade us his brothers be.
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.
I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails
And the blood gushed hot and free,
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue
But never a cry cried he.

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men
On the hills o' Galilee,
They whined as he walked out calm between,
Wi' his eyes like the grey o' the sea.

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging
 With the winds unleashed and free,
 Like the sea that He cowed at Geneseret
 Wi' tvey words spöke' suddenly.

PRAISE OF YSOLT

In vain have I striven
 to teach my heart to bow ;
 In vain have I said to him
 " There be many singers greater than thou."

But his answer cometh, as winds and as lutany,
 As a vague crying upon the night
 'That leaveth me no rest, saying ever,
 " Song, a song."

Their echoes play upon each other in the twilight
 Seeking ever a song.
 Lo, I am worn with travail
 And the wandering of many roads hath made my eyes
 As dark red circles filled with dust.
 Yet there is a trembling upon me in the twilight,
 And little red elf words crying " A song,"
 Little grey elf words crying for a song,
 Little brown leaf words crying " A song,"
 Little green leaf words crying for a song.
 The words are as leaves, old brown leaves in the spring
 time
 Blowing they know not whither, seeking a song.

White words as snow flakes but they are cold,
 Moss words, lip words, words of slow streams.

In vain have I striven
 to teach my soul to bow ;
 In vain have I pled with him,
 " There be greater souls than thou."

For in the morn of my years there came a woman
 As moonlight calling
 As the moon calleth the tides,

“Song, a song.”

Wherefore I made her a song and she went from me
 As the moon doth from the sea,
 But still came the leaf words, little brown elf words
 Saying, “The soul sendeth us.”

“A song, a song!”

And in vain I cried unto them, “I have no song,
 For she I sang of hath gone from me.”

But my soul sent a woman, a woman of the wonder folk,
 A woman as fire upon the pine woods
 crying “Song, a song.”

As the flame crieth unto the sap.

My song was ablaze with her, and she went from me
 As flame leaveth the embers so went she unto new
 forests

And the woods were with me
 crying ever “Song, a song.”

And I, “I have no song,”
 Till my soul sent a woman as the sun :
 Yea, as the sun calleth to the seed,
 As the spring upon the bough
 So is she that cometh the song-drawer,
 She that holdeth the wonder words within her eyes,
 The little elf words
 That call ever unto me,

“Song, a song.”

ENVOI

In vain have I striven with my soul
 to teach my soul to bow.
 What soul boweth
 while in his heart art thou ?

BALLAD FOR GLOOM

For God, our God, is a gallant foe
That playeth behind the veil.

I have loved my God as a child at heart
That seeketh deep bosoms for rest,
I have loved my God as maid to man
But lo ! this thing is best :

To love your God as a gallant foe
that plays behind the veil,
To meet your God as the night winds meet
beyond Arcturus' pale.

I have play'd with God for a woman,
I have staked with my God for truth,
I have lost to my God as a man, clear-eyed,
His dice be not of ruth.

For I am made as a naked blade,
But hear ye this thing in sooth :

Who loseth to God as man to man
Shall win at the turn of the game.
I have drawn my blade where the lightnings meet,
But the ending is the same :
Who loseth to God as the sword blades lose
Shall win at the end of the game.

For God, our God, is a gallant foe
that playeth behind the veil,
Whom God deigns not to overthrow
hath need of triple mail.

MARGARET SACKVILLE

SYRINX

I am Syrinx : I am she who when the gold
Sun over the grey mountain burns awake,
Rises and drives the flock from the safe fold ;

And all day long hidden in the green brake
Watches ; or where the wood's heart grows so still
That the least tremor of small leaves ashake,

Seems somehow a foreboding of strange ill.—
And I am she who gleans the scattered wheat,
And prunes the vine on the steep side of the hill.

I follow the white morning on swift feet,
I slumber in the thicket at mid-noon,
The racing wind bears me along with it.

And, for the gods' delight, under the moon
I dance, dance and laugh to feel my hot
Heart leaping frenzied to the wild pipes' tune.

But as for Love, truly I know him not,
I have passionately turned my lips therefrom,
And from that fate the careless gods allot

To woman. Love who has taken the world by storm,
For all his fury of blind wind and flood,
Has had no power to change me or deform.

For the chill mountain-streams are in my blood,
And pale, phantasmal fires of dawn, twilight,
Shadow and dew are all my maidenhood.

And as the setting sun on the cold, white,
Snow-braided, frozen peak rests his fierce head,
Then goes out in a thin trail of light ;

So Love, leaning upon my heart, instead
Of flame finds only snow and falls asleep
Quietly like a child on a soft bed ;

And lies there forgetting the broad sweep
At noontide of his sudden, blazing wings,
Which thought my narrow life to overleap ;

Not knowing me tameless as the breeze which clings
Round Summer's golden limbs when she moves clad
In music, wonderfully, where the pine-branch swings.

Therefore what thing is this which makes me mad,
So that no laughter of the rose-crowned year
Shall evermore rejoice me or leave glad

My heart which now has a sick core of fear ?
I am Syrinx : a strange doom is over me
Like a cloud, hanging about me everywhere :

Yea, listen and marvel how such things may be !
I am bewildered and all overcast
As a spent swimmer struck sideways by the sea.

For once, as through the deep, cool wood I passed
Singing, for it was June, and ah, June goes !
And only song may capture and bind her fast ;

I paused : there was no stir among the close
Boughs ; for the heat nothing alive might breathe,
And the least wind swooned backward as it rose.

Outside the sick earth seemed to burn and seethe
Like molten metal in a pot. I saw
The sun, a wild beast with sharp shining teeth,

Eagerly search the barren land and draw
What of green might still be left therein,
To cool the rage of his insatiate maw.

Yet, through the leaves, his rays on my white skin
Played harmless and I sang, sang till a sound
Fell on my ears and made me reel and spin.

Low laughter welling lightly from the ground
Like water, mocking, sweet, and crystalline
As though up-bubbling from earth's heart profound.

And in it something bestial and divine,
So that my senses hearing it were stirred,
Quickened and overcome, as though with wine ;

And motionless I stood as a bird
Beneath a snake's eye ; then when life began
To fail within me, once again I heard

That laughter and saw, crouched there before me,—Pan !
The very shepherd and godhead of our hills
Whom I have feared more than the Cyprian.

Since his is the sharp secret breath which kills
At nightfall, and he is lord of death and birth,
And the year wanes and waxes as he wills.

Yea, very spirit is he and heart of earth,
And cruel as untempered rain and sun,
In those sick seasons when all falls to dearth.

And there shall none resist him, nay, not one
On whom rest the eyes of his desire :
Wherefore am I too ruined and undone ;

For though a little I may escape his fire,
Since he subtle and wise let me depart
That morning, helpless am I though I fly higher

Than the eagle, yea, or press the waves apart,
—The cold, dark, clean, indifferent sea-waves—
Nay, though I shelter in the whirlwind's heart,

Pan, Pan shall have at last the thing he craves,
Me : and my shadowy days must sink to naught,
Falling earthward like shed leaves when the wind raves.

Yet might these weary toils wherein I am caught
Break, break ' Would that I might become
A shadow or fast fading flower wrought

From day and night, or sunshine or blown foam
Ere this thing chanced, or a clear drop of rain
New scattered, or music suddenly fallen dumb ;

A note of music by its own breath slain,
Blown tenderly from the frail heart of a reed
Whereof the singing shepherd lads are fain,

Who with strong, careless hands from all toil freed,
Pluck joy, pure joy, green-growing from the soil,
And turn and twist and shape it to their need.

If this might be ! If some kind god would foil
The inexorable purpose of Pan's lust,
Having pity on my swift youth's recoil ;

My frugal, kindly, passionless days which must
Perish, perish like wild wood-berries,
By sharp-hoofed goat-feet trampled all to dust.

If they would sigh towards me, bidding me cease,
Changing into white sap my willing blood,
And granting me the calm of growing trees,

And of the reeds springing in the full flood ;
Being myself portion and part of these,
Surely, beyond all longing, it were good !

I am Syrinx : I am afraid : I would have peace.

HYMN TO LOVE

We are thine, O Love, being in thee and made of thee,
As thou, Love, were the deep thought
And we the speech of the thought ; yea, spoken are we,
Thy fires of thought outspoken :

But burn'd not through us thy imagining
Like fierce mood in a song caught,
We were as clamour'd words a fool may fling,
Loose words, of meaning broken.

For what more like the brainless speech of a fool,—
The lives travelling dark fears,
And as a boy throws pebbles in a pool
Thrown down abysmal places ?

Hazardous are the stars, yet is our birth
And our journeying time theirs ;
As words of air, life makes of starry earth
Sweet soul-delighted faces ;

As voices are we in the worldly wind ;
The great wind of the world's fate
Is turned, as air to a shapen sound, to mind
And marvellous desires.

But not in the world as voices storm-shatter'd,
Not borne down by the wind's weight ;
The rushing time rings with our splendid word
Like darkness filled with fires.

For Love doth use us for a sound of song,
And Love's meaning our life wields,
Making our souls like syllables to throng
His tunes of exultation.

Down the blind speed of a fatal world we fly,
As rain blown along earth's fields ;
Yet are we god-desiring liturgy,
Sung joys of adoration ;

Yea, made of chance and all a labouring strife,
We go charged with a strong flame ;
For as a language Love hath seized on life
His burning heart to story.

Yea, Love, we are thine, the liturgy of thee,
Thy thought's golden and glad name,
The mortal conscience of immortal glee,
Love's zeal in Love's own glory.

THE TRANCE

Lord God, I saw Thee then ; one mind last night,
Met Thee upon Thy ways.
I was upon a hill, alone ;
My drudgèd sense was aching in amaze :
Into my thought had too much gone
The inconceivable room of the blue night,—
The blue that seems so near to be
Appearance of divinity,—
And the continual stars.
I was afraid at so much permanence,
And was in trouble with vastness and fixt law.
All round about I saw
The law's unalterable fence,
And like a forgery of shining bars
The stresses of the suns were there,
Keeping, in vastness prisoner,
My thought caged from infinity.
And then, suddenly,—
While perhaps twice my heart was dutiful
To send my blood upon its little race,—

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

I was exalted above surety
 And out of time did fall.
 As from a slander that did long distress,
 A sudden justice vindicated me
 From the customary wrong of Great and Small.
 I stood outside the burning rims of place,
 Outside that corner, consciousness.
 Then was I not in the midst of Thee,
 Lord God ?

A momentary gust
 Of power, a swift dismay
 Putting the infinite quiet to disarray,
 A thing like anger or outbreking lust,
 A zeal immeasurably sent,—
 So Law came and went,
 And smote into a bright astonishment
 Of stars the season of eternity,
 And grazed the darkness into glowing lanes.
 Swiftly that errand of God's vehemence,
 The passion which was Law, slid by,
 Carrying surge of creatures, fiery manes
 Of matter and the worldly foam
 And riddles of transgressing flame ;
 So the Law's kindled shakings came
 A moment, and went utterly.
 And seemed to be no more
 Than if through the eternal corridor
 Of emptiness a sob did roam,
 Or a cry out of a fearful ecstasy.

CEREMONIAL ODE INTENDED FOR
 A UNIVERSITY

When from Eternity were separate
 The curdled element
 And gathered forces, and the world began,—
 The Spirit that was shut and darkly blent
 Within this being, did the whole distress
 With a blind hanker after spaciousness.

Into its wrestle, strictly tied up in Fate
And closely natured, came like an open'd grate
At last the Mind of Man,
Letting the sky in, and a faculty
To light the cell with lost Eternity.

So commerce with the Infinite was regain'd :
For upward grew Man's ken
And trode with founded footsteps the grievous few
Where other life festering and prone remain'd.
With knowledge painfully quarried and hewn fair,
Platforms of lore, and many a hanging stair
Of strong imagination Man has raised
His Wisdom like the watch-towers of a town ;
That he, though fasten'd down
In law, be with its cruelty not amazed,
But be of outer vastness greatly aware.

This, then, is yours : to build exultingly
High, and yet more high,
The knowledgeable towers above base wars
And sinful surges reaching up to lay
Dishonouring hands upon your work, and drag
From their uprightness your desires to lag
Among low places with a common gait.
That so Man's mind, not conquer'd by his clay,
May sit above his fate,
Inhabiting the purpose of the stars,
And trade with his Eternity.

JAMES STEPHENS

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING

I thought I heard Him calling. Did you hear
A sound, a little sound ? My curious ear
Is dinned with flying noises, and the tree
Goes—whisper, whisper, whisper silently

Till all its whispers spread into the sound
Of a dull roar. Lie closer to the ground,
The shade is deep and He may pass us by,
We are so very small, and His great eye,
Customed to starry majesties, may gaze
Too wide to spy as hiding in the maze :
Ah, misery ! the sun has not yet gone
And we are naked : He may look upon
Our crouching shame, may make us stand upright
Burning in terror—O that it were night !
He may not come. . . . What ? listen, listen, now—
He is here ! lie closer. . . . *Adam, where art thou ?*

DEIRDRE

Do not let any woman read this verse ;
It is for men, and after them their sons
And their sons' sons.

The time comes when our hearts sink utterly ;
When we remember Deirdre and her tale,
And that her lips are dust.

Once she did tread the earth : men took her hand ;
They looked into her eyes and said their say,
And she replied to them.

More than a thousand years it is since she
Was beautiful : she trod the waving grass ;
She saw the clouds.

A thousand years ! The grass is still the same,
The clouds as lovely as they were that time
When Deirdre was alive.

But there has never been a woman born
Who was so beautiful, not one so beautiful
Of all the women born.

Let all men go apart and mourn together ;
No man can ever love her ; not a man
Can ever be her lover.

No man can bend before her : no man say—
What could one say to her ? There are no words
That one could say to her !

Now she is but a story that is told
Beside the fire ! No man can ever be
The friend of that poor queen.

ELIZABETH BRIDGES

L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE

Lov'st thou tawny trees ?
I can show thee soon
Stranger sights than these.

Throngs of wilder'd kings
Their power who sold,
Wearing its ruddy price
In coins of gold.

Lov'st thou lilies white,
Untrod vales where bask
Fields of scented light ?

Come where cloister'd queens
By thousands sing
Their virgin saintliness
Warm-sheltering.

Wilt thou strength and life ?
Wilt thou beauteous ease
Far from soiling strife ?

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

When thy powers surrender
Their glory tall,
When thy calm soft-closeth
At evening fall,

When no joys shall please,
I can still devise
Fairer things than these.

JOHN DRINKWATER

BIRTHRIGHT

Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed
Because a summer evening passed ;
And little Ariadne cried
That summer fancy fell at last
To dust ; and young Verona died
When beauty's hour was overcast.

Theirs was the bitterness we know
Because the clouds of hawthorn keep
So short a state, and kisses go
To tombs unfathomably deep,
While Rameses and Romeo
And little Ariadne sleep.

JUNE DANCE

The chestnut cones were in the lanes,
Blushing, and eyed with ebony,
And young oak-apples lovingly
Clung to their stems with rosy veins
Threading their glossy amber ; still
As wind may be, among the bloom
Of lilac and the burning broom
The dear wind moved deliciously,
And stayed upon the fragrant hill

And lighted on the sea ;
And brushed the nettles nodding through
The budding globes of cloudy may,
And wavelike flowed upon the blue
Flowers of the wood.

It was a day
When pearled blossom of peach and pear
Of blossoming season made an end,
Drifting along the sunlight, rare
Of beauty as thoughts between friend and friend
That have no cunning, but merely know
The way of truth for the heart is so.

It was such a time at the birth of June,
When the day was hushed at the hour of noon,
And whispering leaves gave out a tune
Ghostly as moves the bodiless moon
High in the full-day skies of June,
That they passed, a throng
Of toilers whose eyes
Were dull with toiling, passed along
By a path that lies
Between the city of mean emprise
And a forest set in mellow lands,
Far out from the city of broken hands.

Meanly clad, with bodies worn,
They came upon the forest hour,
From open fields of springing corn
To cloistered shades
They passed, from June light to June bower,
Tall men, and maids
Deep-bosomed, apt for any seed
That life should passionately sow,
Yet pale and troubled of a creed
Cried out by men who nothing know
Of joy's diviner excellence.
Along the silent glades they stopt,
Till, flowing in each drowsy sense,
June came upon them, and they slept.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Beneath cool clustered branch and bloom,
Littered with stars of amethyst,
Sun-arrows glancing through the gloom,
They slept ; the lush young bracken kissed
The tired forms. Ah, well-away,
Within so wide a peace to see
Fellows who measure every day
Merely the roads of misery.
Tall men, deep-bosomed maids were they,
As who should face the world and run
Fleet-footed down the laughing way,
With brows set fearless to the sun,
But slackened were the rippling thews
And all clear moods of courage dead,
Defeated by ignoble use
And sullen dread.

So in the sweet June-tide they slept,
Nor any dream of healing deep
Came over them ; heart-sick they kept
A troubled sleep ;
Companions of calamity,
Their sleep was but remembered pain,
And all their hunger but to be
Poor pilgrims in oblivion's train.

The stems each had a little shadow
In the early afternoon,
When the toilers first were lured
By a music long immured
In the central forest ways
Where no human footfall strays,
To the dreaning dance of June.

One by one they woke, their faces
Still with some new wonder,
As when in quiet shadowy places
Wandering hands may move asunder

Secret foliage, and intrude
On the ancestral solitude
Of some untutored forest thing—
Neither doubt nor fear they bring,
But just a strange new wonder.

So now the toilers woke. No thought
Of the old-time trouble came
Over them ; the cares deep-wrought,
Furrowing, by years of shame,
Lightened, as upon their ears
Fell a music very low,
Sweet with moving of the years,
Burdened with the beat and flow
Of a garnered ecstasy
Gathered from the deeps of pain,
Music vaster than the sea,
Softer than the rain.

Then they rose,—the music played
But a little way ahead.
And with never question made
They were well to follow. Red
And gold and opal flashed the noon
On lichened trunk. Their raiment mean
Grew heavy in the dance of June,
And man and maid among the green
Unburdened them, and stood revealed
In clean unblushing loveliness,
Clean glowing limbs, all supple, steeled
And shining ; many a streaming tress
Slipped beautiful to breast and knee,
They proved a world where was no sin,
Exultant, pure in passion, free,
Young captives bidden to begin
New being. Sweet the music called,
Promising immortal boon,
Swift they set their feet, enthralled,
To the dreaming dance of June.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

They passed into the forest's heart,
Where the shadows thickened,
Soul and trembling body thrilled
With a joy new-quickenèd.
It was as though from early days
Their familiars
Had been the words of worship of the lonely
woodland ways,
And the articulate voices of the stars.

Keeping perfect measure
To the music's chime,
Reaping all the treasure
Of the summer time,
Noiselessly along the glades,
Lithe white limbs all glancing,
Comely men and comely maids
Drifted in their dancing.

When chestnut-cones were in the lanes,
Blushing, and eyed with ebony,
And young oak-apples lovingly
Clung to their stems with rosy veins
Threading their glossy amber—then
They took them to faring, maids and men,
Whose eyes were dull with toiling, far
From their toil in the time of a perfect noon,
To where the quiet shadows are,
And joined the dreaming dance of June.

THE MIDLANDS

Black in the summer night my Cotswold hill
Aslant my window sleeps, beneath a sky
Deep as the bedded violets that fill
March woods with dusky passion. As I lie
Abed between cool walls I watch the host
Of the slow stars lit over Gloucester plain,

And drowsily the habit of these most

Beloved of English lands moves in my brain,
While silence holds dominion of the dark,
Save when the foxes from the spinneys bark.

I see the valleys in their morning mist

Wreathed under limpid hills in moving light,
Happy with many a yeoman melodist ;

I see the little roads of twinkling white
Busy with field-ward teams and market gear
Of rosy men, cloth-gaitered, who can tell
The many-minded changes of the year,

Who know why crops and kine fare ill or well ;
I see the sun persuade the mist away,
Till town and stead are shining to the day.

I see the wagons move along the rows

Of ripe and summer-breathing clove.-flower,

I see the lissom husbandman who knows

Deep in his heart the beauty of his power,
As, lithely pitched, the full-heaped fork bids on
The harvest home. I hear the rickyard fill

With gossip as in generations gone,

While wagon follows wagon from the hill.

I think how, when our seasons are all sealed,
Shall come the unchanging harvest from the field.

I see the barns and comely manors planned

By men who somehow moved in comely thought,

Who, with a simple shipp on to their hand,

As men upon some godlike business wrought ;

I see the little cottages that keep

'Their beauty still where since Plantagenet

Have come the shepherds happily to sleep,

Finding the loaves and cups of cider set ;

I see the twisted shepherds, brown and old,

Driving at dusk their glimmering sheep to fold.

And now the valleys that upon the sun

Broke from their opal veils are veiled again,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

And the last light upon the wolds is done,
 And silence falls on flocks and fields and men ;
 And black upon the night I watch my hill,
 And the stars shine, and there an owly wing
 Brushes the night, and all again is still,
 And, from this land of worship that I sing,
 I turn to sleep, content that from my sires
 I draw the blood of England's midmost shires.

A PRAYER

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray,
 Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
 Nor that the slow ascension of our day
 Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
 Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
 Not for remission of the peril and stings
 Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
 Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
 Nor that the little healing that we lend
 Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars
 Thy wisdom sets about us ; we shall climb
 Unfetter'd to the secrets of the stars
 In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift
 When to refrain were well, and when fulfil,
 Nor yet the understanding strong to sift
 The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast reveal'd,
 We know the golden season when to reap
 The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,
 The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,
The pure from stain'd, the noble from the base,
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees :
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribb'd and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

ANNA BUNSTON

(ANNA DE BARY)

THE WILDERNESS

From Life's enchantments,
Desire of place,
From lust of getting
Turn thou away, and set thy face
Toward the wilderness.

The tents of Jacob
As valleys spread,
As goodly cedars,
Or fair lign-aloes, white and red,
Shall share thy wilderness.

• With awful judgments,
The law, the rod,
With soft allurements
And comfortable words, will God
Pass o'er the wilderness.

The bitter waters
Are healed and sweet,
The ample heavens
Pour angels' bread about thy feet
Throughout the wilderness.

And Carmel's glory
Thou thoughtest gone,
And Sharon's roses,
The excellency of Lebanon
Delight thy wilderness.

Who passeth Jordan
Perfumed with myrrh,
With myrrh and incense ?
Lo ! on his arm Love leadeth her
Who trod the wilderness.

JAMES JORCE

AT THAT HOUR

At that hour when all things have repose,
O lovely watcher of the skies,
Do you hear the night-wind and the sighs
Of harps playing to Love to uncloset
The pale gates of sunrise ?

When all things repose, do you alone
Awake to hear the sweet harps play
To Love before him on his way,
And the night wind answering in antiphon
Till night is overgone ?

Play on, invisible harps, unto Love,
Whose way in heaven is aglow
At that hour when soft lights come and go,
Soft sweet music in the air above
And in the earth below.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

SWALLOW SONG

O little hearts, beat home, beat home,
Here is no place to rest ;
Night darkens on the falling foam
And on the fading west.
O little wings, beat home, beat home,
Love may no longer roam.

Oh, Love has touched the fields of wheat,
And Love has crowned the corn,
And we must follow Love's white feet
Through all the ways of morn :
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of Love are wide,
O winds that turn, O stars that guide.
Sweet are the ways that Love hath trod
Through the clear skies that reach to God,
But in the cliff-grass Love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may sleep.

THE BRIDEGROOM OF CANA

Veil thine eyes, O beloved, my spouse,
Turn them away,
Lest in their light my life withdrawn
Dies as a star, as a star in the day,
As a dream in the dawn.

- Slenderly hang the olive leaves
Sighing apart :
The rose and silver doves in the eaves
With a murmur of music bind our house.
Honey and wine in thy words are stored,
Thy lips are bright as the edge of a sword
That hath found my heart,
That hath found my heart.

Sweet, I have waked from a dream of thee,
And of Him,
He who came when the songs were done.
From the net of thy smiles my heart went free,
And the golden lure of thy love grew dim.
I turned to them asking, " Who is He ?
Royal and sad, who comes to the feast,
And sits Him down in the place of the least ? "
And they said, " He is Jesus, the carpenter's son."

Hear how my harp on a single string
Murmurs of love.
Down in the fields the thrushes sing
And the lark is lost in the light above,
Lost in the infinite glowing whole
As I in thy soul,
As I in thy soul.

Love, I am fain for thy glowing grace
As the pool for the star, as the rain for the rill.
Turn to me, trust to me, mirror me,
As the star in the pool, as the cloud in the sea.
Love, I looked awhile in His face
And was still.

The shaft of the dawn strikes clear and sharp.
Hush, my harp.
Hush, my harp, for the day is begun
And the lifting, shimmering flight of the swallow
Breaks in a curve on the brink of morn,
Over the sycamores, over the corn.

Cling to me, cleave to me, prison me,
As the mote in the flame, as the shell in the sea,
For the winds of the dawn say, "Follow, follow
Jesus Bar-Joseph, the carpenter's son."

PADRAIC COLUM

THE PLOUGHER

Sunset and silence! A man: around him earth savage,
earth broken;
Beside him two horses—a plough!

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn man there
in the sunset,
And the Plough that is twin to the Sword, that is founder
of cities!

"Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker! Can'st hear?
There are ages between us.
Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in the sunset?

"Surely our sky-born gods can be naught to you, earth
child and earth master?
Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan, or Dana?

"Yet, why give thought to the gods? Has Pan led your
brutes where they stumble?
Has Dana numbed pain of the child-bed, or Wotan put
hands to your plough?

"What matter your foolish reply? O, man, standing lone
and bowed earthward,
Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to the night-
giving God."

.

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with the
savage ;

The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, a head's-breadth
only above them.

A head's-breadth ? Ay, but therein is hell's depth, and the
height up to heaven,
And the thrones of the gods and their halls, their chariots,
purples, and splendours.

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

Oh, to have a little house !

To own the hearth and stool and all !
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall !

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down !
A dresser filled with shining delf,
Speckled and white and blue and brown !

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store !

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delf !

Och ! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush !

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

JOHN FREEMAN

MUSIC COMES

Music comes
Sweetly from the trembling string
When wizard fingers sweep
Dreamily, half asleep ;
When through remembering reeds
Ancient airs and murmurs creep,
Oboe oboe following,
Flute answering clear high flute,
Voices, voices—falling mute,
And the jarring drums.

At night I heard
First a waking bird
Out of the quiet darkness sing . . .
Music comes
Strangely to the brain asleep !
And I heard
Soft, wizard fingers sweep
Music from the trembling string,
And through remembering reeds
Ancient airs and murmurs creep ;
Oboe oboe following,
Flute calling clear high flute,
Voices faint, falling mute,
And low jarring drums ;
Then all those airs
Sweetly jangled—newly strange,
Rich with change . . .
Was it the wind in the reeds ?
Did the wind range
Over the trembling string ;
Into flute and oboe pouring
Solemn music ; sinking, soaring
Low to high,
Up and down the sky ?

Was it the wind jarring
Drowsy far-off drums ?

Strangely to the brain asleep
Music comes.

EDWARD THOMAS

LIGHTS OUT

1917

I have come to the border of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight,
Or winding, soon or late ;
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track
That, since the dawn's first crack,
Up to the forest brink,
Deceived the travellers,
Suddenly now blurs,
And in they sink.

Here love ends,
Despair, ambition ends,
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although more sweet or bitter,
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter and leave alone
I know not how.

The tall forest towers ;
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf above shelf ;
In silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And myself.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

RIOUPEROUX

High and solemn mountains guard Riouperoux,
—Small untidy village where the river drives a mill :
Frail as wood anemones, white and frail were you,
And drooping a little, like the slender daffodil.

Oh, I will go to France again, and tramp the valley through,
And I will change these gentle clothes for clog and corduroy,
And work with the mill-hands of black Riouperoux,
And walk with you, and talk with you, like any other boy.

TENEBRIS INTERLUCENTUM

A linnet who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died
When they heard music in that land,
And someone there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side.

THE QUEEN'S SONG

Had I the power
To Midas given of old
To touch a flower
And leave the petals gold,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

I then might touch thy face,
Delightful boy,
And leave a metal grace,
A graven joy.

Thus would I slay—
Ah, desperate device !
The vital day
That trembles in thine eyes,
And let the red lips close
Which sang so well,
And drive away the rose
To leave a shell.

Then I myself,
Rising austere and dumb,
On the high shelf
Of my half-lighted room,
Would place the shining bust
And wait alone,
Until I was but dust,
Buried unknown.

JOSEPH AND MARY

JOSEPH

Mary, art thou the little maid
Who plucked me flowers in Spring ?
I know thee not ; I feel afraid :
Thou'rt strange this evening.

A sweet and rustic girl I won
What time the woods were green ;
No woman with deep eyes that shone,
And the pale brows of a Queen.

MARY (*inattentive to his words*)

A stranger came with feet of flame
And told me this strange thing,—
For all I was a village maid
My son should be a King.

JOSEPH

A King, dear wife ? Who ever knew
Of Kings in stables born !

MARY

Do you hear, in the dark and starlit blue
The clarion and the horn ?

JOSEPH

Mary, alas, lest grief and joy
Have sent thy wits astray ;
But let me look on this my boy,
And take the wraps away.

MARY

Behold the lad !

JOSEPH

I dare not gaze :
Light streams from every limb.

MARY

The winter sun has stored his rays,
And passed the fire to him.
Look Eastward, look ! I hear a sound.
O Joseph, what do you see ?

JOSEPH

The snow lies quiet on the ground
And glistens on the tree ;

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

The sky is bright with a star's great light,
 And clearly I behold
 Three Kings descending yonder hill,
 Whose crowns are crowns of gold.

O Mary, what do you hear and see
 With your brow toward the West ?

MARY

The snow lies glistening on the tree
 And silent on Earth's breast ;

And strong and tall, with lifted eyes
 Seven shepherds walk this way,
 And angels breaking from the skies
 Dance, and sing hymns, and pray.

JOSEPH

I wonder much at these bright Kings ;
 The shepherds I despise.

MARY

You know not what a shepherd sings,
 Nor see his shining eyes.

GATES OF DAMASCUS

Four great gates has the city of Damascus,
 And four Grand Wardens, on their spears reclining,
 All day long stand like tall stone men
 And sleep on the towers when the moon is shining.

*This is the song of the East Gate Warden
 When he locks the great gate and smokes in his garden.*

Postern of Fate, the Desert Gate, Disaster's Cavern, Fort
 of Fear,
 The Portal of Bagdad am I, the Doorway of Diarbekir.

The Persian dawn with new desires may net the flushing
mountain spires,
But my gaunt buttress still rejects the suppliance of those
mellow fires.

Pass not beneath, O Caravan, or pass not singing. Have you
heard
That silence where the birds are dead yet something pipeth
like a bird ?

Pass not beneath ! Men say there blows in stony deserts
still a rose
But with no scarlet to her leaf—and from whose heart no
perfume flows.

Wilt thou bloom red where she buds pale, thy sister rose ?
Wilt thou not fail
When noonday flashes like a flail ? Leave, nightingale,
the Caravan !

Pass then, pass all ! Bagdad ! ye cry, and down the
billows of blue sky
Ye beat the bell that beats to hell, and who shall thrust ye
back ? Not I.

The sun who flashes through the head and paints the shadows
green and red—
The sun shall eat thy fleshless dead, O Caravan, O Caravan !

And one who licks his lips for thirst with fevered eyes shall
face in fear
The palms that wave, the streams that burst, his last mirage,
O Caravan !

And one—the bird-voiced Singing-man—shall fall behind
thee, Caravan !
And God shall meet him in the night, and he shall sing as
best he can.

'And one the Bedouin shall slay, and one, sand-stricken on
the way,
Go dark and blind; and one shall say—"How lonely is
the Caravan!"

Pass out beneath, O Caravan, Doom's Caravan, Death's
Caravan!

I had not told ye, fools, so much, save that I heard your
Singing-man.

*This was sung by the West Gate's keeper
When heaven's hollow dome grew deeper.*

I am the gate toward the sea: O sailor men, pass out from
me!

I hear you high on Lebanon, singing the marvels of the sea.

The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-
haunted sea,

The snow-besprinkled wine of earth, the white-and-blue-
flower foaming sea.

Beyond the sea are towns with towers, carved with lions
and lily flowers,

And not a soul in all those lonely streets to while away
the hours.

Beyond the towns, an isle where, bound, a naked giant bites
the ground:

The shadow of a monstrous wing looms on his back:
and still no sound.

Beyond the isle a rock that screams like madmen shouting
in their dreams,

From whose dark issues night and day blood crashes in a
thousand streams.

Beyond the rock is Restful Bay, where no wind breathes or
ripple stirs,

And there on Roman ships, they say, stand rows of metal
mariners.

Beyond the bay in utmost West old Solomon the Jewish
King

Sits with his beard upon his breast, and grips and guards
his magic ring ;

And when that ring is stolen, he will rise in outraged
majesty,

And take the World upon his back, and fling the World
beyond the sea.

*This is the song of the North Gate's master,
Who singeth fast, but drinketh faster.*

I am the gay Aleppo Gate : a dawn, a dawn and thou art
there :

Eat not thy heart with fear and care, O brother of the
beast we hate !

Thou hast not many miles to tread, nor other foes than
fleas to dread ;

Homs shall behold thy morning meal, and Hama see thee
safe in bed.

Take to Aleppo filigrane, and take them paste of apricots,
And coffee tables etched with pearl, and little beaten
brassware pots :

And thou shalt sell thy wares for thrice the Damascene
retailers' price,

And buy a fat Armenian slave who smelleth odorous and
nice.

Some men of noble stock were made : some glory in the
murder-blade :

Some praise a Science or an Art, but I like honourable
Trade !

Sell them the rotten, buy the ripe ! Their heads are weak ;
their pockets burn.

Aleppo men are mighty fools. Salaam Aleikum ! Safe
return !

*This is the song of the South Gate Holder,
A silver man, but his song is older.*

I am the Gate that fears no fall : the Mihrab of Damascus
wall,
The bridge of booming Sinai : the Arch of Allah all in all.

O spiritual pilgrim, rise : the night has grown her single
horn :
The voices of the souls unborn are half adream with
Paradise.

To Meccah thou hast turned in prayer with aching heart
and eyes that burn :
Ah, Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou art there,
when thou art there ?

God be thy guide from camp to camp : God be thy shade
from well to well ;
God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear the Prophet's
camel bell.

And God shall make thy body pure, and give thee knowledge
to endure
This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain, and bring thee
out to Life again.

And God shall make thy soul a Glass where eighteen
thousand Æons pass,
And thou shalt see the gleaming Worlds as men see dew
upon the grass.

And son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt learn at journey's
end
Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows his head,
and calls thee Friend.

D. H. LAWRENCE

SERVICE OF ALL THE DEAD

Between the avenue of cypresses,
All in their scarlet cloaks, and surplices
Of linen, go the chaunting choristers,
The priests in gold and black, the villagers.

And all along the path to the cemetery
The round, dark heads of men crowd silently,
And black-scarved faces of women-folk, wistfully
Watch at the banner of death, and the mystery.

And at the foot of a grave a father stands
With sunken head, and forgotten, folded hands ;
And at the foot of a grave a woman kneels
With pale shut face, and neither hears nor feels

The coming of the chaunting choristers
Between the avenues of cypresses,
The silence of the many villagers,
The candle-flames beside the surplices.

ROBERT GRAVES

IN THE WILDERNESS

Christ of his gentleness
Thirsting and hungering,
Walked in the wilderness ;
Soft words of grace he spoke
Unto lost desert-folk
That listened wondering.
He heard the bitterns call
From ruined palace-wall,
Answered them brotherly.

He held communion
 With the she-pelican
 Of lonely piety.
 Basilisk, cockatrice,
 Flocked to his homilies,
 With mail of dread device,
 With monstrous barbèd stings,
 With eager dragon-eyes ;
 Great bats on leather wings
 And poor blind broken things,
 Foul in their miseries.
 And ever with him went,
 Of all his wanderings
 Comrade, with ragged coat,
 Gaunt ribs—poor innocent—
 Bleeding foot, burning throat,
 The guileless old scape-goat ;
 For forty nights and days
 Followed in Jesus' ways,
 Sure guard behind him kept,
 Tears like a lover wept.

FREDEGOND SHOVE

THE NEW GHOST

"And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus."

And he cast it down, down, on the green grass,
 Over the young crocuses, where the dew was—
 He cast the garment of his flesh that was full of death,
 And like a sword his spirit showed out of the cold sheath.

He went a pace or two, he went to meet his Lord,
 And, as I said, his spirit looked like a clean sword,
 And seeing him the naked trees began shivering,
 And all the birds cried out aloud as it were late spring.

And the Lord came on, He came down, and saw
 That a soul was waiting there for Him, one without flaw,

And they embraced in the churchyard where the robins
play,
And the daffodils hang down their heads, as they burn
away.

The Lord held his head fast, and you could see
That he kissed the unsheathed ghost that was gone free—
As a hot sun, on a March day, kisses the cold ground ;
And the spirit answered, for he knew well that his peace
was found.

The spirit trembled, and sprang up at the Lord's word—
As on a wild, April day, springs a small bird—
So the ghost's feet lifting him up, he kissed the Lord's
cheek,
And for the greatness of their love neither of them could
speak.

But the Lord went then, to show him the way,
Over the young crocuses, under the green may
That was not quite in flower yet—to a far-distant land ;
And the ghost followed, like a naked cloud holding the
sun's hand.

ROBERT NICHOLS

THE TOWER

It was deep night, and over Jerusalem's low roofs
The moon floated, drifting through high vaporous woofs.
The moonlight crept and glistened silent, solemn, sweet,
Over dome and column, up empty, endless street ;
In the closed scented gardens the rose loosed from the
stem
Her white showery petals ; none regarded them :
The starry thicket breathed odours to the sentinel palm ;
Silence possessed the city like a soul possessed by calm.

Not a spark in the warren under the giant night,
Save where in a turret's lantern beamed a grave, still light :
There in the topmost chamber a gold-eyed lamp was lit—
Marvellous lamp in darkness, informing, redeeming it !
For, set in that tiny chamber, Jesus, the blessed and
doomed,
Spoke to the lone apostles as light to men entombed ;
And spreading his hands in blessing, as one soon to be dead,
He put soft enchantment into spare wine and bread.

The hearts of the disciples were broken and full of tears,
Because their lord, the spearless, was hedged about with
spears ;
And in his face the sickness of departure had spread a gloom,
At leaving his young friends friendless.

They could not forget the tomb.
He smiled subduedly, telling, in tones soft as voice of the
dove,
The endlessness of sorrow, the eternal solace of love ;
And lifting the earthly tokens, wine and sorrowful bread,
He bade them sup and remember one who lived and was
dead.

And they could not restrain their weeping.

But one rose up to depart,
Having weakness and hate of weakness raging within his
heart,
And bowed to the robed assembly whose eyes gleamed wet
in the light.
Judas arose and departed : night went out to the night.

Then Jesus lifted his voice like a fountain in an ocean of
tears,
And comforted his disciples and calmed and allayed their
fears.
But Judas wound down the turret, creeping from floor to
floor,
And would fly ; but one leaning, weeping, barred him
beside the door.

And he knew her by her ruddy garment and two yet^a
watching men :

Mary of Seven Evils, Mary Magdalen.

And he was frighted at her. She sighed : " I dreamed
him dead.

We sell the body for silver . . . "

Then Judas cried out and fled
Forth into the night ! . . . The moon had begun to
set :

A drear, deft wind went sifting, setting the dust afret ;
Into the heart of the city Judas ran on and prayed
To stern Jehovah lest his deed make him afraid.

But in the tiny lantern, hanging as if on air,
The disciples sat unspeaking. Amaze and peace were
there.

For *his* voice, more lovely than song of all earthly birds,
In accents humble and happy spoke slow, consoling words.

Thus Jesus discoursed, and was silent, sitting upright, and
soon

Past the casement behind him slanted the sinking moon ;
And, rising for Olivet, all stared, between love and dread,
Seeing the torrid moon a ruddy halo behind his head.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

ANCESTORS

Behold these jewelled, merchant Ancestors,
Foregathered in some chancellery of death ;
Calm, provident, discreet, they stroke their beards
And move their faces slowly in the gloom,
And barter monstrous wealth with speech subdued,
Lustreless eyes and acquiescent lids.

And oft in pauses of their conference,
They listen to the measured breath of night's
Hushed sweep of wind aloft the swaying trees

In dimly gesturing gardens ; then a voice
Climbs with clear mortal song half-sad for heaven.

A silent-footed message flits and brings
The ghostly Sultan from his glimmering halls ;
A shadow at the window, turbaned, vast,
He leans ; and, pondering the sweet influence
That steals around him in remembered flowers,
Hears the frail music wind along the slopes,
Put forth, and fade across the whispering sea.

EVERYONE SANG

Everyone suddenly burst out singing ;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark green fields ; on—on—and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted ;
And beauty came like the setting sun :
My heart was shaken with tears ; and horror
Drifted away . . . O, but Everyone
Was a bird ; and the song was wordless ; the singing will
never be done.

FRANCIS BRETT-YOUNG

PROTHALAMION

When the evening came my love said to me :
Let us go into the garden now that the sky is cool ;
The garden of black hellebore and rosemary,
Where wild woodruff spills in a milky pool.

Low we passed in the twilight, for the wavering heat
Of day had waned ; and round that shaded plot

Of secret beauty the thickets clustered sweet :
Here is heaven, our hearts whispered, but our lips spake
not.

Between that old garden and seas of lazy foam
Gloomy and beautiful alleys of trees arise
With spire of cypress and dreary beechen dome,
So dark that our enchanted sight knew nothing but the
skies :

Veiled with a soft air, drench'd in the roses' musk
Or the dusky, dark carnation's breath of clove.
No stars burned in their deeps, but through the dusk
I saw my love's eyes, and they were brimmed with love.

No star their secret ravished, no wasting moon
Mocked the sad transience of those eternal hours :
Only the soft, unseeing heaven of June,
The ghosts of great trees, and the sleeping flowers.

For doves that crooned in the leafy noonday now
Were silent ; the night-jar sought his secret overs,
Nor even a mild sea-whisper moved a creaking bough—
Was ever a silence deeper made for lovers ?

Was ever a moment meeter made for love ?
Beautiful are your close lips beneath my kiss ;
And all your yielding sweetness beautiful—
Oh, never in all the world was such a night as this !

J. C. SQUIRE

SONNET

There was an Indian, who had known no change,
Who strayed content along a sunlit beech
Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange
Commingled noise : looked up ; and gasped for speech.

' For in the bay, where nothing was before,
Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes,
With bellying cloths on poles, and not one oar,
And fluttering coloured signs and clambering crews.

And he, in fear, this naked man alone,
His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,
His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,
And stared, and saw, and did not understand,
Columbus's doom-burdened caravels
Slant to the shore, and all their seamen land.

THE LILY OF MALUD

The lily of Malud is born in secret mud.
It is breathed like a word in a little dark ravine
Where no bird was ever heard and no beast was ever seen,
And the leaves are never stirred by the panther's velvet
sheen.

It blooms once a year in summer moonlight,
In a valley of dark fear full of pale moonlight :
It blooms once a year, and dies in a night,
And its petals disappear with the dawn's first light ;
And when that night has come, black small-breasted maids,
With ecstatic terror dumb, steal fawn-like through the
shades
To watch, hour by hour, the unfolding of the flower.

When the world is full of night, and the moon reigns alone
And drowns in silver light the known and the unknown,
When each hut is a mound, half blue-silver and half black,
And casts upon the ground the hard shadow of its back,
When the winds are out of hearing and the tree-tops never
shake,
When the grass in the clearing is silent but awake
'Neath a moon-paven sky : all the village is asleep
And the babes that nightly cry dream deep :

From the doors the maidens creep;
Tiptoe over dreaming curs, soft, so soft, that not one
stirs,
And stand curved and a-quiver, like bathers by a river,
Looking at the forest wall, groups of slender naked girls,
Whose black bodies shine like pearls where the moonbeams
fall.

They have waked, they knew not why, at a summons from
the night,
They have stolen fearfully from the dark to the light,
Stepping over sleeping men, who have moved and slept
again :
And they know not why they go to the forest, but they
know,
As their moth-feet pass to the shore of the grass
And the forests' dreadful brink, that their tender spirits
shrink :
They would flee, but cannot turn, for their eyelids burn
With still frenzy, and each maid, ere she leaves the moonlit
space,
If she sees another's face is thrilled and afraid.

Now like little phantom fawns they thread the outer lawns
Where the boles of giant trees stand about in twos and
threes,
Till the forest grows more dense and the darkness more
intense,
And they only sometimes see in a lone moon-ray
A dead and spongy trunk in the earth half-sunk,
Or the roots of a tree with fungus grey,
Or a drift of muddy leaves, or a banded snake that heaves.

And the towering unseen roof grows more intricate, and
soon
It is featureless and proof to the lost forgotten moon.
But they could not look above as with blind-drawn feet
they move
Onwards on the scarce-felt path, with quick and desperate
breath,

For their circling fingers dread to caress some slimy head,
Or to touch the icy shape of a hunched and hairy ape,
And at every step they fear in their very midst to hear
A lion's rending roar or a tiger's snore . . .
And when things swish or fall, they shiver but dare
not call.

O what is it leads the way that they do not stray ?
What unimagined arm keeps their bodies from harm ?
What presence concealed lifts their little feet that yield
Over dry ground and wet till their straining eyes are met
With a thinning of the darkness ?

And the foremost faintly cried in awed surprise :
And they one by one emerge from the gloom to the verge
Of a small sunken vale full of moonlight pale.
And they hang along the bank, clinging to the branches
dank,
A shadowy festoon out of sight of the moon ;
And they see in front of them, rising from the mud,
A single straight stem and a single pallid bud
In that little lake of light from the moon's calm height.

A stem, a ghostly bud, on the moon-swept mud
That shimmers like a pond ; and over there beyond
The guardian forest high, menacing and strange,
Invades the empty sky with its wild black range.

And they watch hour by hour that small lonely flower
In that deep forest place that hunter never found.

It shines without sound, as a star in space.
And the silence all around that solitary place
Is like silence in a dream ; till a sudden flashing gleam
Down their dark faces flies ; and their lips fall apart
And their glimmering great eyes without excitement dart
And their fingers, clutching the branches they were
touching,
Shake and arouse hissing leaves on the boughs.
And they whisper aswoon : Did it move in the moon ?

O it moved as it grew !
 It is moving, opening, with calm and gradual will
 And their bodies where they cling are shadowed and still,
 And with marvel they mark that the mud now is dark,
 For the unfolding flower, like a goddess in her power,
 Challenges the moon with a light of her own,
 That lovelily grows as the petals uncloze,
 Wider, more wide with an awful inward pride
 Till the heart of it breaks and stilled is their breath,
 For the radiance it makes is as wonderful as death.

The morning's crimson stain tinges their ashen brows
 As they part the last boughs and slowly step again
 On to the village grass, and chill and languid pass
 Into the huts to sleep.

Brief slumber, yet so deep
 That, when they wake to-day, darkness and splendour seem
 Broken and far-away, a faint miraculous dream ;
 And when those maidens rise they are as they ever were
 Save only for a rare shade of trouble in their eyes.
 And the surly thick-lipped men, as they sit about their
 huts

Making drums out of guts, grunting gruffly now and then,
 Carving sticks of ivory, stretching shields of wrinkled skin,
 Smoothing sinister and thin squatting gods of ebony,
 Chip and grunt and do not see.

But each mother, silently,
 Longer than her wont stays shut in the dimness of her hut,
 For she feels a brooding cloud of memory in the air,
 A lingering thing there that makes her sit bowed
 With hollow shining eyes, as the night-fire dies,
 And stares softly at the ember, and try to remember,
 Something sorrowful and far, something sweet and vaguely
 seen

Like an early evening star when the sky is pale green :
 A quiet silver tower that climbed in an hour,
 Or a ghost like a flower, or a flower like a queen :
 Something holy in the past that came and did not last . . .
 But she knows not what it was.

RIVERS

Rivers I have seen which were beautiful,
Slow rivers winding in the flat fens,
With bands of reeds like thronged green swords
Guarding the mirrored sky ;
And streams down-tumbling from the chalk hills
To valleys of meadows and watercress-beds,
And bridges whereunder, dark weed-coloured shadows,
Trout flit or lie.

I know those rivers that peacefully glide
Past old towers and shaven gardens,
Where mottled walls rise from the water
And mills all streaked with flour ;
And rivers with wharves and rusty shipping,
That flow with a stately tidal motion
Towards their destined estuaries
Full of the pride of power ;

Noble great rivers, Thames and Severn,
Tweed with his gateway of many grey arches,
Clyde, dying at sunset westward
In a sea as red as blood ;
Rhine and his hills in close procession,
Placid Elbe, Seine slaty and swirling,
And Isar, son of the Alpine snows,
A furious turquoise flood.

All these I have known, and with slow eyes
I have walked on their shores and watched them,
And softened to their beauty and loved them
Wherever my feet have been ;
And a hunderd others also
Whose names long since grew into me,
That, dreaming in light or darkness,
I have seen, though I have not seen.

Those rivers of thought : cold Ebro,
And blue racing Guadiana,
Passing white houses, high-balconied,
That ache in a sun-baked land,
Congo, and Nile, and Colorado,
Niger, Indus, Zambesi,
And the Yellow River, and the Oxus,
And the river that dies in sand.

What splendours are theirs, what continents,
What tribes of men, what basking plains,
Forests and lion-hided deserts,
Marshes, ravines, and falls :
All hues and shapes and tempers
Wandering they take as they wander
From those far springs that endlessly
The far sea calls.

O in reverie I know the Volga
That turns his back upon Europe,
And the two great cities on his banks,
Novgorod and Astrakhan ;
Where the world is a few soft colours,
And under the dove-like evening
The boatmen chant ancient songs,
The tenderest known to man.

And the holy river Ganges,
His fretted cities veiled in moonlight,
Arches and buttresses silver-shadowy
In the high moon,
~~And~~ palms grouped in the moonlight
And fanes girdled with cypresses,
Their domes of marble softly shining
To the high silver moon.

And that aged Brahmapootra
Who beyond the white Himalayas
Passes many a lamassery
On rocks forlorn and froze,

A block of gaunt grey stone walls
With rows of little barred windows,
Where shrivelled young monks in yellow silk
Are hidden for evermore. . . .

But O that great river, the Amazon,
I have sailed up its gulf with eyelids closed,
And the yellow waters tumbled round,
And all was rimmed with sky,
Till the banks drew in, and the trees' heads,
And the lines of green grew higher
And I breathed deep, and there above me
The forest wall stood high.

Those forest walls of the Amazon
Are level under the blazing blue,
And yield no sound but the whistles and shrieks
Of the swarming bright macaws ;
And under their lowest drooping boughs
Mud-banks torpidly bubble,
And the water drifts, and logs in the water
Drift and twist and pause.

And everywhere, tacitly joining,
Float noiseless tributaries,
Tall avenues paved with water :
And as I silent fly
The vegetation like a painted scene,
Spars and spikes and monstrous fans
And ferns from hairy sheaths up-springing,
Evenly passes by.

And stealthier stagnant channels
Under low niches of drooping leaves
Coil into deep recesses :

And there have I entered, there
To heavy, hot, dense, dim places
Where creepers climb and sweat and climb,
Where the drip and splash of oozing water
Loads the stifling air.

Rotting scrofulous steaming trunks,
Great horned emerald beetles crawling,
Ants and huge slow butterflies
That had strayed and lost the sun ;
Ah, sick I have swooned as the air thickened
To a pallid brown ecliptic glow,
And on the forest, fallen with languor,
Thunder has begun.

Thunder in the dun dusk, thunder
Rolling and battering and cracking,
The caverns shudder with a terrible glare
Again and again and again,
Till the land bows in the darkness,
Utterly lost and defenceless,
Smitten and blinded and overwhelmed
By the crashing rods of rain.

And then in the forests of the Amazon,
When the rain has ended, and silence come,
What dark luxuriance unfolds
From behind the night's drawn bars :
The wreathing odours of a thousand trees
And the flowers' faint gleaming presences,
And over the clearings and the still waters
Soft indigo and hanging stars.

* * * *

O many and many are rivers,
And beautiful are all rivers,
And lovely is water everywhere
That leaps or glides or stays ;
Yet by starlight, moonlight, or sunlight,
Long, long though they look, these wandering eyes,
Even on the fairest waters of dream,
Never untroubled gaze.

For whatever stream I stand by,
And whatever river I dream of,
There is something still in the back of my mind
From very far away ;

There is something I saw and see not,
A country full of rivers
That stirs in my heart and speaks to me
More sure, more dear than they.

And always I ask and wonder
(Though often I do not know it) :
Why does this water not smell like water ?
Where is the moss that grew
Wet and dry on the slabs of granite
And the round stones in clear brown water ?
—And a pale film rises before them
Of the rivers that first I knew.

Though famous are the rivers of the great world,
Though my heart from those alien waters drinks
Delight however pure from their loveliness,
And awe however deep,
Would I wish for a moment the miracle,
That those waters should come to Chagford,
Or gather and swell in Tavy Cleave
Where the stones cling to the steep ?

No, even were they Ganges and Amazon
In all their great might and majesty,
League upon league of wonders,
I would lose them all, and more,
For a light chiming of small bells,
A twisting flash in the granite,
The tiny thread of a pixie waterfall
That lives by Vixen Tor.

Those rivers in that lost country,
They were brown as a clear brown bead is,
Or red with the earth that rain washed down,
Or white with china-clay ;
And some tossed foaming over boulders,
And some curved mild and tranquil,
In wooded vales securely set
Under the fond warm day.

Okement and Erme and Avon,
Exe and his ruffled shallows,
I could cry as I think of those rivers
That knew my morning dreams ;
The weir by Tavistock at evening
When the circling woods were purple,
And the Lowman in spring with the lent-lilies,
And the little moorland streams.

For many a hillside streamlet
There falls with a broken tinkle,
Falling and dying, falling and dying,
In little cascades and pools,
Where the world is furze and heather
And flashing plovers and fixed larks,
And an empty sky, whitish blue,
That small world rules.

There, there, where the high waste bog-lands
And the drooping slopes and the spreading vaileys,
The orchards and the cattle-sprinkled pastures
Those travelling musics fill,
There is my lost Abana,
And there is my nameless Pharphar
That mixed with my heart when I was a boy,
And time stood still.

And I say I will go there and die there :
But I do not go there, and sometimes
~~I think~~ that the train could not carry me there,
And it's possible, maybe,
That it's farther than Asia or Africa,
Or any voyager's harbour,
Farther, farther, beyond recall . . .
O even in memory !

ROSE MACAULAY

THE THIEF

When the paths of dreams were mist-muffled,
And the hours were dim and small
(Through still nights on wet orchard grass
Like rain the apples fall),
Then naked-footed, secretly,
The thief dropped over the wall.

Apple boughs spattered mist at him,
The dawn was cold as death,
With a stealthy joy at the heart of it,
And the stir of a small sweet breath,
And a robin breaking his heart on song
As a young child sorroweth.

The thief's feet bruised wet lavender
Into sweet sharp surprise ;
The orchard, full of pears and joy,
Smiled like a gold sunrise ;
But the blind house stared down on him
With strange, white-lidded eyes

He stood at the world's sacred heart
In the haze-wrapt mystery ;
And fat pears, mellow on the lip,
He supped like a honey-bee ;
But the apples he crunched with sharp white teeth
Were pungent, like the sea.

And this was the oldest garden joy,
Living and young and sweet.
And the melting mists took radiance,
And the silence a rhythmic beat,
For the day came stealing stealthily,
A thief, upon furtive feet.

And the walls that ring the world about
Quivered like gossamer,
Till he heard, in the other worlds beyond,
The other peoples stir,
And met strange, sudden, shifting eyes
Through the filmy barrier. . .

NEW YEAR

1918

Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new,
For time, caught on the ancient wheel of change,
Spins round, and round, and round, and nothing is strange,
Or shall amaze
Mankind, in whom the heritage of all days
Stirs suddenly, as dreams half remembered do.
Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Pale, pale he stands,
Carrying world-old gifts in his cold hands—
Winds, and the sky's keen blue,
Woods, and the wild cuckoo,
Lovers, and loveliness, and death, and life.
Does he hold Peace, the derelict babe of strife
And of wan penury?
Will she ride in on the wash of the storming sea,
Be dropped at last by its ebb on the trampled sands,
To lie there helplessly?
War's orphan, she,
And ~~ungrown~~ mother of wars yet to be,
She smiles and croons for a space between those two.
Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Dreams and desires and hopes does the year hold.
Bad and good, tinsel and gold,
Lying and true,
One and all they are old, so old,
They were dreamt and desired and told

By the first men swinging in trees by strong tails.
 Not till the last man fails
 And the sun's fire pales,
 Shall the embers of these flaming dreams be cold.
 Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

 Turn, turn the page !
 It turns, and we, and the squirrel in his cage,
 And the sun, and the moon, and the moon's salt tide ;
 And the earth turns too.
 As flies on the rim of a wheel we ride
 From age round to age,
 And the dreams and the toys which make our pride
 Are an old heritage,
 Worn properties from some primeval stage
 All curtained now from view . . .
 Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

 Go through the door.
 You shall find nothing that has not been before,
 Nothing so bitter it will not be once more.
 All this our sad estate was known of yore,
 In old worlds red with pain,
 Borne by hearts sullen and sick as ours, through
 Desperate, forgotten other winters, when
 Tears fell, and hopes, and men,
 And crowns and cities, and blood, on a trampled plain,
 And nations, and honour, and God, and always rain . . .
 And honour, and hope, and God rose up again,
 And like trees nations grew . . .
 Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Should some year suddenly bring something new,
 We should grope as lost children, without a clue,
 We should drift all amazed through such a queer
 And unimagined year,
 Riding uncharted seas ; a derelict crew,
 Whistling in vain for the old winds that blew

From the old skies, we should seek far and near
Some mark by which to steer,
And some known port, that we might sail thereto.
Black nightmare and blind fear
Shall seize and hold him who
In some year suddenly finds something new.

VIOLET JACOB

TAM I' THE KIRK

O Jean, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation
Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',
When a' body's thochts is set on his ain salvation,
Mine's set on you.

There's a reid rose lies on the Buik o' the Word 'afore ye
That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day,
But the lad that pu'd yon flower i' the mornin's glory,
He canna pray.

He canna pray ; but there's nane i' the Kirk will heed him
Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side of the wa',
For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gie'd him,
It an' us twa !

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt raises,
He canna see for the mist that's 'afore his een,
And a voice drouns the hale o' the psalms an' the para-
phrases,
Cryin' " Jean, Jean, Jean ! "

W. J. TURNER

ROMANCE

When I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

My father died, my brother too,
They passed like fleeting dreams,
I stood where Popocatpetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice
And boys far-off at play,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream
To and fro from school—
Shining Popocatpetl
The dusty streets did rule.

I walked home with a gold dark boy
And never a word I'd say,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had taken my speech away :

I gazed entranced upon his face
Fairer than any flower—
O shining Popocatpetl
It was thy magic hour :

The houses, people, traffic seemed
Thin fading dreams by day,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
They had stolen my soul away !

THE CAVES OF AUVERGNE

He carved the red deer and the bull
Upon the smooth cave rock,
Returned from war with belly full,
And scarred with many a knock,
He carved the red deer and the bull
Upon the smooth cave rock.

The stars flew by the cave's wide door,
The clouds wild trumpets blew,
Trees rose in wild dreams from the floor,
Flowers with dream faces grew
Up to the sky, and softly hung
Golden and white and blue.

The woman ground her heap of corn,
Her heart a guarded fire ;
The wind played in his trembling soul
Like a hand upon a lyre,
The wind drew faintly on the stone
Symbols of his desire :

The red deer of the forest dark,
Whose antlers cut the sky,
That vanishes into the mirk
And like a dream flits by,
And by an arrow slain at last
Is but the wind's dark body.

The bull that stands in marshy lakes
As motionless and still
As a dark rock jutting from a plain
Without a tree or hill ;
The bull that is the sign of life,
Its sombre, phallic will.

And from the dead, white eyes of them
The wind springs up anew,
~~It~~ blows upon the trembling heart,
And bull and deer renew
Their flitting life in the dim past
When that dead Hunter drew.

I sit beside him in the night,
And, fingering his red stone,
I chase through endless forests dark
Seeking that thing unknown,

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

That which is not red deer or bull,
But which by them was shown :

By those stiff shapes in which he drew
His soul's exalted cry,
When flying down the forest dark
He slew and knew not why,
When he was filled with song, and strength
Flowed to him from the sky.

The wind blows from red deer and bull,
The clouds wild trumpets blare,
Trees rise in wild dreams from the earth,
Flowers with dream faces stare,
*O Hunter, your own shadow stands
Within your forest lair !*

WILLIAM NOEL HODGSON

BEFORE ACTION

1916

By all the glories of the day
And the cool evening's benison,
By that last sunset touch that lay
Upon the hills when day was done,
By beauty lavishly outpoured
And blessings carelessly received,
By all the days that I have lived
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all man's hopes and fears,
And all the wonders poets sing,
The laughter of unclouded years,
And every sad and lovely thing ;
By the romantic ages stored
With high endeavours that was his,
By all his mad catastrophes
Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this ;—
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.

JULIAN GRENFELL

INTO BATTLE

1915

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze ;
And life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these ;
And he is dead who will not fight,
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth ;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-star, and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend ;
They gently speak in the windy weather ;
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, " Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing
Sing well, for you may not sing another ;
Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers ;—
O patient eyes, courageous hearts !

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy of Battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings ;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

RUPERT BROOKE

THE FISH

In a cool curving world he lies
And ripplies with dark ecstasies.
The kind luxurious lapse and steal
Shapes all his universe to feel

And know and be ; the clinging stream
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides
Superb on unreturning tides.
Those silent waters weave for him
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,
Where wavering masses bulge and gape
Mysterious, and shape to shape
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,
And form and line and solid follow
Solid and line and form to dream
Fantastic down the eternal stream ;
An obscure world, a shifting world,
Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,
Or serpentine, or driving arrows,
Or serene slidings, or March narrows.
There slipping wave and shore are one,
And weed and mud. No ray of sun,
But glow to glow fades down the deep
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep) ;
Shaken translucency illumines
The hyaline of drifting glooms ;
The strange soft-handed depth subdues
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,
As death to living, decomposes—
Red darkness of the heart of roses,
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,
And gold that lies behind the eyes,
The unknown unnameable sightless white
That is the essential flame of night,
Lustreless purple, hooded green,
The myriad hues that lie between
Darkness and darkness ! . . .

And all's one,
Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,
The world he rests in, world he knows,
Perpetual curving. Only—grows
An eddy in that ordered falling,
A knowledge from the gloom, a calling

Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—
The dark fire leaps along his blood ;
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,
The intricate impulse works its will ;
His woven world drops back ; and he,
Sans providence, sans memory,
Unconscious and directly driven,
Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.

O world of lips, O world of laughter,
Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,
Of lights in the clear night, of cries
That drift along the wave and rise
Thin to the glittering stars above,
You know the hands, the eyes of Love !
The strife of limbs, the sightless clinging,
The infinitive distance, and the singing
Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,
The gleam, the flowers, and vast around
The horizon, and the heights above—
You know the sigh, the song of love !

But there the night is close, and there
Darkness is cold and strange and bare ;
And the secret deeps are whisperless ;
And rhythm is all deliciousness ;
And joy is in the throbbing tide,
Whose intricate fingers beat and glide
In felt bewildering harmonies
Of trembling touch ; and music is
The exquisite knocking of the blood.
Space is no more, under the mud ;
His bliss is older than the sun.
Silent and straight the waters run.
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,
And the dark tide are one with him.

THE HILL

Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,
 Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.
 You said, "Through glory and ecstasy we pass;
 Wind, sun, and earth remain. the birds sing still,
 When we are old, are old. . . ." "And when we die
 All's over that is ours; and life burns on
 Through other lovers, other lips," said I,
 —"Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!"

"We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.
 Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!" we said;
 "We shall go down with unreluctant tread
 Rose-crowned into the darkness!" . . . Proud we were,
 And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.
 —And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

CLOUDS

Down the blue night the unending columns press
 In noiseless tumult, break and wave and flow,
 Now tread the far South, or lift rounds of snow
 Up to the white moon's hidden loveliness.
 Some pause in their grave wandering comradeless,
 And turn with profound gesture vague and slow,
 As who would pray good for the world, but know
 Their benediction empty as they bless.

They say that the Dead die not, but remain
 Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth.
 I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,
 In wise majestic melancholy train,
 And watch the moon, and the still-raging seas,
 And men, coming and going on the earth.

THE OLD VICARAGE, GRANTCHESTER

(Café des Westens, Berlin, May 1912)

Just now the lilac is in bloom,
 All before my little room ;
 And in my flower-beds, I think,
 Smile the carnation and the pink ;
 And down the borders, well I know,
 The poppy and the pansy blow. . . .
 Oh ! there the chestnuts, summer through,
 Beside the river make for you
 A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
 Deeply above ; and green and deep
 The stream mysterious glides beneath,
 Green as a dream and deep as death.
 —Oh, damn ! I know it ! and I know
 How the May fields all golden show,
 And when the day is young and sweet,
 Gild gloriously the bare feet
 That run to bathe. . . .

Du lieber Gott !

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
 And there the shadowed waters fresh
 Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.
Temperamentvoll German Jews
 Drink beer around ;—and *there* the dews
 Are soft beneath a morn of gold.
 Here tulips bloom as they are told ;
 Unkempt about those hedges blows
 An English unofficial rose ;
 And there the unregulated sun
 Slopes down to rest when day is done,
 And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
 A slippered Hesper ; and there are
 Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton
 Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten*.

είθε γενοίμην . . . would I were
 In Grantchester, in Grantchester !—

Some, it may be, can get in touch
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.
And clever modern men have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,
And felt the Classics were not dead,
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low : . . .
But these are things I do not know.
I only know that you may lie
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .
Still in the dawnlit waters cool
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.
Dan Chaucer hears his river still
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,
How Cambridge water hurry by . . .
And in that garden, black and white,
Creep whisper through the grass all night ;
And spectral dance, before the dawn,
A hundred Vicars down the lawn ;
Curates, long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical, printless toe ;
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .
Till, at a shiver in the skies,
~~Vanishing~~ with Satanic cries,
The prim ecclesiastic rout
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,
The falling house that never falls.

God ! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again !

For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go ;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for Men who Understand ;
And of *that* district I prefer
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.
For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile ;
And Royston men in the far South
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth ;
At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,
And there's none in Harston under thirty,
And folks in Shelford and those parts
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,
And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,
And things are done you'd not believe
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve.
Strong men have run for miles and miles,
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles ;
Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,
Rather than send them to St Ives ;
Strong men have cried like babies, bydam,
To hear what happened at Babraham.
But Grantchester ! ah, Grantchester !
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes,
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep.
In Grantchester their skins are white ;
They bathe by day, they bathe by night ;
The women there do all they ought ;
The men observe the Rules of Thought.
They love the Good ; they worship Truth ;
They laugh uproariously in youth ;

(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told). . . .

Ah, God ! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Granchester !
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees.
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
Still guardians of that holy land ?
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
The yet unacademic stream ?
Is dawn a secret shy and cold
Anadyomene, silver-gold ?
And sunset still a golden sea
From Haslingfield to Madingley ?
And after, ere the night is born,
Do hares come out about the corn ?
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool ?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill ?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find ?
And Certainty ? and Quiet kind ?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain ? . . . Oh ! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three ?
And is there honey still for tea ?

THE DEAD

1914

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away ; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,
That men call age ; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

‘ Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our dearth,
 Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
 Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
 And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;
 And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;
 And we have come into our heritage.

THE SOLDIER

1914

If I should die, think only this of me :
 That there’s some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England’s, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;
 Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;
 And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

ALAN SEEGER

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

1916

I have a rendezvous with Death
 At some disputed barricade,
 When Spring comes back with rustling shade
 And apple-blossoms fill the air—
 I have a rendezvous with Death
 When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
 And lead me into his dark land

And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear. . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

WILFRED OWEN

STRANGE MEETING

1918

It seemed that out of the battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless ;
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall.
With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained ;
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
"Strange, friend," I said, "Here is no cause to mourn,"
"None," said the other, "Save the undone years,
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
Was my life also ; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world,

Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,
But mocks the steady running of the hour,
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
For by my glee might many men have laughed,
And of my weeping something has been left
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
Now men will go content with what we spoiled,
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.
Courage was mine, and I had mystery,
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery ;
To miss the march of this retreating world
Into vain citadels that are not walled.
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,
Even with truths that be too deep for taint.
I would have poured my spirit without stint
But not through wounds ; not on the cess of war.
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.
I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark : for so you frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
I parried ; but my hands were loath and cold.
Let us sleep now. . . .”

ARCHIBALD Mc. LEISH

MORITURI

1917

Not as Ulysses, overwise with age,
Shall we sail out beyond the western gate
Into the unknown seas. Not destinate,
And weary of man's seeking, and the mage
Of subtle-changing earth and that vast sky
Where wonder walks, shall we sail curious

To do the last adventure. Oh, not thus,
Not satisfied with living, shall we die.

But we shall meet death running, with our lips
Still glad of the morning ; and with widening eyes
Still thirsty for the light, we shall surprise
The secret under that old hooded Fear,
And touch that face with eager finger-tips,
And find but Change, who crowns with youth the year.

THE SILENCE

A song between two silences Life sings,
A melody 'twixt night and patient night.
He strums his lute against the fading light
To gild the shadow that the gloaming brings,
And Love is but a plucking of the strings
A throb of music staying music's flight,
A little note that hardly shall requite
Thine outstretched hand that mars Life's lute-playings.

Yet, when the last faint echo of that note
Has stirred the cypress-leaves at eventide,
When night has stilled forever Life's white throat,
And his gold lute lies shattered by his side,
We two shall follow through a world remote
The silence whercinto Love's music died.

EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT

HOME THOUGHTS IN LAVENTIE

1916

Green gardens in Laventie !
Soldiers only know the street
Where the mud is churned and splashed about
By battle-wending feet ;
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse of grass.
Look for it when you pass.

! Beyond the church whose pitted spire
Seems balanced on a strand
Of swaying stone and tottering brick
Two roofless ruins stand,
And here behind the wreckage where the back wall should
have been
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,
The little path of gravel
Was overgrown with celandine,
No other folk did travel
Along its weedy surface, but the nimble-footed mouse
Running from house to house.

So all among the vivid blades
Of soft and tender grass
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels
That pass and ever pass,
In noisy continuity until their stony rattle
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease
Of tranquil happy mind,
And searched the garden's little length
A fresh pleasure to find ;
And there, some yellow daffodils and jasmine hanging high
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant
Of the many sweets we found,
Was a little bush of Daphne flowers
Upon a grassy mound,
And so thick were the blossoms set, and so divine the scent
That we were well content.

Hungry for Spring I bent my head,
The perfume fanned my face,

And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place,
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and shattered
towns
Away . . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas ;
And meadows with their glittering streams, and silver
scurrying dace,
Home—what a perfect place !

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

MARLBOROUGH

I

Crouched where the upland billows down
Into the valley where the river flows,
She is as any other country town,
That little lives or marks or hears or knows.

And she can teach but little. She has not
The wonder and the surging and the roar
Of striving cities. Only things forgot
That once were beautiful, but now no more,

Has she to give us. Yet to one or two
She first brought knowledge, and it was for her
To open first our eyes, until we knew
How great, immeasurably great, we were.

I, who have walked along her downs in dreams,
And known her tenderness, and felt her might,
And sometimes by her meadows and her streams
Have drunk deep-starred secrets of delight,

Have had my moments there, when I have been
Unwittingly aware of something more,
Some beautiful aspect, that I had seen
With mute unspeculative eyes before ;

Have had my times, when, though the earth did wear
Her self-same trees and grasses, I could see
The revelation that is always there,
But somehow is not always clear to me.

II

Lo, long ago, one halted on his way
And sent his company and cattle on ;
His caravans trooped darkling far away
Into the night, and he was left alone.

And he was left alone. And, lo, a man
There wrestled with him till the break of day.
The brook was silent and the night was wan.
And when the dawn was come he passed away.

The sinew of the hollow of his thigh
Was shrunken, as he wrestled there alone.
The brook was silent, but the dawn was nigh.
The stranger named him Israel and was gone.

And the sun rose on Jacob ; and he knew
That he was no more Jacob, but had grown
A more immortal vaster spirit, who
Had seen God face to face, and still lived on.

The plain that seemed to stretch away to God,
The brook that saw and heard and knew no fear,
Were now the self-same soul as he who stood
And waited for his brother to draw near.

For God had wrestled with him, and was gone.
He looked around, and only God remained.
The dawn, the desert, he and God were one.
—And Esau came to meet him, travel-stained.

III

So there, when sunset made the downs look new,
And earth gave up her colours to the sky,
And far away the little city grew
Half into sight, new-visioned was my eye.

I, who have lived, and trod her lovely earth,
Raced with her winds and listened to her birds,
Have cared but little for their worldly worth,
Nor sought to put my passion into words.

But now 'tis different ; and I have no rest
Because my hand must search, dissect and spell
The beauty that is better not expressed,
The thing that all can feel, but none can tell.

ALL THE HILLS AND VALES

1915

All the hills and vales along
Earth are bursting into song,
And the singers are the chaps
Who are going to die perhaps.
O sing, marching men,
Till the valleys ring again.
Give your gladness to earth's keeping,
So be glad, when you are sleeping.

Cast away regret and rue,
Think what you are marching to.
Little live, great pass.
Jesus Christ and Barabbas
Were found the same day.
This died, that went his way.
So sing with joyful breath.
For why, you are going to death.
Teeming earth will surely store
All the gladness that your pour.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Earth that never doubts nor fears,
 Earth that knows of death, not tears,
 Earth that bore with joyful ease
 Hemlock for Socrates,
 Earth that blossomed and was glad
 'Neath the cross that Christ had,
 Shall rejoice and blossom too
 When the bullet reaches you.
 Wherefore, men marching
 On the road to death, sing !
 Pour your gladness on earth's head,
 So be merry, so be dead.

From the hills and valleys earth
 Shouts back the sound of mirth,
 Tramp of feet and lilt of song
 Ringing all the road along.
 All the music of their going,
 Ringing swinging glad song-throwing,
 Earth will echo still, when foot
 Lies numb and voice mute.
 On, marching men, on
 To the gates of death with song.
 Sow your gladness for earth's reaping,
 So you may be glad, though sleeping.
 Strew your gladness on earth's bed,
 So be merry, so be dead.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

IN FRANCE

1917

The silence of maternal hills
 Is round me in my evening dreams ;
 And round me music-making bills
 And mingling waves of pastoral streams.

Whatever way I turn I find
 The path is old unto me still.
 The hills of home are in my mind,
 And there I wander as I will.

THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

The sheep are coming home in Greece,
 Hark the bells on every hill !
 Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
 Wandering wide a little piece
 Thro' the evening red and still,
 Stopping where the pathways cease,
 Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton bushes low
 Merry boys with shouldered crooks
 Close them in a single row,
 Shout among them as they go
 With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
 Such delight you never know
 Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
 Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
 And the moon comes large and white
 Filling with a lovely light
 The ferny curtained waterfall.
 Then sleep wraps every bell up tight
 And the climbing moon grows small.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

LINES WRITTEN ON AN AUGUST MORNING

It is the morning now.
 Grey-veiled and quenched is every scintillation
 Could light some far reflection in the mirror of n.y soul ;
 A morning meet for low-toned lamentation
 Of one who is not whole.

Desires and love burn low within my heart
Dulled by mute anguish for some exultation
That should uplift me, strongly whirled apart
From life and fear of life, in a fierce wind of love
To the high peak of consummation
Whence looking down I might unerring mark
The multitudinous, scattered flames of aspiration
Leaping from out the dark
Toward the knowledge and the steady joy
Of him who stands above
The desert world that bruises the disconsolate feet of love.

Thence may the soul discern
The ray of loveliness that pulses through the world
Touching faint unperceiving hearts, suddenly aware
Of a deep-springing hope unquenched by fortune stern ;
Descending visible on sad eyes pearly
By comprehension of their stinging sorrow ;
Finding no utterance in speech
But in an eager faith in each to-morrow ;
A rainbow beauty poised beyond our reach—
Soul's sun athwart soul's storm—gathering the manifold
Happenings of life into the vaulted radiance of one far-
springing bow.

One sole undaunted sparrow
Braves the grey morning, cheerful in the elm
Defies the gloomy clouds that narrow
The cold and dreamy realm
Where his persistent twittering mingles with the thin
Echoes of far-off children playing, scorning
The sun that hides within
And will not venture forth to drive the chill rain from the
morning.

Shall no rich gleam invade
This coldly dreaming mind,
Nor frosty silence melt at voices unafraid
Borne undiminished on a teeming wind

From some enchanted vineyard of the South
Where the unbroken bloom of life is softly spilled
Into the careless hand of youth ;
Where morning by love's eager song is thrilled,
Love whispers in the still hush of the noon,
And twilit laughter
Runs swiftly after
To mock the melancholy of the patient moon.

Beyond thought's wan and listless-lapping seas
Lies hid a sun-warmed shore
Of the soul's garden, where ripen slowly
Bright seeds of visions, truths and magic lore,
Desires unutterable and holy
Forgotten joys and frail felicities
To fruits that bend their dreaming boughs to earth.
There in the still lagoon
A slender ship swings dully to the tides
Waiting since birth
For loving hands to load her patient hold.

But all is still, locked in a noonday swoon.
The weed scarce sways about her blistered sides,
The fainting airs can scarce unfold
Her bleached and drooping pennon from the mast.
Only the harsh, swift cry
Of some uneasy bird of plumage tears
The shroud of silence, shrieks to the brazen heaven, is past
And all is still, more still for the stagnant tears
Of endless dropping fruits that ooze their juices where
they lie. • •

Weep, barren, dreaming trees
In far, forgotten islands of the soul ;
Weep for the sunken, splendid argosies
Which sailed to take a prince's sovereign toll
Of your untasted wealth of anodyne.
Weep, for the dust-dried lips that vainly thirst
For your unvintaged wine.

Weep, for the joy, the confidence, the pride
Uplifting him who first
Dreamed in his youth of such discovery,
And sang the while his flagged ship dropped to ocean on the
tide.
Weep, yea, weep for me.

O fainting heart that failed him in his need
In terror of the grey, unbroken sea ;
Heart that believed yet shrank, and shrinking half-believed
That dared but once and doubted what might be
In that immensity,
Whispering of sunken reefs and fatal courses steered
By prouder captains long, long years ago
Whose vessels pastured by the ocean weed
Are rotting, rotting slow.

O coward heart whose resolution veered
At the first breath of doubt and courage died,
In that far hushed lagoon
A mouldering ship swings feebly to the tide ;
Your captain lies below ;
His eyes are blind to that eternal noon ;
But he is wept for by the stagnant tears
Of endless dropping fruits that ooze their juices where they
lie.

What voice shall reach him now ?
What courage bear my heart across the dim, grey waste of
seas
To where he sleeps below ?
Surely some wind of hope now stirs his drooping sail
And murmurs in the trees
To hush the dropping tears of years unharvested ;
And surely he has heard an anguished voice which cries :
*Captain, awake ; the dead
Have followed where you led.
For their repentance' sake,
Captain, awake, awake !*
Into the choking silence sinks the thin lost wail and dies.

The sparrow twitters on
 Defiance to the hidden, wasted sun,
 Alone of creatures scorning .
 This solitude of morning
 When even the singing children tire of waiting for the day.

TOLSTOY

He is like a God, not a Savaoth or an Olympian, but the kind of Russian god who "sits on a maple throne under a golden limetree," not very majestic, but perhaps more cunning than all the other gods.—
 MAXIM GORKY, *Recollections of Tolstoy*.

What secret knowledge, old and cunning god,
 Purses your eyes in their inhuman leer ?
 What grim disdain lurks in your hateful nod,
 What arrogance, and what more awful fear
 Of things we cannot see,
 Strong spirit of the tree,
 Who knows wherein the roots are set of all mortality ?

Whence camest thou, a mortal man in seeming,
 Speaking our tongue, supreme in all our skill,
 To spurn them both aside for thy dread dreaming
 Of the ungovernable, mighty Will
 That sent thee to deride
 The triumphs of our pride
 And pierce our hearts with terror of thine own eyes
 terrified ?

What centaur-king at battle with the beasts
 Begat thee in the flush of victory
 Upon what fierce-eyed queen ? What drunken feasts
 Within the matted walls once drowned the cry
 Of the swift ravishment
 Of her whose pride was bent
 To hide the seed that bore thee in the darkness of his tent ?

The wild-maned horses neighed thee to thy rest ;
 The jackals howled their hunger round the horde

While thy fierce mother clutched thee to her breast,
Suckling a chieftain worthy of her lord
Whose bloody hand had led
Her captive to his bed,
Bidding her raise up new kinsmen in the men she bore and
bred.

Through what unnumbered ages hast thou sped,
Thou mighty horseman, o'er the Asian plain ?
What teeming tribes of nomads hast thou led
To battle and to plunder and to pain ?
Slant-eyed watcher of the nights,
Master of creeping fights,
To what god what victims gav'st thou in thy sacrificial
rites ?

He was thy sire who would not to the tomb,
At whose dark terrors his grim spirit quailed,
Go comfortless ; but took to share his doom
A thousand warriors on their steeds impaled,
Who girded him around
In the darkness of his mound
To be his guard against the fang of death's grey, ghostly
hound.

Not of thy kin was he who dreamed to hear
The spinning stars make heavenly harmony,
Obedient in sweet celestial fear
To love that lasts to all eternity ;
To thine the stars gave light
To aid them in the fight,
And guide their fearful courses through the menace of the
night.

And when the unending journey came to rest
Thou slumbered still, still shaped within thy sleep,
In the proud loins of men who to the West
Turned scornful eyes to mark where they might reap

A harvest from the mind
Their wandering as a wind
Had suffered them not pause to sow with dreams of human-kind.

As men who rush into a new-found land,
They stormed the gates of dreaming and desire ;
Within the grasp of their all-daring hand
Believed the shadows of the magic fire,
Urging their journey on
Till earthly hosts had won
To peaks lit by the farthest ray of thought's unearthly sun.

In this dim realm they wandered once again,
Passing beyond the smooth and charted ways
Into a wilderness unknown of men
Where hearts grew faint with hunger and the maze
Of their imaginings,
Visions of shadowy things
Confounded by the ghostly breath of immaterial wings.

The God they sought came not, but thou wert born ;
In thy proud nostrils was the earth's strong breath ;
Thou laughed their baffled wisdom into scorn ;
Thine eyes glanced backward at the hound of death ;
And things they could not see
Struck anguish into thee,
Remembering where the roots are set of all mortality.

After a little space of urgent days,
Wherein thou wert supreme in all our skill,
The memory of the waste, ancestral ways,
The might of an ungovernable Will
Locked the once eager tongue
That in thy youth had rung
O'er Europe like a mighty bell in a high belfry hung ;

Till at the last thou wandered forth alone
To meet thy death where only stars might see,

On the dim plain that echoes with the moan
Of the impenetrable mystery
To which no man has trod,
Nor old and cunning god
Who leers and fears and frights men with the blindness of his
nod.

THOMAS MOULT

FOR BESSIE, SEATED BY ME IN THE GARDEN

To the heart, to the heart the white petals
Quietly fall.
Memory is a little wind, and magical
The dreaming hours.
As a breath they fall, as a sigh ;
Green garden hours too languorous to waken,
White leaves of blossomy tree wind-shaken :
As a breath, a sigh
As the slow white drift
Of a butterfly.
Flower-wings falling, wings of branches
One after one at wind's droop dipping ;
Then with the lift
Of the air's soft breath, in sudden avalanches
Slipping.
Quietly, quietly the June wind flings
White wings,
White petals, past the footpath flowers
Adown my dreaming hours.
At the heart, at the heart the butterfly settles.
As a breath, a sigh
Fall the petals of hours, of the white-leaved flowers,
Fall the petalled wings of the butterfly.
To my heart, to my heart the white petals
Quietly fall.

To the years, other years, old and wistful
Drifts my dream.

Petal-patined the dream, white-mistful
As the dew-sweet haunt of the dim whitebeam,
Because of memory, a little wind . . .
It is the gossamer-float of the butterfly,
This drift of dream
From the sweet of to-day to the sweet
Of days long drifted by.
It is the drift of the butterfly, it is the fleet
Drift of petals which my noon has thinned,
It is the ebbing out of my life, of the petals of days.
To the years, other years, drifts my dream. . . .
Through the haze
Of summers long ago
Love's entrancements flow,
A blue-green pageant of earth,
A green-blue pageant of sky,
As a stream,
Flooding back with lovely delta to my heart.
Lo, the petalled leafage is finer, under the feet
The coarse soil with a rainbow's worth
Of delicate colours lies enamelled,
Translucently glowing, shining.
Each balmy breath of the hours
From eastern gleam to westward gloam
Is meaning-full as the falling flowers :
It is a crystal syllable
For love's defining,
It is love alone can spell—
Yea, Love remains : after this drift of days
Love is here, Love is not dumb.
The touch of a silken hand, comradely, untrammelled,
Is in the sunlight, a bright glance
On every ripple of yonder waterways,
A whisper in the dance
Of green shadows ;
Nor shall the sunlight be shut out even from the dark.

Beyond the garden heavy oaks are buoyant on the meadows,
Their rugged bark
No longer rough,

But chastened and refined in the glowing eyes of Love. ·
 Around us the petals fulfil
 Their measure and fall, precious the petals are still.
 For Love they once were gathered, they are gathered for
 Love again,
 Whose glance is on the water,
 Whose whisper is in the green shadows.
 In the same comrade-hand whose touch is in the sunlight,
 They are lying again.
 Here Love is . . . Love only of all things outstays
 The drift of petals, the drift of days,
 Petals of hours,
 Of white-leafed flowers,
 Petalled wings of the butterfly,
 Drifting, quietly drifting by
 As a breath, a sigh. . . .

EDITH SITWELL

THE MOTHER

I

Our dreams create the babes we bear ;
 Our beauty goes to make them fair.
 We give them all we have of good,
 Our blood to drink, our hearts for food ;

And in our souls they lie and rest
 Until upon their mother's breast
 So innocent and sweet they lie.
 They live to curse us ; then they die.

When he was born, it seemed the spring
 Had come again with birds to sing
 And blossoms dancing in the sun
 Where streams released from winter run.

His sunlit hair was all my gold ;
 His loving eyes my wealth untold.

All heaven was hid within the breast
Whereon my child was laid to rest.

:

He grew to manhood. Then one came
False-hearted as Hell's blackest shame,
To steal my child from me, and thrust
The soul I loved down to the dust.

Her hungry, wicked lips were red
As that dark blood my son's hand shed.
Her eyes were black as Hell's own night,
Her ice-cold breast was winter-white.

I had put by a little gold
To bury me when I was cold.
Her fanged, wanton kiss to buy
My son's love willed that I should die.

The gold was hid beneath my bed ;
So little, and my weary head
Was all the guard it had. They lie
So quiet and still who soon must die.

He stole to kill me while I slept—
The little son, who never wept
But that I kissed his tears away
So fast, his weeping seemed but play.

So light his footfall. Yet I heard
Its echo in my heart, and stirred
From out my weary sleep to see
My child's face bending over me.

The wicked knife flashed serpent-wise—
Yet I saw nothing but his eyes,
And heard one little word he said
Go echoing down among the Dead.

II

They say the Dead may never dream.
But yet I heard my pierced heart scream
His name within the dark. They lie
Who say the Dead can ever die.

For in the grave I may not sleep
For dreaming that I hear him weep.
And in the dark, my dead hands grope
In search of him. O barren hope !

I cannot draw his head to rest
Deep down upon my wounded breast. . . .
He gave the breast that fed him well
To suckle the small worms of Hell.

The little wicked thoughts that fed
Upon the weary, helpless Dead. . . .
They whispered o'er my broken heart,
They stuck their fangs deep in the smart.

"The child she bore with bloody sweat
And agony has paid his debt.
Through that bleak face the stark winds play ;
The crows have chased his soul away.

"His body is a blackened rag
Upon the tree—a monstrous flag."
Thus one Worm to the other saith.
These slow mean servitors of Death.

They chuckling said : "Your soul grown blind
With anguish is the shrieking Wind
That blows the flame that never dies
About his empty, lidless eyes."

I tore them from my heart. I said :
"The life-blood that my son's hand shed,

That from my broken heart outburst
I'd give again, to quench his thirst.

“He did no sin. But cold blind earth
The body was that gave him birth.
All mine, all mine, the sin ; the love
I bore him was not deep enough.”

OSBERT SITWELL

CLAVICHORDS

Its pure and dulcet tone
So clear and cool
Rings out—tho' muffled by the centuries
Passed by ;
Each note
A distant sigh
From some dead lovely throat.

A sad cascade of sound
Floods the dim room with faded memories
Of beauty that has gone
Like the reflected rhythm in some dusk blue pool,
Of dancing figures (long laid in the ground) ;—
Like moonlit skies
Or some far song harmonious and sublime—
Breaking the leaden slumber of the night.
A perfume, faint yet fair,
As of an old press'd blossom that's reborn
Seeming to flower alone
Within the arid wilderness of Time.

* * * *

The music fills the air
Soft as the outspread fluttering wings
Of flower-bright butterflies
That dive and float
Through the sweet rose-flushed hours of summer dawn.

The rippling sound of silver strings
 Breaks o'er our senses as small foaming waves
 Break over rocks,
 And into hidden caves
 Of silent waters—never to be found—
 Waters as clear and glistening as gems.

And in this ancient pool of melodies,
 So soothing, deep,
 We search for strange lost images and diadems
 And old drowned pleasures,
 —Each one shining bright
 And rescued from the crystal depths of sleep.

* * * *

As the far sun-kissed sails of some full-rigged boat,
 Blown by a salt cool breeze,
 —Laden with age-old treasures
 And rich merchandise,
 Fade into evening on the foam-flecked seas—
 So this last glowing note
 Hovers awhile,—then dies.

WHY SHOULD A SAILOR RIDE THE SEA ?

Why should a sailor ride the sea,
 When he can drink and dance and sing,
 Or watch the stars out-blossoming
 Upon the tree of night ?

Why should he face the tear-salt waves,
 When he can sing, or feast on fruit,
 Dance to the silver-sobbing lute,
 And all men seem his slaves ?

No more to ship or sea we'll go,
 To watch the land sink out of sight
 Suffused by purple fumes of night,
 Each heart weighed down with woe.

But under rustling fretted lace
Of leaves, we'll dance and stamp our feet
In frenzy, to the furious beat,
—The rhythm of all space.

Or watch each dappled faun and elf
Spring from the green lairs where they hide
Now every soul is multiplied
And communes with itself.

The softly sailing moon is now
A pendulum, hung in a vast
Blue bubble—so to mark our fast
Lithe movements to and fro.

Down from the sky the willing stars
Fall round each brow a crown to form ;
Till feet and limbs, a rushing storm,
Dance whirling on in ecstasy.

The earth dances ;
The earth dances ;
Trees charge at us
Like horsemen ;
Forests swoop
Down the hill,
Charging at us,
But we are brave,
Full of a fiery courage,
And go onward
Onward,
Through the galloping trees.
We shout
Glowing phrases
—Snatches of ineffable wit.

The frenzy in our feet
Must surely set the world afire.

Yet still the stars
Rain down their golden tremors of delight,
And the moon
Sweeps like a bird
Through the arch of space.

We, too,
Float downward
Gently
To soft shipwreck.

We, too,
Are of the kindred of the Pleiades ;
Reel on our golden path
Down,
Down,
Through the curvèd emptiness of the heavens.

THEODORE MAYNARD

SUNSET ON THE DESERT

As some priest turns, his ritual all done,
And stretching hands above the kneeling crowd,
Who rapt and silent, wait with heads all bowed
For the last holy words of benison—
“ Now God be with thee, ever Three in One ”—
So turns the sun, though all reluctantly.
One thrilling moment comes to shrub and tree ;
Expectant silence falls ; then dark and dun

The silhouettes of sphinx and pyramid
Gaze at the last deep amber after-glow ;
The little stars peep down between the palms ;
And all the ghosts that garish daylight hid
Are quickened—Isis with the breasts of snow
And Anthony with Egypt in his arms.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

ALMSWOMEN

At Quincey's moat the squandering village ends,
And there in the almshouse dwell the dearest friends
Of all the village, two old dames that cling
As close as any true loves in the spring.
Long, long ago they-passed threescore-and-ten,
And in this doll's house lived together then ;
All things they have in common, being so poor,
And their one fear, Death's shadow at the door.
Each sundown makes them mournful, each sunrise
Brings back the brightness in their fading eyes.

Now happy go the rich fair-weather days
When on the roadside folk stare in amaze
At such a honeycomb of fruit and flowers
As mellows round their threshold ; what long hours
They gloat upon their steeping hollyhocks,
Bee's balsams, feathery southernwood, and stocks,
Fiery dragon's-mouths, great mallow leaves
For salves, and lemon-plants in bushy sheaves,
Shagged Esau's-hands with fine green finger-tips.
Such old sweet names are ever on their lips.
As pleased as little children where these grow
In cobbled pattens and worn gowns they go,
Proud of their wisdom when on gooseberry shoots
They stuck eggshells to fright from coming fruits
The brist-billed rascals ; pausing still to see
Their neighbour owls saunter from tree to tree,
Or in the hushing half-light mouse the lane
Long-winged and lordly.

But when those hours wane
Indoors they ponder, scared by the harsh storm
Whose pelting saracens on the window swarm,
And listen for the mail to clatter past
And church clock's deep bay withering on the blast ;

They feed the fire that flings a freakish light
On pictured kings and queens grotesquely bright,
Platters and pitchers, faded calendars
And graceful hour-glass trim with lavenders.

Many a time they kiss and cry, and pray
That both be summoned in the selfsame day,
And wiseman linnet tinkling in his cage
End too with them the friendship of old age,
And all together leave their treasured room
Some bell-like evening when the May's in bloom.

EDWARD SHANKS

FÊTE GALANTE

Aristonoë, the fading shepherdess,
Gathers the young girls round her in a ring,
Teaching them wisdom of love,
What to say, how to dress,
How frown, how smile,
How suitors to their dancing feet to bring,
How in mere walking to beguile,
What words cunningly said in what a way
Will draw man's busy fancy astray,
All the alphabet, grammar and syntax of love.

The garden smells are sweet,
Daisies spring in the turf under the high-heeled feet,
Dense, dark banks of laurel grow
Behind the wavering row
Of golden, flaxen, black, brown, auburn heads,
Behind the light and shimmering dresses
Of these unreal, modern shepherdesses ;
And gaudy flowers in formal patterned beds
Vary the dim long vistas of the park,
Far as the eye can see,
Till at the forest's edge the ground grows dark
And the flowers vanish in the obscurity.

The young girls gather round her,
Remembering eagerly how their fathers found her
Fresh as a spring-like wind in February,
Subtler in her moving heart than sun-motes that vary
At every waft of an opening and shutting door ;
They gather chattering near,
Hush, break out in laughter, whisper aside,
Grow silent more and more,
Though she will never chide.
Now through the silence sounds her voice still clear,
And all give ear.
Like a silver thread through the golden afternoon,
Equally the voice discloses
All that age-old wisdom ; like an endless tune
Aristonö's voice wavers among the roses,
Level and unimpassioned,
Telling them how of nothing love is fashioned,
How it is but a movement of the mind,
Bidding Celia mark
That light skirts fluttering in the wind,
Or white flowers stuck in dark
Glistening hair, have fired the dull beholder,
Or telling Anais
That faint indifference ere now hath bred a kiss
Denied to flaunted snowy breast or shoulder.

The girls attend,
Each thinking on her friend,
Whether he be real or imaginary,
Whether he be loving or cold ;
For each ere she grows old
Means to pursue her joy, and the whole unwary
Troop of their wishes has this wild quarry in cry,
That draws them ineluctably,
More and more as the summer slippeth by.
And Celia leans aside
To contemplate her black-silked ankle on the grass ;
In remote dreaming pride,
Rosalind recalls the image in her glass ;
Phyllis through all her body feels

How divine energy steals,
Quiescent power and resting speed,
Stretches her arms out, feels the warm blood run
Ready for pursuit, for strife and deed,
And turns her glowing face up to the sun.
Phyllida smiles,
And lazily trusts her lazy wit,
A slow arrow that hath often hit ;
Chloe, bemused by many subtle wiles,
Grows not more dangerous for all of it,
But opens her red lips, yawning drowsily,
And shows her small white teeth,
Dimpling the round chin beneath,
And stretches, moving her young body deliciously.

And still the lesson goes on,
For this is an old story that is never done ;
And now the precept is of ribbon and shoe,
What with linens and silks love finds to do,
And how man's heart is tangled in a string
Or taken in gauze like a weak and helpless thing.
Chloe falls asleep ; and the long summer day
Drifts slowly past the girls and the warm roses,
Giving in dreams its hours away.
Now Stella throws her head back, and Phillis disposes
Her strong brown hands quietly in her lap,
And Rose's slender feet grow restless and tap
The turf to an imaginary tune.
Now all this grace of youthful bodies and faces
Is wrought to a glow by the golden weather of June ;
Now, Love, completing grace of all the graces,
Strong in these hearts thy pure streams*ise,
Transmuting what they learn by heavenly alchemies.
Swift from the listeners the spell vanishes,
And through the tinkling, empty words,
True thoughts of true love press,
Flying and wheeling nearer ;
As through a sunny sky a flock of birds
Against the throbbing blue grows clearer and clearer,
So closer come these thoughts and dearer.

Helen rises with a laugh ;
Chloe wakes ;
All the enchantment scatters off like chaff ;
The cord is loosened and the spell breaks.

Rosalind

Resolves that to-night she will be kind to her lover,
Unreflecting, warm, and kind.

Celia tells the lessons over,

Counting on her fingers—one and two—

Ribbon and shoe,

Skirts, flowers, song, dancing, laughter, eyes . . .

Through the whole catalogue of formal gallantry

And studious coquetries,

Counting to herself maliciously.

But the old, the fading shepherdess, Aristonoë,

Rises stiffly and walks alone

Down the broad path where densely the laurels grow,

And over a little lawn, not closely mown,

Where wave the flowering grass and the rich meadow-sweet.

She seems to walk painfully now and slow,

And drags a little on her high-heeled feet.

She stops at last below

An old twisted plum-tree, whose last petal is gone,

Leans on the comfortable, rugged bole,

And stares through the green leaves at the drooping sun.

The tree and the warm light comfort her ageing soul.

On the other lawn behind her, out of sight,

The girls at play

Drive out melancholy by lively delight,

And the wind carries their songs and laughter away.

Some begin dancing and seriously tread

A modern measure up and down the grass,

Turn, slide with bending knees, and pass

With dipping hand and poising head,

Float through the sun in pairs, like newly shed

And golden leaves astray

Upon the warm wind of an autumn day,

When the Indian summer rules the air.

Others, having found,
Lying idly on the sun-hot ground,
Shuttlecocks and battledores,
Play with the buoyant feathers and stare
Dazzled at the plaything as it soars,
Vague against the shining sky,
Where light yet throbs and confuses the eye,
Then see it again, white and clear,
As slowly, poisedly it falls by
The dark green foliage and floats near.
But Celia, apart, is pensive and must sigh,
And Anais but faintly pursues the game.
An encroaching, inner flame
Burns in their hearts with the acrid smoke of unrest ;
But gaiety runs like quicksilver in Rose's breast,
And Phillis, rising,
Walks by herself with high and springy tread,
All her young blood racing from heels to head,
Breeding new desires and a new surprising
Strength and determination,
Whereof are bred
Confidence and joy and exultation.

The long day closes ;
Rosalind's hour draws near, and Chloe's and Rose's,
The hour that Celia has prayed,
The hour for which Anais and Stella have stayed,
When Helen shall forget her wit,
And Phillida by a sure arrow at length be hit,
And Phillis, the fleet runner, be at length overtaken ;
When this bough of young blossoms
By the rough, eager gatherers shall be shaken.
Their eyes grow dim,
Their hearts flutter like taken birds in their bosoms,
As the light dies out of heaven,
And a faint, delicious tremor runs through every limb,
And faster the volatile blood through their veins is driven.

The long day closes ;
The last light fades in the amber sky ;

Warm through the warm dusk glow the roses,
And a heavier shade drops slowly from the trees,
While through the garden as all colours die
The scents come livelier on the quickening breeze.
The world grows larger, vaguer, dimmer,
Over the dark laurels a few faint stars glimmer ;
The moon, that was a pallid ghost,
Hung low on the horizon, faint and lost,
Comes up, a full and splendid golden round
By black and sharp-cut foliage overcrossed.
The girls laugh and whisper now with hardly a sound,
Till all sound vanishes, dispersed in the night,
Like a wisp of cloud that fades in the moon's light,
And the garden grows silent and the shadows grow
Deeper and blacker below
The mysteriously moving and murmuring trees,
That stand out darkly against the star-luminous sky ;
Huge stand the trees,
Shadowy, whispering immensities,
That rain down quietude and darkness on heart and eye.
None move, none speak, none sigh,
But from the laurels comes a leaping voice
Crying in tones that seem not man's nor boy's,
But only joy's,
And hard behind a loud tumultuous crying,
A tangled skein of noise,
And the girls see their lovers come, each vying
Against the next in glad and confident poise,
Or softly moving
To the side of the chosen with gentle words and loving
Gifts for her pleasure of sweetmeats and jewelled toys.

Dear Love, whose strength no pedantry can stir,
Whether in thine iron enemies,
Or in thine own strayed follower
Bemused with subtleties and sophistries,
Now dost thou rule the garden, now
The gatherers' hands have grasped the scented bough.

Slow the sweet hours resolve, and one by one are sped.

• The garden lieth empty. Overhead
A night jar rushes by, wing touching wing,
And passes, uttering
His hoarse and whirring note.
The daylight birds long since are fled,
Nor has the moon yet touched the brown bird's throat.
All's quiet, all is silent, all around
The day's heat rises gently from the ground,
And still the broad moon travels up the sky,
Now glancing through the trees and now so high
That all the garden through her rays are shed,
And from the laurels one can just descry
Where in the distance looms enormously
The old house, with all its windows black and dead.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

CAPTIVE

They have torn the gold tettinx
From my hair ;
And wrenched the bronze sandals
From my ankles.

They have taken from me my friend
Who knew the holy wisdom of poets,
Who had drunk at the feast
Where Simonides sang.

No more do I walk the calm gardens
In the white mist of olives ;
No more do I take the rose-crown
From the white hands of a maiden.

I, who was free, am a slave ;
The Muses have forgotten me,
The gods do not hear me.

Here there are no flowers to love ;
But afar off I dream that I see
Bent poppies and the deathless asphodel.

TO A GREEK MARBLE

Πότνια, Πότνια,
White grave goddess,
Pity my sadness,
O silence of Paros.

I am not of these about thy feet,
These garment and decorum ;
I am thy brother,
Thy lover of aforetime crying to thee,
And thou hearest me not.

I have whispered thee in thy solitudes
Of our loves in Phrygia,
The far ecstasy of burning noons
When the fragile pipes
Ceased in the cypress shade,
And the brown fingers of the shepherd
Moved over slim shoulders ;
And only the cicada sang.

I have told thee of the hills
And the lisp of reeds
And the sun upon thy breasts.

And thou hearest me not,
Πότνια, Πότνια,
Thou hearest me not.

BROMIOS

(A Frieze in the Vatican)

The withered bonds are broken.
The waxed reeds and the double pipe
Clamour about me ;
The hot wind swirls
Through the red pine trunks.

Io ! The fauns and the satyrs.
The touch of their shagged curled fur
And blunt horns.

They have wine in heavy craters
Painted black and red ;
Wine to splash on her white body.
Io !
She shrinks from the cold shower—
Afraid, afraid !

Let the Mænads break through the myrtles
And the boughs of the rhododaphnai.
Let them tear the quick deer's flesh.
Ah, the cruel exquisite fingers.
Io !

I have brought you the brown clusters,
The ivy-boughs and pine-cones.

Your breasts are cold sea-ripples,
But they smell of the warm grasses.

Throw wide the chiton and the peplum,
Maidens of the dew,
Beautiful are your bodies, O Mænads,
Beautiful the sudden folds,
The vanishing curves of the white linen
About you.

Io !
Hear the rich laughter of the forest,
The cymbals,
The trampling of the panisks and the centaurs.

CHORICOS

The ancient songs
Pass deathward mournfully.

Cold lips that sing no more, and withered wreaths,
 Regretful eyes, and drooping breasts and wings—
 Symbols of ancient songs,
 Mournfully passing
 Down to the great white surges,
 Watched of none
 Save the frail sea-birds
 And the lithe pale girls,
 Daughters of Oceanus.

And the songs pass from the green land
 Which lies upon the waves as a leaf
 On the flowers of hyacinths,
 And they pass from the waters,
 The manifold winds and the dim moon,
 And they come
 Silently winging through soft Kimmerian dusk,
 To the quiet level lands
 That she keeps for us all,
 That she wrought for us all for sleep
 In the silver days of the earth's dawning—
 Proserpina, daughter of Zeus.

And we turn from the Cyprian's breasts,
 And we turn from thee,
 Phœbus Apollon,
 And we turn from the music of old,
 And the hills that we loved and the meads,
 And we turn from the fiery day,
 And the lips that were over-sweet ;
 For silently
 Brushing the fields with red-shod feet,
 With purple robe
 Searing the grass as with a sudden flame,
 Death,
 Thou hast come upon us.

And of all the ancient songs
 Passing to the swallow-blue halls

By the dark streams of Persephone,
This only remains—
That in the end we turn to thee,
Death,
We turn to thee, singing
One last song.

O Death,
Thou art an healing wind
That blowest over white flowers
A-tremble with dew ;
Thou art a wind flowing
Over far leagues of lonely sea ;
Thou art the dusk and the fragrance ;
Thou art the lips of love mournfully smiling ;
Thou art the sad peace of one
Sate with old desires ;
Thou art the silence of beauty,
And we look no more for the morning,
Ye yearn no more for the sun
Since with thy white hands,
Death,
Thou crownest us with the pallid chaplets,
The slim colourless poppies
Which in thy garden alone
Softly thou gatherest.

And silently ;
And with slow feet approaching—
And with bowed head and unlit eyes,
We kneel before thee :
And thou, leaning towards us,
Caressingly layest upon us
Flowers from thy thin cold hands,
And, smiling as a chaste woman
Knowing love in her heart,
Thou seelest our eyes
And the illimitable quietude
Comes gently upon us.

J. D. C. PELLOW

THE TEMPLE

Between the erect and solemn trees
I will go down upon my knees ;
I shall not find this day
So meet a place to pray.

Haply the beauty of this place
May work in me an answering grace,
The stillness of the air
Be echoed in my prayer.

The worshipping trees arise and run,
With never a swerve, towards the sun ;
So may my soul's desire
Turn to its central fire.

With single aim they seek the light,
And scarce a twig in all their height
Breaks out until the head
In glory is outspread.

How strong each pillared trunk ; the bark
That covers them, how smooth ; and hark,
The sweet and gentle voice
With which the leaves rejoice !

May a like strength and sweetness fill
Desire, and thought, and steadfast will,
When I remember these
Fair sacramental trees !

